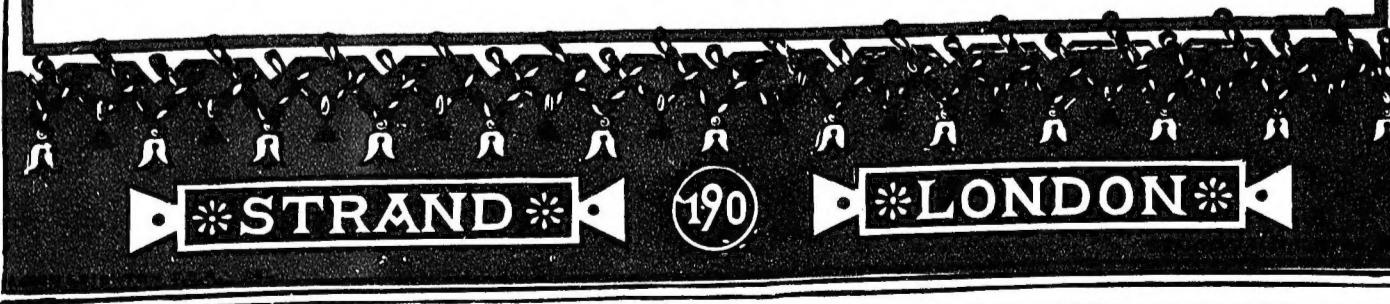


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No. 782.

NOV. 22, 1884

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
• WEEKLY •
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GEOGRAPHIC

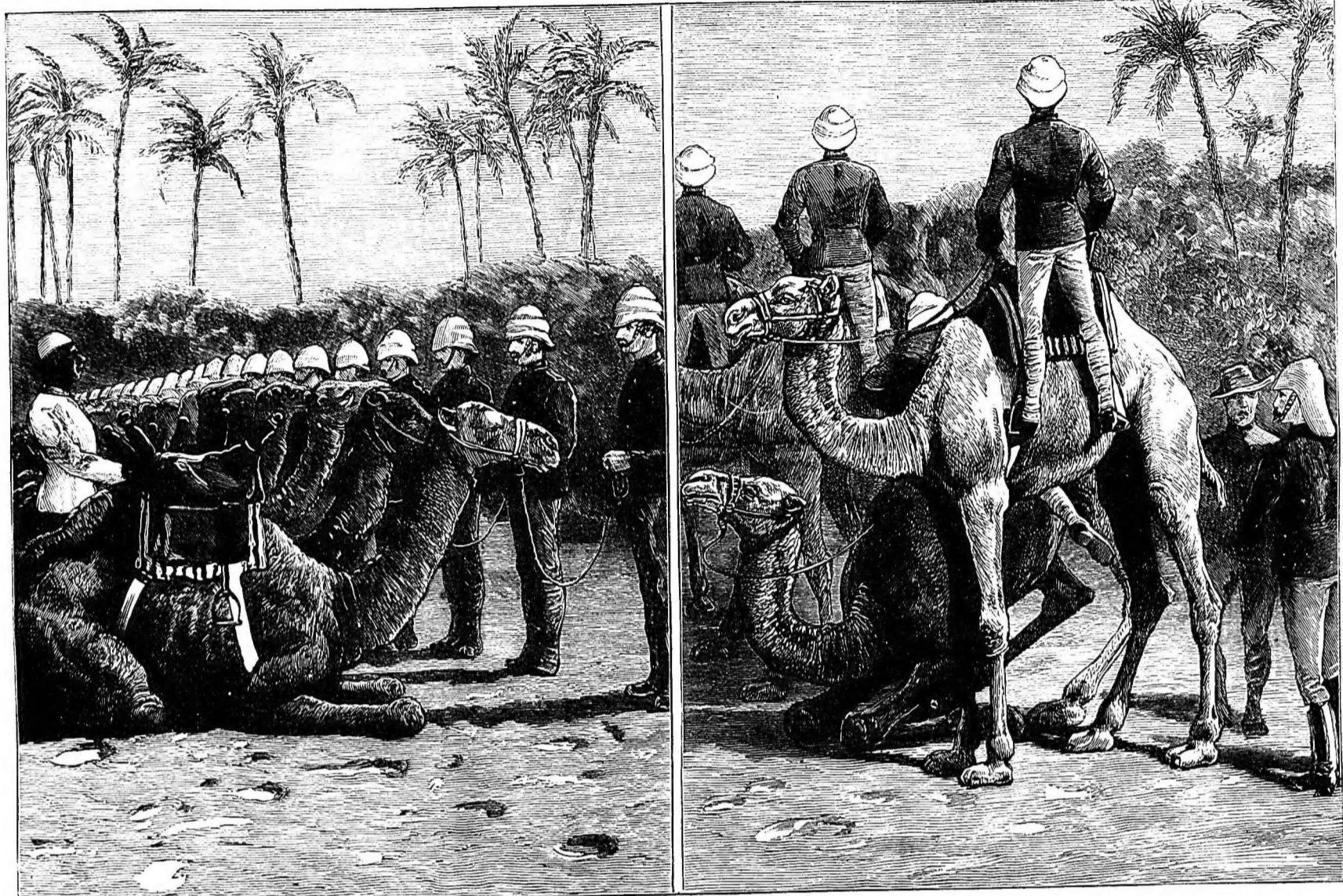
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 782.—VOL. XXX.] EDITION DE LUXE
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1884

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TWO SHEETS

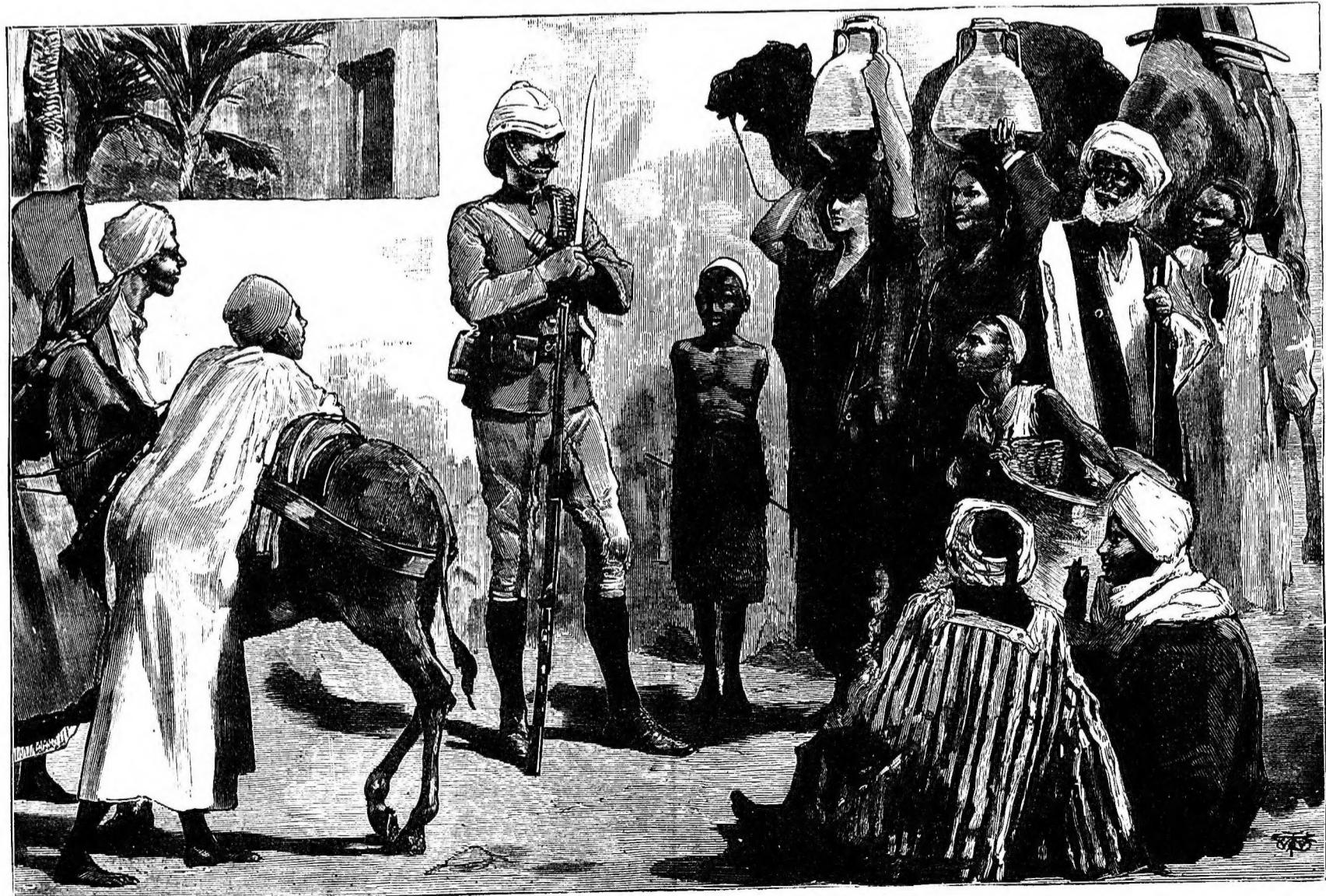
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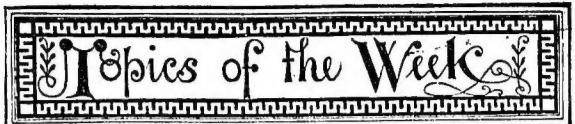
"MOUNT"



A TROOPER OF THE LIFE GUARDS ON SENTRY DUTY AT SOHAGE

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON

FROM SKETCHES BY A TROOPER OF THE LIFE GUARDS



MR. GLADSTONE'S CONCESSIONS.—A good many Radicals are bitterly disappointed at the practical result of the agitation which has caused so much excitement during the last few months. And no doubt, so far as mere form is concerned, the Conservatives may fairly claim that the Government has been defeated. Mr. Gladstone's original position was that he would not submit the Redistribution Bill to the House of Commons until the Franchise Bill had become law. From this position he has withdrawn, and we may now expect that the whole controversy will be settled without much further difficulty. There has been no real inconsistency in the course which has been pursued, nor is there the slightest danger that the Liberal party, as a whole, will regret the concessions which the Prime Minister has made. When he declined to introduce the Redistribution Bill, he did so because there did not seem to be the slightest chance of its being accepted, unless the conditions upon which he insisted were complied with. Now he knows that the Redistribution Bill is safe, for the leaders of the Opposition have given him ample reason to believe that their opinions on the subject do not differ very widely from his own. Their ideas about Redistribution seem, indeed, to be considerably more advanced than those of the majority of Liberals. In these circumstances what excuse could Mr. Gladstone have had for obstinately adhering to the method of procedure which at one time appeared to him to be the only method possible? He had gained all that he had ever really wanted, and to have insisted on his opponents submitting to the letter of his demands would have been neither generous nor prudent. It is not very easy to understand why the solution which has at last been adopted should not have been adopted long ago. Had the Conservatives stated at once what they thought about Redistribution, the probability is that there would have been no very serious dispute, and that the Radicals would not have had the slightest pretext for raising an outcry against the House of Lords. Most people, however, are too well pleased at the prospect of a troublesome question being disposed of to think much about the mistakes that may have been committed by either of the two parties.

INCREASED INCOME TAX.—When Lord Beaconsfield and his allies came into power in 1874, they professed that their chief ambition was to provide healthy homes for the mass of the people. Their motto was, *Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*. Their principal achievement, however, in this direction was an Artisans' Dwellings Act, which proved practically unworkable; and they presently directed their attention to the more congenial field of foreign and colonial politics. They annexed the Transvaal, they made war on Cetewayo and the Ameer of Afghanistan, they set up an Anglo-French Control in Egypt, they interfered between Russia and Turkey, the cost of providing against the risk of war which this involved alone amounting to between four and five millions sterling. An increased income-tax was, of course, the result. At length, the country became weary of the forcible-feeble foreign policy of the Conservatives; and, when Mr. Gladstone loudly proclaimed his holy horror of Jingoism and all its works, he was speedily lifted into the official saddle. And what does the income tax-payer think of Mr. Gladstone, now that he has experienced four years of his Premiership? Why, that he is a more pernicious kind of Jingo than his predecessor. Lord Beaconsfield, at all events, acted honestly according to his convictions; his chief fault was that, either from the infirmities of age, or the restrictive influence of his colleagues, he had not the courage to carry out his convictions to their logical consequences. But Mr. Gladstone is a Quaker masquerading in the garb of a swashbuckler, or a swashbuckler dressed up as a Quaker, for it does not much matter which; he professes, and perhaps really feels, a thorough distaste for war, yet he has managed during the last four years to shed as much blood as the redoubtable Robespierre, and, like Robespierre, with equally virtuous intentions. When Mr. Gladstone asserts—as he did the other night—that we may thank his Tory predecessors for the extra penny which is about to be added to the Income Tax, he says, as the Orientals politely phrase it, “the thing which is not.” The existence of the Dual Control did not compel our Government, any more than it compelled that of the French, to bombard Alexandria, and enter on the campaign which ended at Tel-el-Kebir; it did not compel us to connive (the Khedive being virtually our puppet) at the despatch for the Soudan of Egyptian troops, whom we then left in the lurch; it did not compel us to send Gordon to Khartoum, leave him unsupported when help might have been furnished at small cost, and then tardily fit out an enormously expensive expedition for his rescue. Let the middle classes, on whom the chief burden of this onerous impost falls, bear these facts in mind. The extra penny of Income Tax which they are about to be called upon to pay, and which we fear may be followed by another and another penny, represents no solid advantage gained by the nation, but is really the price of a series of egregious blunders which are chiefly due to the persistent vacillation of the Prime Minister.

MUSIC IN LONDON.—Why we should pay so dearly in London for admission to places of amusement is a point on which the public are not likely to agree with managers of theatres and of first-class concert-rooms. The old controversy has just been revived in the *Times*, and we are told that first-rate concerts cannot be made to pay unless the price of tickets is raised very high—much higher, in fact, than is usual on the Continent or in America. It has been suggested that a concert-room of the size of the Albert Hall, but in a more central position than South Kensington, might be the means of overcoming the difficulty, for managers could then rely on a wider patronage than now. One of their complaints to-day is that none of the West End concert-rooms are large enough for genuine popular audiences. We must not forget, however, that various Promenade Concerts have of late years been providing excellent entertainments, vocal and instrumental, for a shilling; while the open-air concerts at the Fisheries and Health Exhibitions really left little to be desired. So thoroughly popular, in fact, have these open-air concerts become, owing to their excellent management, that they may work some very beneficial improvements in our social habits if nothing occurs to check them. Already we hear some murmur from South Kensington that the residents in this aristocratic suburb find the concerts a nuisance. This may be, for persons who took houses hoping to live in a quiet street cannot much relish the passing of four million pedestrians and of two hundred thousand vehicles of all sorts before their doors in the course of six months. But this is clearly a case where the comfort of the few must yield to the pleasure of the many. The few can afford to move away; but if the public were now deprived of the concerts which they have thoroughly enjoyed for two years, they would not know at all where to move to get anything so good and so cheap.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—In addressing a meeting in Hackney the other evening Sir Wilfrid Lawson expressed his belief “that as soon as the Franchise Bill was settled there would be an agitation—which he would do all in his power to promote—which would never cease until it secured the abolition of the hereditary Chamber.” If a really great question were before the country, and if the House of Lords again put itself in antagonism to the House of Commons, it is not improbable that Sir Wilfrid Lawson's anticipations would prove to be correct. For during the recent agitation it was undoubtedly proved that among the classes to whom the Radicals appeal the Upper House is not popular. At hundreds of meetings speakers found it far easier to excite enthusiasm by denouncing “the Lords” than by advocating the extension of the franchise; and a new agitation would be more formidable than the one which has just been brought to a close. At the same time, if the House of Lords understands that in future its powers must be used prudently, we may doubt whether its end is quite so near as Sir Wilfrid Lawson and many other Radicals suppose. A large proportion of the Liberal party hold that some kind of Second Chamber is necessary; and the chances are that they would combine with the Conservatives to defend the existing Chamber against an unprovoked attack. Besides, are the Radicals right in thinking that the Upper House can never recover the ground it has lost? A thousand circumstances indicate that the democracy is likely to be much more deeply interested in social questions than in such subjects of dispute as those which have hitherto separated political parties. Is it not possible that “the Lords” will display an exceptional aptitude for the discussion of these new problems? It was Lord Salisbury who made the housing of the poor a question of practical politics, and he has more than once declared that in his opinion the State would be strengthened by the existence of a class of peasant proprietors. If he can convince the country that he desires nothing so much as to be a true social reformer, the Radicals may find that he and his followers are still capable of being decidedly formidable rivals.

WEST AFRICAN CONFERENCE.—It is not necessary to accept the pessimistic theory adopted by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, who asserts that Prince Bismarck has got up the Conference in aid of his darling project for setting England and France by the ears. At the same time we have no great liking for these international gatherings. Either they accomplish nothing, in which case their projectors feel annoyed, or they do a great deal more than any one anticipated at the outset. But, putting Prince Bismarck aside—and even supposing him to be non-existent—there are substantial reasons for making Africa the subject of an international table-talk. Geographical discoveries are partly the cause. When the interior of the “Dark Continent” was still unexplored, and was supposed to be uninhabitable by white men, European traders were content with a fringe of factories along the coast. But now it is found that inland there are mountains, and table lands, and magnificent lakes, while at the same time the nations of Europe (notably the Germans) are becoming more crowded and more desirous of elbow room. This colonial fever which is inflaming the blood of our excellent German cousins is not artificial and Bismarckian—it implies a genuine craving, and therefore deserves respectful and tender treatment. Now as regards the practical aims of the Conference. It would perhaps have shown more worldly wisdom on the part of British traders if they had accepted the Anglo-Portuguese Treaty, arranged by our Government; for now, instead of one slow-

moving, unprogressive nation, they will have all the most go-ahead countries of the world for rivals. Nevertheless, it is but just and right that such a noble artery of commerce as the Congo River should be open to all the world alike, and if the Conference decides thus, England, we are sure, will not grumble. Next comes a more ticklish point—namely, the coast line between the Cunene River, the southern limit of Portugal in South-West Africa, and the Orange River, which bounds the Cape Colony on the north. In this region lie Walvisch Bay and Angra Pequena, and the Germans and British both lay claim to them. Concerning this locality we venture to say—Let us try to be magnanimous, and to see matters from our neighbours' point of view. Germany is a great nation, yet has no colonies; we have almost more than we can manage. Why not cheerfully concede to her this bit of country? If the colony flourishes, our traders are sure to benefit; if it fails, Germany will be the chief sufferer. If in sitting at the Conference table we can rise above that petty selfishness which causes so many disputes and wars, we need not fear that the result of its deliberations will work us any mischief.

ART IN SCHOOLS.—Archdeacon Farrar put forward a prettily-worded plea the other day for the embellishment of schoolrooms where poor children are taught. He is depressed by the bareness of these places, and would like the eyes of children to be early accustomed to artistic objects—casts of fine statues, copies of good pictures, shapely furniture, attractive wall-papers, with flowers, of course, in profusion, to enliven the whole. There is no reason why this idea should not be realised in time, but the first step towards its consummation must be to make the hours spent in the schoolroom pleasant in every way. So long as there is irksomeness in lessons, the place where lessons are learned will be distasteful to children—especially to boys; and it is much to be feared that even the Belvedere Apollo perpetually smiling on their misery would not seem to such orphans a very soothing spectacle. We have some recollection of Christ Church undergraduates making a bonfire of sundry works of art in Peckwater Quad a few years ago. They were not young Vandals, having no eye for painting and sculpture, but apparently the association of high Art with college life seemed to them incongruous, and they sacrificed a statue as a scapegoat for the sins of Proctors, tutors, and other such prosy folk. However, the Kyrle Society has been at work in the Universities since the time of the Peckwater outrage, and such a piece of Philistinism could scarcely be perpetrated again in these days. We may hope, therefore, for a day when even the schoolboy nature will be changed—when the little London lad will forget to do his sums from sitting in wrapped contemplation of the artistic beauties of Archimedes' bust over his master's head. After which, a still better time may come when the musical faculty being so highly developed in Britain, the little boy, caned for not doing his sums, will howl in tune, as the youthful Haydn did.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.—In a general way everybody sympathises with the objects of the Imperial Federation League, for there is no political party in England which now supposes that the severance of the connection between the colonies and the mother country would be of advantage either to them or to her. It is difficult to see, however, how the end which the Society has in view is to be attained. So far as can be made out, what is wanted is that England and the colonies shall combine for the defence of their common interests. Now, in the first place, that means that the colonies shall incur a very much larger expenditure than has hitherto been considered necessary. Is it certain that they will be prepared for this result? England is at present bound to protect them, and they may think that they need no stronger guarantee for their safety. Again, suppose that a Federal Council were formed, what would be its powers? Would it alone have the right to decide whether in any given set of circumstances there would be peace or war? If a majority decided for war, would the colonies represented by the minority be at liberty to hold aloof from the struggle? And if not, by what means would the Federal Council coerce them, or prevent them from even proclaiming their independence? Many such questions as these are suggested by the proceedings of the Imperial Federation League, and surely some attempt ought to be made to grapple with them. As yet the League has confined itself to the statement of principles about which there is not much dispute.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—It is satisfactory to learn, now that the counting of the votes in the State of New York is completed, that the winning candidate is freely admitted by his opponents to be the winning candidate, and that there will not be that subsequent soreness which was felt in 1876, when it was alleged that the White House diadem had been fraudulently filched from Tilden and placed on the head of Hayes. As regards the method of choosing the President, the intention of the fathers of the American Constitution was excellent; the idea being that the citizens should choose a college of wise men, and that these wise men should then lay their heads together and elect a President. As is well-known, the electoral college has shrunk into practical insignificance, and the voters at large choose the President, or rather, to speak more correctly,

they record their votes for the candidates selected by the respective Conventions of the various parties. Nevertheless, the modified plan answers pretty well. The very best men, perhaps, are not seated in the White House, but, judging from the roll of past Presidents, they are decent, capable persons, and often much more. After all, it is better than hereditary selection, where the King may be more deficient in governing qualities than any elected chief can possibly be. Mr. Cleveland, though no doubt his supporters will clamour for the rewards of office, will be averse to any wholesale use of the "guillotine." We hope he may at least see fit to spare us Mr. Lowell. Free Trade is not likely to make any important practical advance under the new Chief. Not only are the Republicans more powerful in the present Congress than in the last, but the mass of the people do not believe in Free Trade. Nor should shrewd British traders be in a hurry to convert them. American competition, if the shackles of Protection are discarded, will be far more formidable than it now is. The only cloud just now in the blue sky of American politics is the negro agitation at the South. The negroes believe that the Republicans, who gave them their freedom, are their friends; but that the Democrats are their enemies, and will, if they can, re-enslave them. The baselessness of this view makes it none the less formidable, and, bearing in mind the childishness and excitability of the negroes, they ought to be treated with the utmost consideration and reasonableness by their uncoloured fellow-citizens south of "Dixie's Line."

NON-ADAPTED PLAYS.—It was one of Lord Beaconsfield's ideas that we ought to have a State-endowed theatre in England like the Théâtre Français. As, however, he never gave expression to his views by asking Parliament to vote a sum of money for a dramatic foundation, we only quote his opinion because the British public mistrusts foreign ideas which are not consecrated by the approval of a native statesman. The uses of a national theatre were long ago advocated by a more competent judge than Disraeli—that is, by Macaulay; and it is probable that, if we had a State theatre, it would have done for us what the Maison de Molière has done for the French in promoting original dramatic composition. It is certainly humiliating that in the land of Shakespeare we should be almost entirely dependent for our comedies on "the stolen honey from France;" and that the announcement of an entirely original play by Mr. Burnand should have been enough to raise quite a flutter in theatrical circles. Unfortunately, Mr. Burnand's play turned out to be original only with qualifications. "The head, neck, legs, and part of the body have been repaired; all the rest is the real horse," says the damsel in "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," as she exhibits Wallenstein's stuffed charger. We must nevertheless sympathise so far with Mr. Burnand as to admit that original dramatic situations have now become very difficult to invent. Lord Tennyson was complaining humorously some weeks ago that he could not write a poem without somebody starting up to prove that he had "cribbed" a line or two from some other poet; and it is much the same with dramatists. They have often to deal with critics who make it their principal business to prove that there is nothing new. Shakespeare knew these critics, and so possibly did Aeschylus; but, to come down to a lower level, every one of M. Sardou's pieces has been declared a plagiarism. When *Odette* appeared there was a terrible exchange of invectives between M. Sardou and M. Mario Uchard, who claimed the plot as his own; but M. Uchard had no sooner confounded M. Sardou to his own satisfaction than up jumped an Italian, who vowed that M. Uchard had himself been a purloiner; and this Italian would have been railing still had not one of his countrymen shown that he was the most shameless plagiarist of the company, having filched the whole of the plot in dispute from a sixteenth-century playwright.

ENGLAND'S FOREIGN POLICY.—One result of the controversy about the Extension of the Franchise and Redistribution was that the attention of the country was withdrawn from questions connected with the foreign policy of the Government. Now these subjects are likely again to become prominent, and in dealing with them Mr. Gladstone will not find it easy to meet the criticism of his opponents. The other evening he tried hard to convince the House of Commons that all his difficulties have sprung from the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, but no one seemed to be much impressed by his arguments. Lord Beaconsfield may have acted rashly in annexing the Transvaal, but his successors need not on that account have allowed the Boers to break their engagements with us and to oppress the native races. Again, it may have been unwise to establish the Dual Control in Egypt; but what has the Dual Control to do with the innumerable blunders which have been committed since the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir? The truth is, of course, that both in Egypt and South Africa the policy of the Government had been feeble and inconsistent, and that their failures are due, not to the recklessness of their predecessors, but to their own timidity. A General Election cannot now take place until 1886, and in the interval they will have an excellent chance of re-establishing their reputation as upholders of Imperial interests. At present everything is in their favour, for the Boers have become rather less aggressive; General Gordon is safe; and the Powers are not disposed to thwart any effort that may be made to reorganise the Egyptian Administration.

Should so good an opportunity be neglected, Lord Salisbury will not have much difficulty in making out a strong case against the Ministry when the time comes for an appeal to the new constituencies.

"**THE WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND.**"—Just now when the public are—or are supposed to be—so much exercised concerning the efficiency of the Navy, would it not be a good idea to make Mr. Ruskin a Lord of the Admiralty? He could, at all events, tell Lord Northbrook and Sir Thomas Brassey a great deal that they did not know before. "Iron-mongers," as Mr. Ruskin somewhat sneeringly calls what are usually known as ironmasters, will be sorry, however, to learn that the gifted author of "*Fors Clavigera*" would, if he could, still further curtail their already depressed industry. Mr. Ruskin is dead against iron, and all for wooden ships. Speaking of the loss of the *Captain* and the *Eurydice* (the latter, by the way, was a wooden frigate), he inveighs against the Government for being "donkeys enough to build in iron instead of wood," and he proceeds to say, his experience being gathered from the annals of Venice, "A gale is nothing to a wooden ship, she laughs at it, rejoices in it." Venetian ships may have been especially buoyant, though we doubt it. If Mr. Ruskin will look over the nautical records of the fifty years before iron-shipbuilding came in—James's "Naval History" will suffice for the purpose—he will learn from a good many tragical examples, that, although a piece of wood may ordinarily float, a hollow receptacle, filled with pieces of iron and lead, will, although made of wood, run considerable risk of foundering, if a hole is made in it. But perhaps we are taking the accomplished Professor too seriously. There is a delightful irrelevancy and a child-like bumpiousness in his present course of lectures which make them great fun.

MAD DOGS.—We should like to hear the dogs' version as to the alleged epidemic of rabies in South London. A rabid dog is a rarity, but dogs who go out of their minds, or become wild, fierce, and snappish from ill-treatment, are pretty common in the metropolis, and we cannot wonder at it, seeing how very few people bestow any thought on the management of dogs. These animals want air, exercise, and fresh water. To keep a dog chained up in a yard, as so many Londoners do; to feed him with scraps of cooked food which contains salt, and to give him water casually when somebody has the time to think about it, is to condemn the poor brute to an unnatural, unhealthy life, which is sure to make him feverish and cantankerous, even if it do not drive him mad. The predisposition to rabies in a dog will depend much on his breed. If he comes directly, or by cross, from a sporting race, he will bear confinement much less well than a dog whose ancestors have done menial lap service for generations; on the other hand, there is a marked degeneracy in the constitution of some dogs whose progenitors and grandsires have been household pets. These descendants of a milk-sop race are liable to epileptic fits. They like the fireside, are dainty in their food, shiver in cold winds, and are wretchedly helpless when left to themselves in the open air. If these dogs change masters when past their prime they can seldom accustom themselves to a new style of life, and are apt to go out of their senses, especially if harshly used or much teased by children. A crazy dog, however, is not a dog with rabies, and his bite may be quite harmless. We know it is of not much use to say this to people who have children, for such persons, seeing a dog strange in his ways, will always be disposed to have him killed, because they like to be on the safe side. At the same time, even a dog should not be accused falsely, for to denounce a dog as mad when he is not so is often to cause the destruction of several other innocent dogs whom the suspect has bitten, or merely snarled at.

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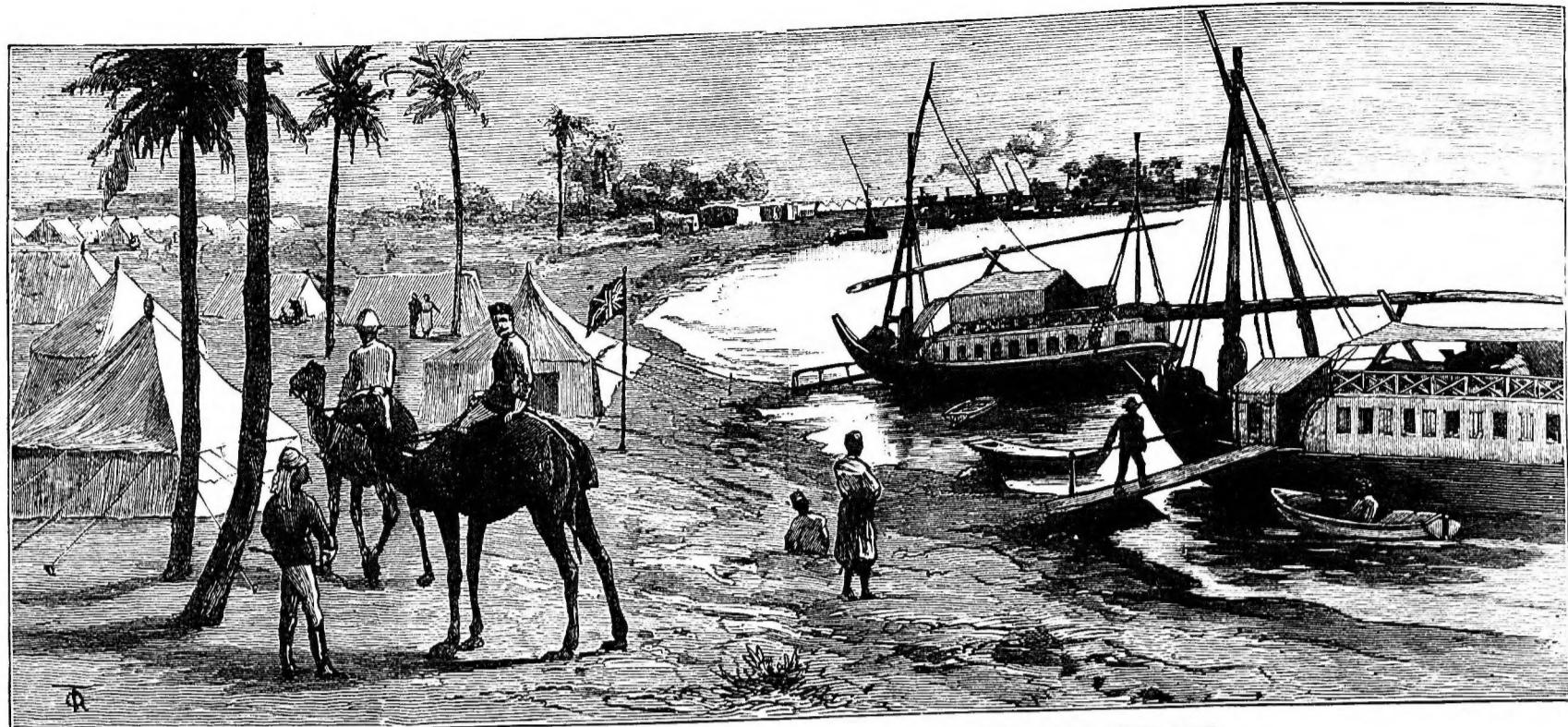
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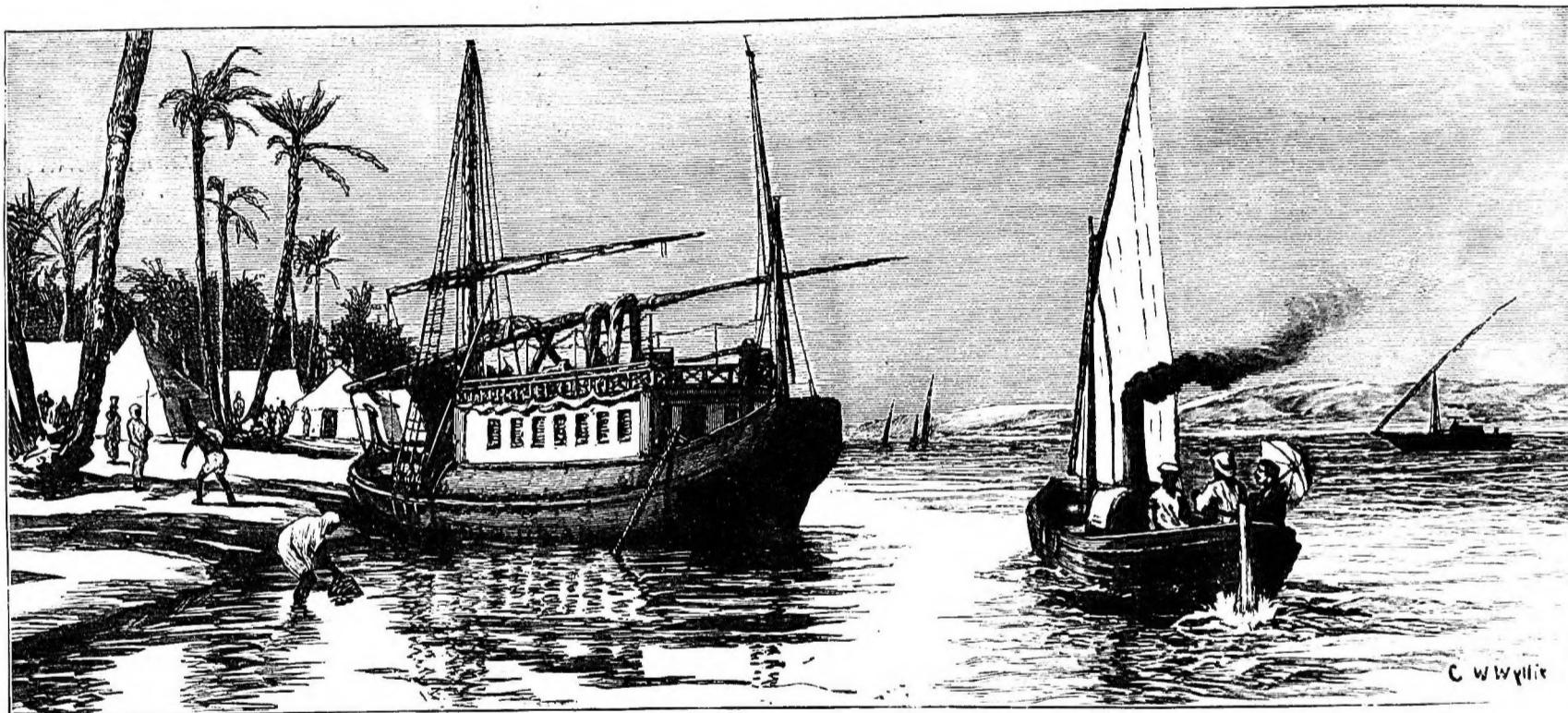
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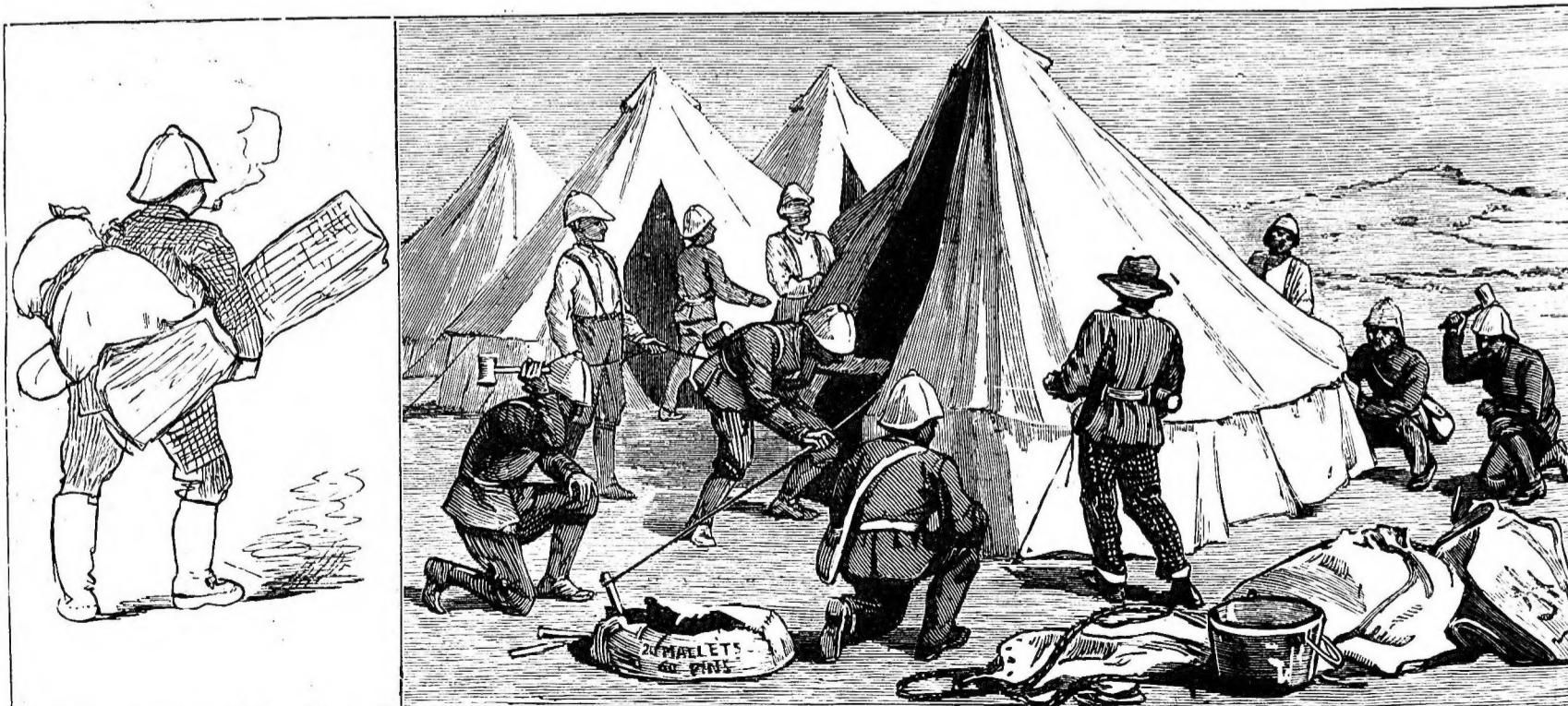
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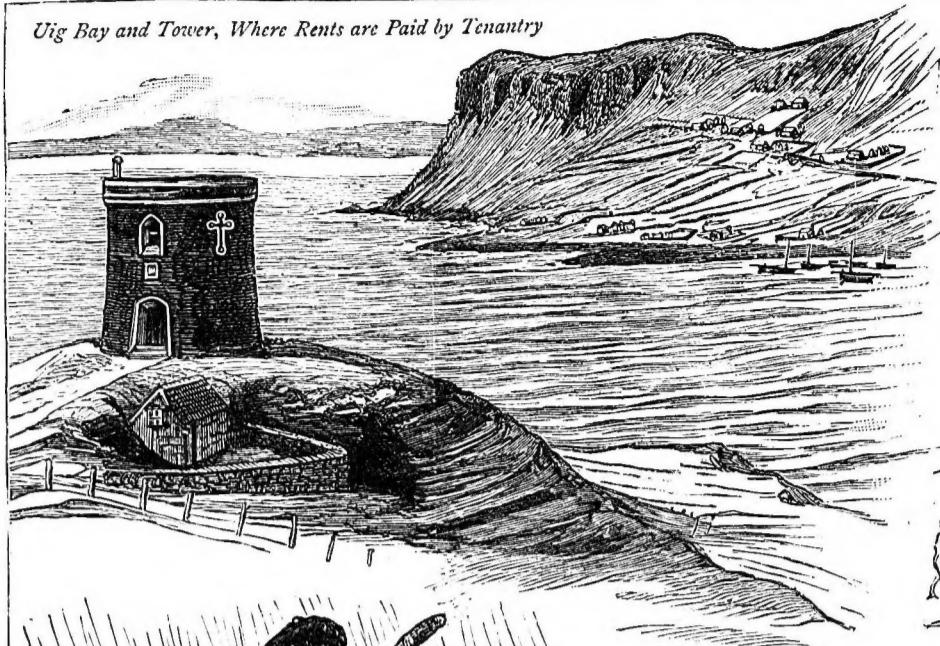
THE CAMP OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY AT WADY HALFA—LORD WOLSELEY GOING TO VISIT GENERAL WOOD



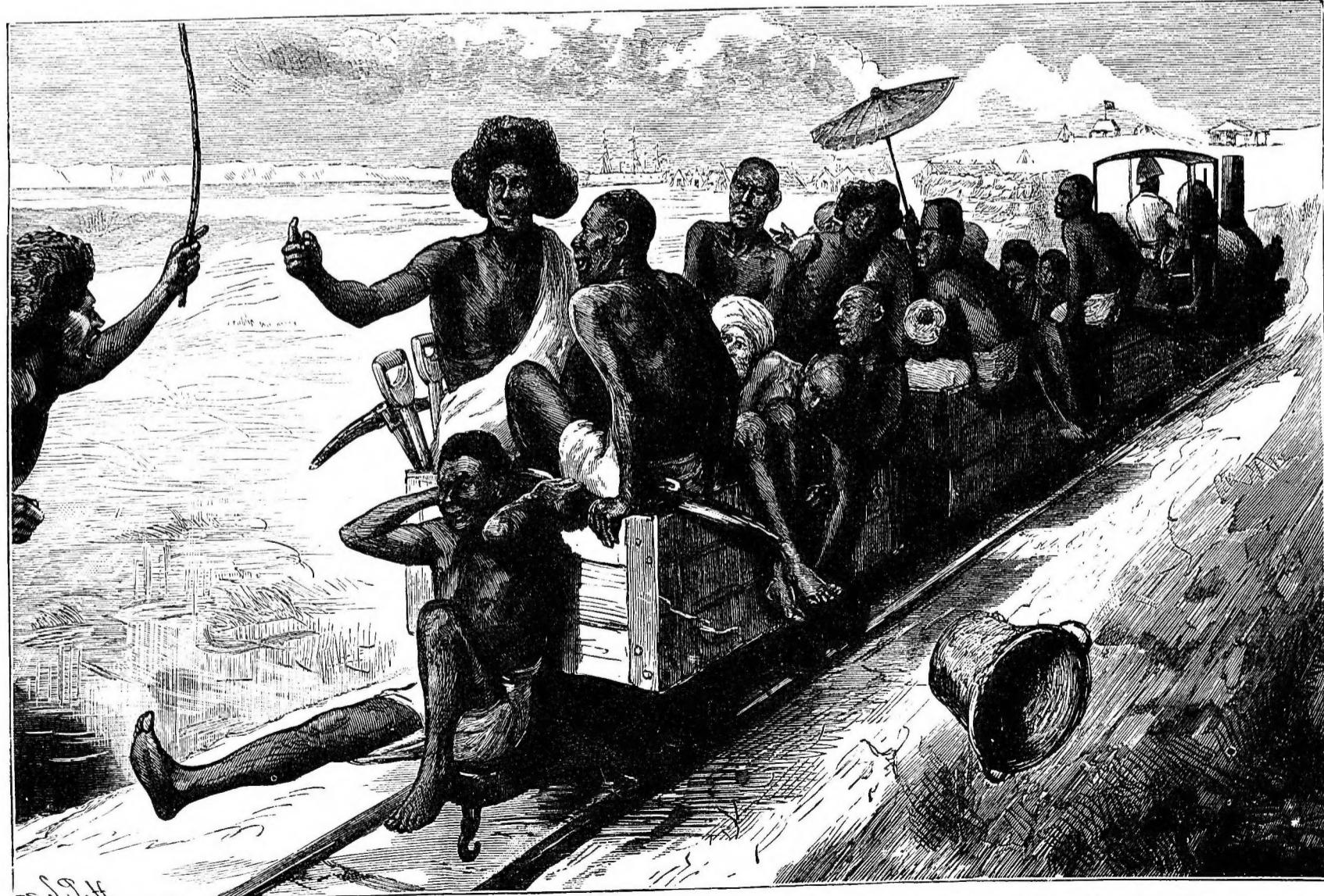
ONE OF THE CANADIAN VOYAGEURS

THE IROQUOIS PITCHES HIS TENT IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

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THE AGITATION AMONG THE SKYE CROFTERS
FROM SKETCHES BY AN ARTIST WHO IS VISITING THE DISTURBED DISTRICTS



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FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER

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SIR F. LEIGHTON, R.A.; J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.; G. D. LESLIE, R.A.; W. F. YEAMES, R.A.; G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.; MRS. BUTLER; PAUL MEYERHEIM; C. GREEN; J. CHARLTON; W. SMALL; J. C. DOLLMAN; C. J. STANILAND; P. A. COT; H. LEVY; J. GOUPIL; E. HALLATZ; L. FROLICH; OTTO WEBER; C. R. HUBER; MAC WHIRTER, A.R.A.; BASIL BRADLEY; A. MARIE; A. HOPKINS; CATON WOODVILLE; W. WEEKES; E. DOUGLAS; G. L. SEYMOUR; BOUVERIE GODDARD; YEEND KING; GASTON GELIBERT; C. E. FRIPP; J. M. CLAUDE.



THE NILE EXPEDITION

THE DRILL OF THE CAMELRY

OUR sketches of the Camelry Drill are by a trooper of the 1st Life Guards. The behaviour of this new branch of our service is exciting considerable interest, and the correspondents' letters, this week, are full of comments upon the organisation and drill of the Camel Corps. At Dongola, we are told, Major Gough daily takes his regiment to parade. "They strike across the desert, and practice advancing in line, wheeling in sections of fours into columns of route, dismounting rapidly—not always at the exact time and manner required—engaging imaginary enemies, and then making off again. The troopers at first regarded their novel steed somewhat askance, but they are now finding out that he has many advantages. Moreover, the camel under British tuition is developing unlooked-for intelligence, and has learned the words of command, and pulls up sharply at the cry of 'halt.' The process of dismounting and mounting, however, is described as supremely ridiculous. "First," writes the *Standard* correspondent, "officers and men have all to imitate rigorously the gurgle by which their Arab masters were wont to request their camels to lie down—an uncouth sound which the Anglo-Saxon throat accomplishes with difficulty. Then there is a jogging and kicking of heels and roaring of camels, with English accompaniment; this lasts for a minute or so until, one by one, all have subsided on the ground, when the men get off, and discipline, silence, and military decorum are restored. It is the same when mounting, and, indeed, one can hear a mile away the Mounted Infantry execute either of these movements, so great is the din and so loud are the complaints to which men and camels give vent."

The *Times* correspondent gives a graphic description of the "bellowing, roaring, screaming, groaning, and, as the soldiers generally term it, 'grousing,' which takes place all day long in the lines of the camelry," and remarks amusingly on the intense astonishment and indignation with which the camel receives any attempt to groom him. In fine, "He is never at any time happy; he will bite at the hand which feeds and tends him . . . he knows nought of gratitude, is bereft of the softer passions, and looks upon whomsoever approaches him—for whatever purpose—as his bitter enemy."

The bottom sketch is from the same artist, who writes, "I have represented one of the 1st Life Guards on sentry duty at Sohage. Rather embarrassed by the attentions of the natives, he is exclaiming 'Emshee,' which, being translated into homely English, means 'Go away!'"

THE CAMPS OF LORD WOLSELEY AND SIR EVELYN WOOD AT WADY HALFA

THESE two sketches are by our special artist, Mr. F. Villiers. The first represents the camp of the Commander-in-Chief before he left for Dongola. On the extreme right may be seen Lord Wolseley's dahabeyah, and by its side the little steam launch presented to him by Sir John Hay. Further along is the dahabeyah of General Buller, the chief of the Staff. "Wady Halfa," a *Standard* correspondent recently wrote, "sounds imposing when pronounced with proper Arabic roll of tongue, but it is little more than a name. A low dusty stretch of river beach, it is infested with flies and scorpions, and inhabited chiefly by Sir Evelyn Wood." The camp of that General, who, it should be said, is commander of the Egyptian army, is shown in another of Mr. Villiers' sketches, who has also represented Lord Wolseley in his steam launch going to visit General Wood.

NOTES OF THE CANADIAN VOYAGEURS AND INDIANS

OUR artist's remarks with regard to the subject of our double-page illustration will be found beneath the engraving, but we may here mention that the voyageurs have worked most energetically and successfully since their arrival. According, however, to a recent telegram, they complain that boats made of deal are unsuitable for the work to be done. The water, too, being muddy, renders the rocks invisible—a strong contrast to their own clear rivers, where rocks and stones can be seen ten feet down.

Mr. Villiers writes:—"There are not many feathers and beads about our Red Indian volunteers, and they look very slovenly in their suit of woollen tweed, half moccassins, and regulation white helmet, but strong, sturdy looking fellows they are, and when in their blue flannel shirts, with sleeves tucked up, they look good enough for any boating requirements.

"They, of course, have no drill and very little discipline, and have their own ways in putting up tents, which is not quite such a smart performance as that of their English brethren."

SUAKIM: SIX P.M. TRAIN BRINGING IN THE NATIVE LABOURERS TO BE PAID

"THE 18-inch gauge railway," writes the naval officer to whom we are indebted for this sketch, "more commonly known as the Toy Railway, was sent out to Suakin from England last July, and is progressing steadily as far as Handoub, under the management of the Royal Engineers. A causeway carries it already across the strip of mud separating Quarantine Island from the mainland, and the funny little narrow line is creeping farther day by day. The engine runs trucks to and from the piers on the island and the H Redoubt all day long, and at 6 o'clock it makes its last trip from the latter place, bringing in the native labourers to receive their day's pay. This ride to them is the happiest part of the day, not excepting even their dinner hour (from 12 noon to 2 P.M.); and sitting, lying, and stooping, cramped up in most uncomfortable positions, they grin, and jabber, and sing, and seem to imagine themselves in paradise."

IN HOSPITAL AT WADY HALFA

See page 540

THE SKYE CROFTERS

LAST week considerable anxiety was felt lest there should be a collision between the disaffected crofters of Uig in the Isle of Skye and the body of marines who had been sent thither in the gunboat *Forester* to vindicate the majesty of the law. Thus far, however, thanks to the efforts of the Rev. A. C. Macdonald, of Inverness, and the good sense and moderation, let it be hoped, of the crofters themselves, this danger has been averted. At a meeting held in the Uig Free Church on the 12th inst. it was resolved to offer no resistance if the police should endeavour to arrest certain alleged criminals, but the Government were urged to send a Commissioner to inquire into the whole affair. The assembled crofters bound themselves to make ample reparation for any crime established against any of their number.

Their grievances—we quote their words—"Consist in the want of any security of tenure, through having too little land, and in their rents being increased by the present proprietors no less than three times, causing great irritation and hardship among the people, and making it impossible for them to pay their rents."

The discontent and distress of the Skye crofters are due to a variety of causes. Under the old clan system the small landholders enjoyed practical fixity of tenure for service rendered and tribute paid. The tradition of this species of tenure survives to the present day, although after the suppression of the Jacobite outbreak of 1745, the Highland chiefs were transmuted by law into landlords of the English pattern. The men in authority, however, were the same, although their legal status was altered, and for a long time they were too prudent to meddle with the practical fixity of tenure. The poverty of the tenants, which was habitual, and often severe—as must always be the case where a number of peasant farmers try to win a subsistence from a barren soil and under an ungenial sky—is for a long time mitigated by three circumstances—by the extensive emigration, or rather deportation, to Canada; by the military enlistments during the Napoleonic wars; and by the kelp industry. The discovery of potash in other and cheaper forms ruined the kelp manufacture; soldiers were less needed when the piping times of peace arrived; and public opinion had begun to revolt against the wholesale shovelling out of surplus populations into the distant wilderness. Simultaneous with these changes the wants of the landlords grew more numerous, and their tastes became more expensive, the old feudal feeling was dying out, and many of them were absentees, who managed their estates through factors. By this time the system of club or township farms was ceasing to exist, and most of the peasantry were individual holders of small crofts, with a common right of grazing-ground on the adjacent hillsides. To this grazing-ground they have the claim of immemorial possession; but of late years the proprietors have shown a disposition to enclose it. In this way the troubles began on the Glendale estate in the spring of 1882.

What is true of Skye is true also of many parts of the Highlands. That which has been done for Ireland will undoubtedly have to be done for Scotland also. The crofters have many well-wishers, and their visits to the Irish coasts during their fishing excursions has made them acquainted with the working of the Land Act there. There is, therefore, a strong probability that, as soon as Franchise and Redistribution are settled, the Government will proceed to the amendment of the Land Laws existing north of the Tweed.—Our engravings are from sketches by W. Lockhart Bogle.

ZULULAND—THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER'S BODY-GUARD

ONE hardly knows at home the number of irregular corps which in distant lands fight by our side, or act as police, or otherwise, using our weapons, wearing various uniforms, and officered by our people. Such a corps is represented in our illustration, which gives the Body-Guard of the British Resident Commissioner at Etshowe, in the Reserve Territory, Zululand, raised April, last year, from loyal Zulus, some of whom are Christians, handy with the rifle, and good shots if game is afoot. These men have turned out well, and are clad in blue double-breasted tunics, with red collars and cuffs, broad red stripe down pantaloons, which are wrapped round with blue putties, ankle boots, and spurs. A kepi is worn, well cocked on one side; arms are the Martini-Henry carbine, a bandolier round shoulder, carrying fifty rounds of ammunition, and a sheath knife in belt.

"Scoff," or rations, and 10d. a day is the pay of a private, 2d. a month that of a corporal, and 2d. 10s. that of a sergeant.

Of the sergeants in the sketch, one is named "Sixpence." He is a Natal Zulu, who has been ten years in England, and has visited France. He speaks English fluently, and approves of our country very much.

Sidoyi, another sergeant, appears talking to the mounted trooper; his parents were driven out of Zululand when he was a boy, in the war of 1856 between Cetewayo and his brother, M'Bulani.

Their general duty is the escort of the Resident when collecting hut-tax. Their service on the occasion when Dabulamanzi (Cetewayo's brother), with his two sons and about 1,200 rebel Usutus, went to attack Mr. Osborn and his party on 12th May last, was most

remarkable; for it is to the fire of these men—a steady volley being given to the English words of command of Captain Mansell, their leader, followed by independent firing in this moonlight fight—that 100 of the Usutus fell, Dabulamanzi's horse was taken, and a wholesome respect established for our authority; otherwise, it might have been different indeed for our Commissioner.

Sir Henry Bulwer, Governor of Natal, was escorted lately (after his visit to Etshowe on the disturbed state of affairs) from the Amatikulu river to the Tugela by this corps.—Our engraving is from a drawing by Lieutenant-Colonel H. Robley, Commanding 1st Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN INDIA

See page 540

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 553.

SUGAR CULTURE IN JAMAICA

THESE engravings are especially interesting at the present time, because Jamaica, in common with our other West India Colonies, is in the throes of a very important crisis. In the good old days, the days, let us say, when "Tom Cringle's Log" was written—the United Kingdom got its supply of sugar from the West Indies, and practically from nowhere else. Our uncompromising free trade theories have in this respect wrought an astonishing revolution. The bulk of our present sugar supply comes from foreign countries—much of it of recent years from the beetroot product of Northern Europe; while the West India Islands, which—despite all the complaints of decaying trade—have during the last thirty years tripled their exports of tropical produce, have found a market elsewhere. Yes, the unnatural old Mother-Country rode her Free Trade hobby so vigorously that she gave them the go-by, but they found a fresh set of customers in the United States and Canada. Thither go the bulk of their sugar and rum, chiefly in exchange for bread-stuffs, salt fish, and lumber.

Recently, however, the American Government has been negotiating a convention with the Spanish Government for the reciprocal remission of customs' duties, and the West Indies feel that unless they can make a treaty of a similar character, Cuba and Porto Rico will drive them to the wall. Prices are low enough now in all conscience, but if the Spanish islands get the monopoly of supplying Brother Jonathan with rum and sugar, Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad, and all our other lovely islands run no small peril of sinking into the condition of the Negro Republic of Hayti.

Negotiations are now proceeding between our Minister at Washington and the American Government with a view of settling this question. One thing is certain: unless we mean to abandon the Queen's sovereignty over the islands, we cannot allow a duty to be imposed on British imports while American imports are set free. Both must be freed, or neither; and, in the former case, the necessary expenses of the Government in the West India Islands will have to be raised by some plan of internal taxation.

Meanwhile, those who would like to study the West India Question practically, and who can afford the time and cost, cannot do better than take a run out there, and dodge the British winter.

Jamaica is a most lovely and fertile island, and its mountainous surface affords every variety of climate. Kingston, the capital, apparently relies for its defence more on its sunken reefs and intricate channels than on its antiquated forts. Traces of the disastrous fire of 1882 are still visible in Kingston. Here some pleasant days may be spent. The tramcar, running from King Street towards the Governor's residence, is an agreeable refuge for the sight-seer from the dust and glare of the streets. Mounted on a sure-footed steed, the visitor can explore the innumerable bridle-paths which lead up to the lovely gorges of the Blue Mountains, where many of the Kingston people have their summer bungalows, 3,000 or 4,000 feet above the sea. On the lower slopes are to be found mango, plantain, and banana trees surrounding the numerous white-washed cabins, where Sambo lives in a state of lazy independence. Higher up are the comparatively newly-established coffee and cinchona plantations. On some sugar estates good modern machinery and methods have been introduced; but, as a rule, the island is in this respect somewhat behindhand. There are too many absentee landlords.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. Herbert Green Spearing.

ART IN WHITECHAPEL

THEY have a delightful Easter custom in Whitechapel. Some time ago the idea occurred to the Rev. S. A. Barnett, the Vicar of St. Jude's, that a number of wealthy owners of pictures might be willing to lend them for a short time to be shown to the people whose life is spent amid the dull and ugly conditions of the East End of London. The success on both sides has been remarkable. Owners have lent without hesitation, and, during the ten or twelve days of the exhibition, crowds of artisans and of their wives and children have been to see the pictures, while many well-disposed persons of the educated classes have been at hand to explain the subjects to eager listeners. It is a principle of Mr. Barnett's that the pictures shall be on view on Sundays, and on those days the crowds were especially great. Among the artists represented in the collection were Sir Frederick Leighton, Messrs. Hook, Briton Rivière, Prinsep, Boughton, and Brett, merely to name Academicians.

THE LATE COLONEL BARNES, R.H.A.—The Rev. Hanbury Barnes requests us to state that his brother, whose portrait we recently published, was the son of Christopher Hewitson Barnes, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S., of Notting Hill, and formerly of Babuah Hall, Suffolk.



THE CHIEF DOMESTIC EVENT OF THE WEEK is the compromise between the Government and the Opposition, affording, as it does, a reasonable, though not a certain, prospect of a settlement of the controversy which agitated the country during the recess. The tone and tenor of the comments made on it by the Press, metropolitan and provincial, lead, with other indications of opinion, to the conclusion that the prospect is one which gives satisfaction to the moderate and sensible men of both political parties.

LORD SALISBURY spoke hopefully of the situation on Wednesday in reply to a deputation which presented him with an address from East Essex expressive of approval of and confidence in his policy. The crisis, he said, was passing away. Alluding to the objection that the execution of the arrangement contemplated depended on the pledged word of his opponents, he replied that he was dealing with English gentlemen and he did not think that there was the slightest ground for uneasiness and disturbance on that head. He just touched on the possibility of failure when admitting that the difficulties were considerable, and he laid some stress on the necessity

in the coming redistribution scheme of doing justice to the rural interest. This was the more to be expected, as he was addressing the representatives of a country constituency.

Two ADVANCED LIBERALS, one of them a Minister, the other a prominent member of that section of his party, Mr. Mundella and Mr. John Morley, addressed a political meeting at Newcastle on Wednesday. Mr. Mundella was vague and naturally not jubilant, while Mr. Morley seemed perplexed between his allegiance to Mr. Gladstone and his mistrust of the enemy. He did not like, he said, the concoction of the Redistribution Bill out of view of the House of Commons. He foresaw "enormous" difficulties, especially when the counsellors of the two parties came to discuss the number of members to be given to Ireland. But he deprecated suspicion, preternatural suspicion, of their leader; and the very emphasis with which he spoke on this point seemed to indicate that he was aware of the existence, pretty extensively, of such a feeling among his fellow Advanced Liberals.

AS WAS TO BE EXPECTED, the Hackney election has ended in the triumph of the Liberal candidate Professor Stuart. Mr. M'Alister and his Conservative supporters must have been sanguine indeed to suppose that they could dissipate the majority of more than 6,000 by which the Liberal candidate lowest on the poll defeated in 1880 the solitary Conservative candidate. Liberalism in Hackney has proved to be at least as strong now as it was then. A good deal of the interest of the struggle lay in a curiosity to know whether Mr. M'Alister's advocacy of Fair Trade would have much influence on the votes of a constituency largely composed of the working class. The result is not favourable to the prospects of Fair Trade in the metropolitan boroughs.

THE LATE MR. FAWCETT is succeeded as Postmaster-General by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman as Secretary to the Admiralty by Sir Thomas Brassey, and he as Civil Lord of the Admiralty by Mr. W. T. Caine, M.P. A successor to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre in the First Commissionership of Works has still to be appointed. Mr. Caine, who was formerly a Liverpool merchant, twice unsuccessfully contested that city in the Liberal interest, and has represented Scarborough since 1880. He has been selected as one of the Liberal candidates for Middlesex at the next General Election.

THE EARL OF DURHAM, a Liberal peer, succeeds the late Marquis of Londonderry as Lord-Lieutenant of Durham.

SPEAKING AT CONSIDERABLE LENGTH ON REDISTRIBUTION at a dinner given on Tuesday by the Eighty Club, and presided over by Mr. Albert Grey, M.P., Mr. Bright intimated to his former colleagues of the Cabinet that if he were now one of them, and had to deal officially with the Redistribution question, he would not dream of any arrangement for the purchase of Conservative consent. He was in favour of depriving of separate representation all boroughs with a population under 20,000, and, being opposed to grouping them for electoral purposes, would throw them into the counties. He strongly condemned the cumulative vote, and ridiculed proportional representation, but did not object to the division of large boroughs into wards, each to be represented by one or two members. In the course of his speech he indulged in a sneer at the new scheme of Imperial Federation.

THE ADJOURNED MEETING this week of the Conference to promote Imperial Federation, presided over by Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., presented the same harmonious commingling of politicians of different parties as at the first gathering, Lord Rosebery uniting with Lord Dunraven to support its object. There was a good muster of Liberal and Conservative M.P.'s, and of Agents-General and other representatives of the Colonies. Among the most striking statements made in the course of the proceedings was that of Mr. Merriman, a former member of the Cape Ministry, who suggested as a practical step towards Federation that the Colonies should be invited to contribute their quota to the interest of any loan which might be needed to place our naval armaments in a satisfactory condition. Sir J. A. Macdonald, the Premier of Canada (who has just been made a G.C.B.), assured the meeting that in any non-aggressive war waged by the mother country the people of the Dominion would be ready to take their share of the responsibility and the cost.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY will not include as intended a collection of Turner's Water-Colour Drawings, for the new Water-Colour Gallery now being built at Burlington House will not be ready before the spring.

THE STUDENTS OF ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY have, by a majority of 115, 739 voting, re-elected as their Rector Dr. Bain, who was formerly their Professor of Moral Philosophy, and is well known as a very advanced thinker, in preference to Lord Randolph Churchill, who was strongly supported by the Conservative students.

DURING THE AUTUMNAL AGITATION FOR THE FRANCHISE BILL, the opponents of the hereditary principle in legislation have here and there carried their condemnation of it higher than the Upper House. At a conference this week in London of a body calling itself the National Radical Federation, the chairman said that its members "desired not only the abolition of the House of Lords, but of the Monarchy itself."

THE SKYE CROFTERS have taken the advice of their friends, and decided on offering no resistance to the execution of the law. A force of marines and constabulary was marched ten miles on Tuesday through one of the most disaffected districts of the island, and met scarcely a soul by the way.

OF 2,000/, THE ESTIMATED COST OF THE MEMORIAL to be erected at Chatham, his birthplace, to Lieutenant Waghorn, the originator of the Overland Route, 1,400/ have been subscribed. Mr. H. H. Armstead, R.A., is to be invited to view the proposed site, and to submit designs for a work of sculpture to be erected on it.

ACCORDING TO AN ADMISSION MADE BY MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P., addressing an Irish meeting at Birmingham, if a strenuous resistance to Home Rule is persevered in by the two great political parties in the State, the movement will collapse. They could not, he said, prolong Parliamentary agitation for years. They must win a success within something like a reasonable time, or the agitation would melt away. However, he was of opinion that within five years an English Parliament would grant Home Rule, three of the years most influential members of the Cabinet having declared themselves in favour of its principle.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,507 deaths were registered against 1,516 during the previous seven days, a decline of 9, being 256 below the average, and at the rate of 19·6 per 1,000. These deaths included 35 from small-pox (a rise of 13, and 23 above the average)—the number of small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals, which had been 580 and 669 on the two preceding Saturdays, further rose to 749 at the end of last week—19 from measles (a fall of 13), 36 from scarlet fever (a rise of 4), 17 from diphtheria, 16 from whooping-cough (a fall of 3), 2 from typhus fever (an increase of 1), 21 from enteric fever (a rise of 1), 1 from an ill-defined form of fever, 19 from diarrhoea (a decline of 3), and not one from cholera. Different forms of violence caused 54 deaths, 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 3 from drowning, 1 of an infant aged ten months from "lead colic," and 14 of infants under 1 year of age from suffocation. Eight cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,558 births registered, against 2,502 during the previous week, being 205 below the average.

The mean temperature of the air was 45° deg., and 2·3 deg. above the average.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Sir Joseph Napier, only surviving son of the baronet of the same name and surname, who was formerly M.P. for the University of Dublin and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in his forty-fourth year; of Sir John Marjoribanks, Bart., very suddenly, at a shooting party at Sir Frederick Graham's at Netherby, in his fifty-fifth year; of Mr. Henry Alabaster, formerly British Consul at Bangkok, at his death private secretary to the King of Siam, and holder of several important offices under the Siamese Government, during his tenure of which he established the telegraph in Siam, and promoted generally the introduction of European civilisation into that country, author of the "Wheel of the Law" and other works; of "Willie" Blair, known as the Queen's Highland Fiddler, an enthusiastic violinist, who has resided at Balmoral since it became a Royal demesne, and was a favourite with the Royal Family, at the advanced age of ninety; of General Sir George St. Patrick Lawrence, who was worthy to be the brother of John and Henry Lawrence, of imperishable Anglo-Indian fame, in his eightieth year. As an officer in the Bengal Cavalry he was at Cabul when Alexander Burnes (whose name the *Times*, in its obituary notice, strangely mis-spells Barnes) was murdered, and escaped the same fate through the fleetness of his horse. He was an eye-witness of the subsequent assassination of Sir William McNaughten, and after being taken prisoner made his escape, only to be relegated again to an Afghan dungeon as one of the hostages handed over to Akbar Khan just before the terrible catastrophe of the Khyber Pass. The Indian Mutiny found Colonel Lawrence (as he had then become) Agent for the Governor-General in Rajpootana, which by courage and skill he kept tranquil, further distinguishing himself during the last year of the Mutiny in the military operations for its suppression, especially in those which led to the capture of Tantia Topee. After forty-three years of honourable service he retired from the Army in 1854, and in 1860 was made a K.C.S.I. In 1874 appeared his interesting work, "Reminiscences of Forty-three Years in India."

MR. EDMUND YATES ON HIMSELF*

"How inexpressibly comfortable to know our fellow-creature; to see into him, understand his goings forth, decipher the whole heart of his mystery: nay, not only to see into him, but even to see out of him, to view the world altogether as he views it." So wrote Carlyle long ago, and his praises of the good biographer may be shared by the good autobiographer. Whether a man's life is more interesting when written by himself or another depends much on circumstances. Probably the interest of a good biography and a good autobiography are about equal. But the autobiographer has the delight, if he publishes his book during his lifetime, of not only hearing all that others have to say of him, but of pocketing a handsome sum from the sale of his book. And if it be true that no man can review a book so well as its author, for no one knows better its faults and virtues, then it ought to be true that no one can write a man's life better than he who has lived it. To write one's own life well presupposes candour, literary skill, and judgment, and nobody who knows anything about Mr. Yates need be told that he possesses all these qualities. His two volumes are indeed among the most interesting and entertaining of recent years. A marked change has crept over the profession of journalism during Mr. Yates's life—the change from Bohemianism to respectability. Both aspects of the journalistic life can be studied in Mr. Yates's brilliant pages. Though he himself was never a true denizen of Bohemia, he entered the country often enough to be familiar with it, and he records anecdotes and recollections of many noted journalists and actors of the old school.

Mr. Yates was the son of an actor and actress. His father was Frederick Yates, well remembered as the manager of the Adelphi Theatre, where he was also leading actor; his mother was Miss Elizabeth Brunton, herself of a well-known theatrical family. In his early years Mr. Yates lived in his father's house, which formed part of the Adelphi Theatre. Like Macready and many other actors, the elder Yates wished to keep his son from all knowledge of the stage; and it was long before the boy understood his father's occupation. To the little house next to the theatre came many of the celebrities of the day, among them the elder Mathews, Theodore Hook, Lord A. Paget, the Brothers Smith, Ainsworth, Bunn, and many more. In his second chapter called "Youth and Education," Mr. Yates gives some interesting figures concerning playwrights' gains. Buckstone, for example, received 70/- for a three-act drama, and 10/- for the provincial rights, for twelve months. Contrasted with these sums Mr. Yates gives the gains of a writer of melodrama of to-day, who has received ten thousand pounds for one piece alone, and the profits "are still rolling in at the rate of 100/- a week." After a very pleasant time of student life in Germany young Yates returned to England, and by the influence of powerful patrons (it was before the day of competitive examinations) obtained a clerkship in the General Post Office. There he remained for twenty-five years, retiring in 1872 with a pension of 200/- a year. Soon after his first entry into the Post Office, however, he felt decided yearnings towards a literary life, being chiefly influenced in this direction by his study of "Pendennis." His early connection with literary and theatrical society stood him in good stead, and at length he gained an engagement on the *Court Journal*. From that time onwards he was one of the busiest writers in London, while retaining at the same time his position at the Post Office. In 1853 he married, Albert Smith being his best man. It is obviously impossible in such a brief review as this to do anything more than glance at the most important events in Mr. Yates's crowded and eventful life. His intimacy with Charles Dickens, and his "difficulty" with the Garrick Club, concerning which Mr. Yates writes with marked candour and moderation, are among the most interesting parts of the second volume. "People I have Known" is also an excellent chapter, and "Later Days in the Post Office" gives many capital stories of the writer's adventures when travelling about the country as an agent for the Post Office to obtain consent for the erection of posts and telegraph-wires. It is not a little strange that Mr. Yates should have hesitated so long to trust entirely to his pen for his livelihood. Up to almost the last moment before he left the Post Office he seems to have doubted whether literature would be a real crutch for him; yet no sooner did he leave the Government service, and become a literary man and nothing else, than success followed success. His lecturing tour in the United States was a triumph, and for some time after that he was correspondent for the *New York Herald* in all parts of Europe. The last chapter deals with the foundation of the *World*, and with an account of the early successes of that journal. Mr. Yates's "Recollections" come to an end. It has been said already that his book is singularly entertaining. It is also extremely kindly. With the exception, perhaps, of Thackeray, Mr. Yates has not set down a harsh or unkind expression about any man, and he has known every one of any eminence during the last forty years. Concerning himself Mr. Yates has been candid. He has allowed us to see into him and to see out of him. We can decipher the heart of his mystery and view the world altogether as he views it. . . .

* "Edmund Yates: His Recollections and Experiences." (Two vols. R. Bentley and Son.)



LAWYERS UTILISE THE TELEPHONE considerably in Berlin. The solicitors of the town have combined to obtain a room in the Law Courts whence a telephonic wire is laid to their offices, enabling the members to communicate with their clients until the very beginning of a suit.

THE LENGTH OF WELSH NAMES IS PROVERBIAL, but even Taffy seems outdone by the title of a Mahrathi work lately published in the Bombay Presidency—i.e., "Shrimanmadhawaripandhanawaranamakapadyaratnamala," which means, "Verses describing the Death of Peshwa Mahaw Rao I."

A LOAN COLLECTION OF MR. G. F. WATTS' WORKS now forms part of the autumn exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the pictures are warmly discussed and criticised by American connoisseurs. The contemporary portraits attract most attention, and the ladies surround and strike admiring and aesthetic attitudes before Mr. Watts' "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Love and Death," "Paolo and Francesca," and like works.

THE BRUNSWICK CROWN JEWELS, which appeared in State at the late Duke's funeral, were not the genuine insignia at all, if we are to believe an unkind rumour now current in Germany. The "Diamond Duke," so says the story, long ago appropriated and carried off the real jewels, and the Brunswick Court authorities were obliged to borrow sham "properties" from the Brunswick Theatre, so that the insignia might be carried in their proper place behind the Duke's coffin.

ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PALL-BEARERS lies buried across the Atlantic, according to an inscription in the cemetery of Fredericksburg, Virginia. The epitaph runs, "Here lies the body of Edward Heldon, Practitioner in Physics and Chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord 1542. Was contemporary with and one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare, of the Avon. After a long illness his spirit ascended in the year of Lord 1618, aged seventy-six."

THE INCREASE OF CREMATION is especially marked in Italy, where the statistics may be compared with those of Germany, which we gave last week. Since Milan set the example eight years ago, Lodi, Rome, Cremona, Varese, and Spezia have erected crematory temples, Novara, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, and Turin are preparing to follow suit, and "Cremation Associations" have been formed also in nineteen other towns, mustering some 6,000 members. Altogether there have been 463 cases of cremation in Italy since 1876, by far the majority—362—taking place at Milan.

ALTHOUGH the coming Colonial and Indian Exhibition at South Kensington is yet eighteen months distant, the Royal Commission which is to organise the display has just been appointed. As usual the Prince of Wales heads the Commission, while a large number of Indian princes and chiefs will assist the plans. On the other side of the Channel the Commission preparing for the 1889 Exhibition are discussing sites, and have the choice of nine different places, including Vincennes on the east of the capital, Aubervilliers on the north, Courbevoie on the west, various positions round the Bois de Boulogne, or in the centre of Paris, such as the Tuilleries, &c.

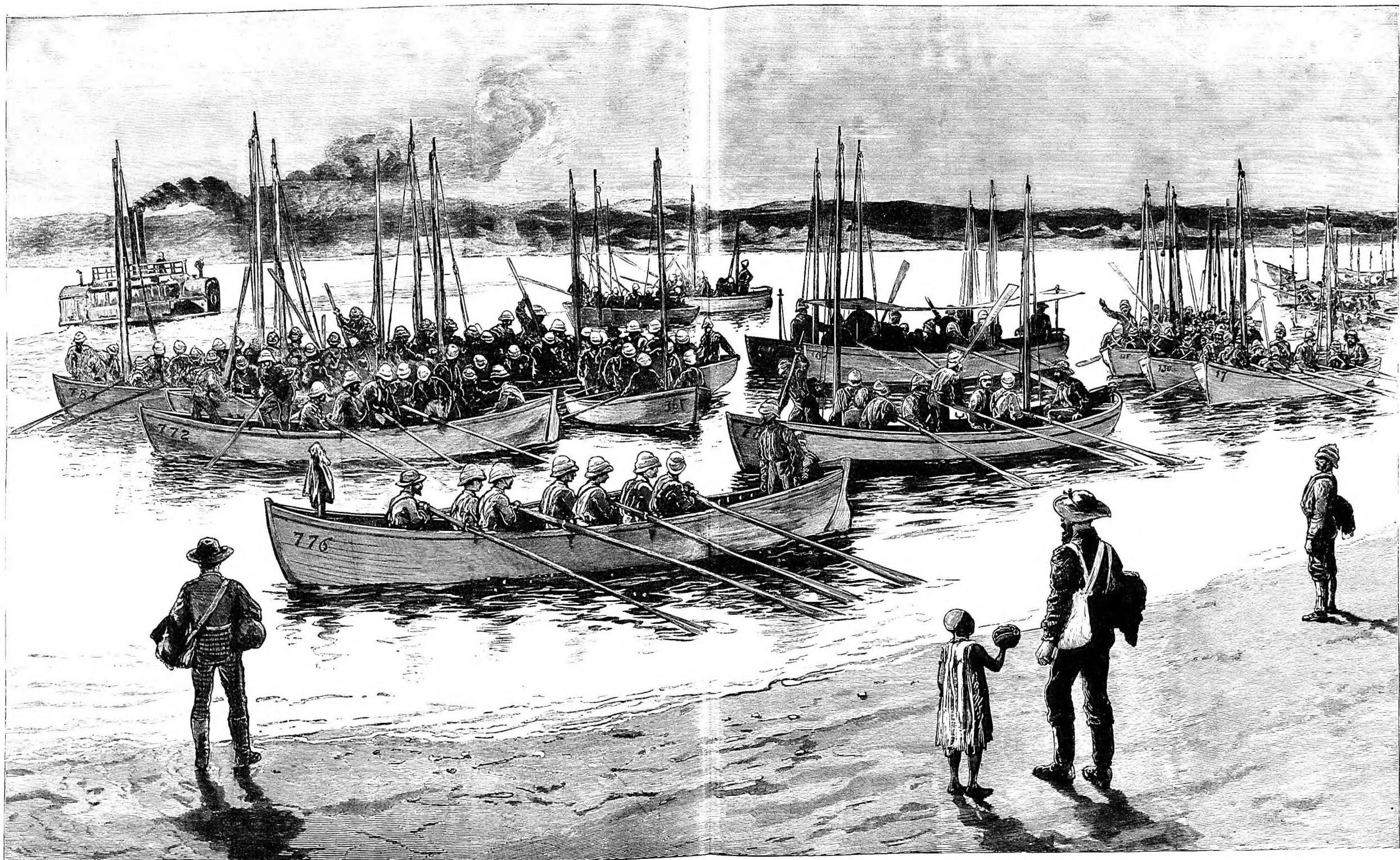
TRANSATLANTIC FEMININE TEMPERANCE REFORMERS take highly energetic means to advance their cause. Thus recently a party of thirty women disguised in men's clothes rode over to a liquor saloon in Palmyra, Indiana, and on being refused admittance enforced their demand with revolvers. On getting inside they broke all the decanters, glasses, and furniture of the bar, knocked in the heads of all the barrels and kegs, letting the contents run away, and threatened the master that if he reopened the house they would come and lynch him, as they would not allow liquor to be sold in that town. The liquor-seller has given in, and is looking out for another home.

THE NATIONAL TRAINING-SCHOOL OF COOKERY closed its work at the late Health Exhibition with a fair profit, which will be used to further the objects of the school. Altogether the school served 398,286 meals—122,606 dinners at a shilling, 163,715 at sixpence, and 111,965 fourpenny teas. The provisions consumed included 23,682 lbs. of beef, 1,400 New Zealand sheep, and 49 tons 3 cwt. of fish. To turn from statistics dealing with the inner to those of the outer man, we learn that the Anthropometric Laboratory, at the Exhibition arranged by the Anthropological Institute, was so popular that the doors were daily besieged, and many people could not get in after waiting a long time. Over 9,300 persons passed through the laboratory, and were measured in seventeen distinct particulars for threepence apiece.

AS THE CHOLERA is keeping many French away from their homes in Paris, provincial chateaux are unusually gay this season, and fancy balls and village fairs are the favourite amusements. At the former entertainments rustic and homely costumes are chosen, such as the "pot-au-feu," whose wearer is crowned with various vegetables, and has her bodice ornamented like a saucepan, or the "white rabbit" in white plush with a headdress of two long ears, and a tambourine tucked into the sash. A studious belle appears as a "bas bleu," her bodice made like an inkstand, a pen stuck in the sash and an owl perched on her head. In the daytime the ladies hold fancy fairs for the benefit of the village poor, and masquerade in peasant dresses, sabots, and handkerchiefs over their heads, under big red umbrellas arranged on the lawn like a country market.

THE NEXT PARIS SALON will come under some fresh rules, just drawn up by the Managing Commission of Artists. Thus, though the Exhibition will open as usual on May 1st, it will not be closed till June 30th, ten days later than the ordinary closing time, while the public will be admitted free on Sunday only after twelve o'clock, instead of all day as hitherto. Pictures are to be sent in between March 21st and April 5th. The new management, however, displeases many of the French artists, who want to alter the existing arrangement of the works being judged by a jury not exclusively French, and so have formed a fresh association of malcontents—"Compagnie du Nouveau Salon." The Art season has decidedly revived in Paris, for next month an "Artistic Sporting Exhibition" will be held, consisting of works on any hunting or sporting subject painted during the last two centuries.

ACCLIMATISING EUROPEAN GAME in the United States is being energetically tried by various keen American sportsmen. The first experiments were not very successful, for the Messina quails were carried off by hawks and owls, and the English pheasants succumbed to the severe winters. At last, in New Jersey, the English partridge and the French red-legged bird seem disposed to take to their new quarters, and half-a-dozen coveys of the former have been raised in one preserve this season. But the American dogs will not work the strange game properly. Considering the havoc made by careless sportsmen, the game-regions of the States certainly need new inmates; for, to take a single instance, one region in Virginia, which formerly teemed with deer, is now inhabited by only five of these animals. In return for the imports, America has sent large shipments of her oysters to Kiel, where a German professor will try to acclimatise them to Baltic waters.



THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON—THE CANADIAN VOYAGEURS' FIRST TOUCH OF THE NILE

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. F. VILLIERS

"The Canadian voyageurs passed Wady Halfa on Sunday, October 20th, and about five miles from that place the steamer, which was towing the whalers in which they had arrived, left them to their own resources, and the Canadians had their first touch of the Nile. For a moment utter confusion seemed to prevail as with shouts the men seized their oars, and prepared to row out of the 'four's' formation in which they had been tugged up the river. The mass of boats gradually opened out and spread over the surface of the waters, and presently, a light breeze springing up, the lug sails were hoisted, and the little fleet sailed gaily up to their camping-ground at the foot of the first series of rapids."—From the description of Our Special Artist.

THE GRAPHIC



THE EXPEDITION IN EGYPT does not appear to be advancing as rapidly as could be desired, and Lord Wolseley has been down the river to Wady Halfa to inspect the various portages, and to hurry the troops forward as far as possible. The difficulties of navigation, however, are proving greater than had been expected, but all ranks seem to be working hard and satisfactorily, although one correspondent states that there is some discontent amongst the native boatmen, who continually desert. Nor is the transit invariably effected without accident, as Colonel Eyre's whale-boat, in going up the Ambigol Cataract, struck on a rock and sank, all the stores and kit being lost. Indeed very few boats manage to run the gauntlet without receiving some injury more or less grave. Still, despite all hindrances, the troops and stores are gradually reaching Dongola. General Earle and his staff have now arrived there. It is calculated that the whole 800 boats cannot possibly get to Dongola before December 20th. The 600 miles of river intervening between that town and Khartoum will then have to be attacked, including a long stretch of cataracts between Merawi and Berber, presenting difficulties as great as those above Wady Halfa. Even allowing a moderately fast rate of progress, Khartoum could not be reached before February. The British force now amounts to 16,000 men, of whom 9,000 are south of Assuan.

The disquieting rumours respecting General Gordon and the fall of Khartoum have happily proved to be false, as Lord Wolseley has received a letter from General Gordon dated November 4. In this the General expresses his delight at the advance of the British troops, and hopes to hold out until they arrive. He confirms the account of the wreck of Colonel Stewart's steamer, in which were also M. Herbin, the French Consul, and Mr. Power. He continues to harass the Mahdi's force with his steamers, and asserts that the Mahdi himself is only a day's journey from Khartoum. Another account, though not from the General himself, states that the rebels, having returned in force to Omdurman—opposite Khartoum—Gordon sent two steamers to shell them. The fire, however, was returned with Krupp guns, and the vessels were compelled to return to Khartoum, one with a disabled paddle-wheel.

From Cairo comes an apparently authentic summary of Lord Northbrook's report. According to this he proposes that the present Sinking Fund shall be superseded in order to provide for the interest on a new loan of \$8,000,000, to be advanced by England, and to be devoted to paying the indemnities, to repaying certain advances already made, and to providing irrigation works in Lower Egypt. The army and police estimates are to be reduced, and England is to bear the whole cost of the army of occupation, as well as to help the Administration in the redemption of the Domain and Daira loans. There is little other actual news, save that while the Committee appointed to inquire into Dr. Sandwith's charges of corruption against Hassan Pasha Mahmoud, Director of the Sanitary Board, have acquitted that official, the Khedive has nevertheless dismissed him, appointing in his stead Ahmed Pasha Nashaat. At Suakin Osman Digma is stated to be concentrating a force at Handoub to attack the town and capture the railway plant, but he meets with little success in his attempt to rally the tribes against the British. Moreover, the friendly Beniamur tribe has captured a caravan of 3,000 camels laden with grain for the Hadendowahs, in the purchase of which Osman Digma had expended a considerable sum.

The West African Conference forms the chief topic in GERMANY, as indeed throughout Europe. The first meeting was held on Saturday in the same hall of Prince Bismarck's palace which was used for the Berlin Conference, and was attended by the delegates of fourteen Powers—Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France, Russia, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Portugal, United States of America, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and Turkey. The new "Congo Free State" is not officially represented, though Colonel Strauch is at Berlin to look after the interests of the International African Association, while Mr. Stanley is attached to the staff of the United States Delegate. Prince Bismarck was unanimously elected President, and the delegates took their places to the right and left of him at a horseshoe table. In the room is a collection of books and pamphlets relating to Africa and African questions, while on the wall hangs a huge map of the Dark Continent. In his opening speech Prince Bismarck stated that the aims of the Conference were threefold—the free navigation with freedom of trade of the River Congo, the free navigation of the River Niger, and the formalities of valid annexation of territory to be observed in future on the Continent of Africa. With present questions of sovereignty, however, the Conference would not concern itself. Sir Edward Malet then followed, making a reservation on the part of England with regard to the Niger. While the British Government was quite willing to see the principles of free commerce, &c., extended to that river, it nevertheless "expected" that surveillance over the exercise of those principles should not be made the business of an international body, that being the duty and the privilege of England as the chief—if not the sole—proprietor Power on the Lower Niger.

Both the addresses were then ordered to be distributed to the members, and the meeting adjourned until Wednesday. As Prince Bismarck so decidedly stated that the question of "sovereignty" in Africa would not be discussed, the deliberations are not considered likely to give rise to any serious difficulties, while it is generally considered that neither Prince Bismarck nor France will oppose the British reservation as to keeping the surveillance of the Niger navigation in her own hands. Portugal has issued a memorandum declaring that her claims to the proprietary rights of the coast line of the Congo mouth are indefeasible, but at Wednesday's meeting her delegate declared that she is now prepared to accept the principles of Free Trade on the whole river, in accordance with the general wish of the Powers. Italy also made a declaration in favour of Free Trade, while the United States Plenipotentiary pronounced a eulogy on the International African Association, and mentioned the fact that Stanley had "explored the whole course of the Congo without finding any trace of a civilised Power"—manifestly a side hit at Portugal. After these declarations a Committee of Experts representing the Powers chiefly interested in the Congo district was appointed, in order to consider the practical side of the Free Trade and Commercial proposals. In fact, by Prince Bismarck's good management all the chief burning questions appear to be in a fair way of settlement. He is said to favour the general recognition of the International African Association, and to be willing to give the "Congo Free State" the political status which the Association desire.

The Emperor was to open the Reichstag on Thursday, and Prince Bismarck was expected to make an important statement with regard to the future colonial policy of the Empire. The supplementary elections have now been held, and show the polling strength of the parties. The Conservatives now number 72, a gain of 20; Free Conservatives 29, a gain of 5; Ultramontane 100, a gain of 2; National Liberals 54, a gain of 9; German Liberals 68, a loss of 32; South German Democrats 7, a loss of 2; Social Democrats 24, a gain of 11; Poles 16, a loss of 2; Danes 1, a loss of 1; Guelphs and Alsatians remaining the same, respectively 8 and 15. As before,

the Centre, or Clerical party, practically commands the House, for without their support neither Conservatives nor Liberals can secure a majority.

In FRANCE the colder weather has kept down the cholera epidemic in Paris. Thus on Wednesday last week there were 81 deaths, on Thursday 75, on Friday 56, on Saturday 72, on Sunday 44, on Monday 36, on Tuesday 41, and 14 on Wednesday to 6 P.M. The Rue Ste. Marguerite and the adjoining slums have been the centre of the epidemic, with the exception of the charitable institution of the Little Sisters of the Poor in the Avenue du Breteuil. Sixty of the inmates—nearly a quarter of the whole number—have died. There does not appear to be any serious panic in Paris, but at the same time numbers have left the city, while the hotels are suffering from the lack of new-comers. The authorities are energetically coping with the epidemic, are organising systems for relief where necessary, and are fortifying all classes under their care, from the police to the children in the elementary schools, by serving out rations of rum, which are given to the juveniles in their matutinal coffee. Several outlying villages of the capital have been visited with the disease, and is feared that even if, thanks to the cold weather, it disappears for the winter, the epidemic will return with terrible vigour in the spring, unless the authorities purify or clear away the numerous plague spots of Paris, of the squalor and filth of which the ordinary tourist has no conception. A writer in the *St. James's Gazette* thus describes a portion of the Faubourg St. Antoine: "Imagine slums of the filthiest possible character; lanes intersecting lanes, across which the occupants of opposite eyries could almost shake hands if they pleased; a fetid soil strewn with decaying vegetable matter, loading the atmosphere with noisome odours impregnated with sink and puddle, and teeming with vermin, and you can form some idea of the woeful sanitary condition of the locality where the epidemic first broke out." This reads like a page from Zola's *L'Assommoir*!

Little has been stirring in French political circles. The Protectionists are doing their utmost to badger the Government into establishing stringent duties on foreign cattle and corn, but are being met with strong protests from the Free Traders of the various marine ports, who declare that French navigation and trade will be seriously injured by the imposition of restrictive duties. The Parliamentary Committee, however, have decided to recommend a tax on foreign wheat and flour. Meanwhile, the Customs statistics show a persistent decrease in the exports—particularly in national manufactures, a condition of things which is very naturally creating considerable uneasiness in commercial circles. The Chamber has been discussing the Budget, the debate on the Tonquin Credit Committee's report having been postponed until next week. The amount demanded is £40,000,000, up to the end of the year, while for the first half of 1885 it is estimated that £1,600,000 will be required.—In PARIS the chief social topic has been the resignation of M. Cazot, the President of the Court of Cassation, owing to his being director of a railway company which has just been declared bankrupt. The designs for the Gambetta Memorial in the Place de Carrousel have been examined, and that of MM. Aube and Boileau accepted. It consists of an obelisk, with two large figures representing Truth and Force, and Gambetta in the centre of the group. At the summit is a female figure symbolising the Republic seated on a lion, and holding in its hand the Declaration of the Rights of Man.

In INDIA Lord Ripon has been making a farewell tour through the Northern Provinces, and receiving numerous addresses of unlimited adulation and regret from the native communities. The Calcutta Corporation has determined to present him with a farewell address; but the British Indian Association, which represents the landed aristocracy, has at present shown no signs of doing so. There has been a renewed discussion in the Press on the dangers of Russian aggression, and it is once more pointed out that at present Russia could seize Herat and Cabul by a *coup de main*, and place a considerable force on the Cashmere Border before we could move a man to the border. Meanwhile Sir Peter Lumsden and the European portion of the Afghan Frontier Commission have arrived at Pulikhatan, and are in communication with Colonel Ridgeway and the Indian section. General Zelendy, the Russian Chief Commissioner, however, is not expected at Sarakhs until next month.—From BURMAH comes a report that King Thebaw has expressed his satisfaction at the recent demonstration at Rangoon to protest against the Mandalay massacres, and that he has declared that he had been longing, since his accession to the throne, to test the British strength. He is said to have been inspired by French residents at Mandalay, who assure him that he need not fear the English, as they have more than they can manage on their hands at present.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, Parliament has been opened in Holland by the King, who announced the presentation of the Bill nominating Queen Emma Regent, in the event of his death, during the minority of the Princess Wilhelmina.—ITALY has sent Captain Cecchi to the West Coast of Africa, "upon a mission purely scientific and commercial."—In SPAIN the new commercial treaty with the United States has now been definitely signed.—In the UNITED STATES, General Cleveland is now officially declared to have carried New York State by 1,108 votes. Mr. Blaine has accepted his defeat, and Governor Cleveland will be elected President by 219 votes to 182. He made a speech on Tuesday, however, bitterly attacking the Southern whites, who, he said, were now to enter upon the control of the Government. A "Cattlemen's" National Convention has been meeting at St. Louis, the object being the formation of a National League of the members of the cattle interest for their mutual benefit. It is proposed to establish a national "trail," ten miles wide, for driving cattle northwards from Texas.—In MEXICO the Chamber of Deputies has sanctioned the proposals for the conversion of the English debt. The announcement caused great popular excitement. Crowds paraded the streets shouting "Death to Gonzales!" The troops were called out and fired upon the people.—In SOUTH AFRICA, Mr. Upington, the Premier, and Mr. Gordon Sprigg, Treasurer-General of the Cape Ministry, are now in Bechuanaland, with a view to the peaceable settlement of the existing difficulties. They have had an interview with Mankorane, who stated that both he and Montsion had been duped, and that he placed no confidence in anybody but Sir Charles Warren.—The British Protectorate over all the Southern Coast of NEW GUINEA to the eastward of the 141st meridian of east longitude was proclaimed in New Guinea on the 6th inst. with great ceremony by the Commodore on the Australian station. Fifty native chiefs were present, and five British war vessels lay off the shore.



THE QUEEN and the Princess Beatrice have returned south for the winter. Before leaving Balmoral Her Majesty and the Princess on Saturday drove to the Glassalt Shiel, and in the evening received the Rev. Dr. Lees at dinner. Next morning they attended Divine service at Crathie Church, where Dr. Lees officiated, and in the evening the Rev. Dr. Lees and the Rev. A. Campbell again joined the Royal party at dinner. The Queen and Princess on Monday after-

noon witnessed the funeral of Her Majesty's Highland fiddler, Willie Blair, who died at the age of ninety, having for thirty-six years played at every Highland ball given by the Queen and Prince Consort. Her Majesty intends to erect a monument over his grave in Crathie churchyard. In the evening the Queen received the officers of the Royal Guard at Ballater, Captain Morgan-Payler and Lieutenants Francis and Molyneux-Seel. On Wednesday afternoon Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice left Balmoral, and travelling all night reached Windsor to breakfast on Thursday morning. They remain at Windsor for three weeks, and then go to Osborne for Christmas.

The Prince of Wales rejoined the Princess and his daughters at Sandringham at the end of last week after visiting the Marquis of Abergavenny at Eridge Castle, Sussex. On Saturday Lord Carrington, Sir Charles Dilke, and Messrs. E. L. Stanley, Samuel Morley, and Jesse Collings, members of the Royal Commission for the Housing of the Working Classes, arrived on a visit, and on Sunday the Prince and Princess, with their daughters and guests, attended Divine service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Girdlestone preached. The visitors left next morning, when the Prince also came up to town, and went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. On Tuesday he attended the meeting of the Commission for the Housing of the Working Classes.—Prince Albert Victor attended a meeting at Cambridge at the end of last week to hear statements respecting the Universities' East London Settlement Association.

The Duke of Edinburgh with the Channel Squadron arrived at Gibraltar on Monday, after a short stay at Madeira. Meanwhile the Duchess has been entertaining visitors at Eastwell, including the Grand Duchess George of Mecklenberg-Strelitz (Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia, cousin to the Duchess of Edinburgh), and her son and daughter, and the Russian Ambassador and his wife. During their stay the Duchess and her guests went over to Canterbury to see the Cathedral, and on Saturday the Grand Duchess George and her family left on their return to Germany, while on Monday the Duchess of Edinburgh accompanied the Russian Ambassador and his wife to town. In the evening the Duchess went to the Princess's Theatre, and on Tuesday night to the Royalty.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught spent a few hours at Lahore on their way back to Meerut, from visiting Cashmere. Whilst in the Lidroo Valley, Cashmere, they enjoyed fine cold weather, and shot bears and some fine stags, while they visited the old temples and sulphur springs at Mattan, and saw the sacred fish. Since then the Duke has been to Delhi to receive the Viceroy.—The Duchess of Albany on Tuesday visited her husband's grave in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.—The Crown Princess of Germany and her daughters have returned to Berlin after a six weeks' stay in the Tyrol. The Princess spent the latter part of her visit at Gries, a village near Botzen, where she occupied much time in sketching excursions, and taking portraits of the neighbouring peasants in the studio of the artist Defreggers. Yesterday (Friday) was the Princess's forty-fourth birthday.



"THE GRAND MOUL."—Under this title an adaptation, by Mr. Farnie, of M. Audran's opera *Le Grand Mogol*, produced at Marseilles about nine years ago, was performed at the Comedy Theatre on Monday night. It would hardly be fair to compare this early effort with M. Audran's matured compositions. But it must be confessed that, while the music is commonplace, the libretto is feebler even than *opéra bouffe* books generally are. The original French story has been altered for the worse, and audiences can pretend to but little interest in the career of a great Mogul who allows himself to be drugged while the white pearl necklace which pronounces his innocence is changed for a string of black beads, which indicates his guilt of the heinous crime of flirtation. Mr. Arthur Roberts, finding his part without meaning, sought to strengthen it by a wholesale adoption of the vocabulary of the racecourse, which few of the audience could understand. Mr. Leslie, Mr. Bracy, Mdlle. Latour, and others struggled unsuccessfully with colourless characters, while Miss Florence St. John allowed a white mouse to run up her elbow, and placed a live boa constrictor round her bared neck and another round her arm. A more painful exhibition has rarely been witnessed in a theatre. *The Grand Mogul* must be considerably improved if it is to take its place permanently in the repertory of the Comedy.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Saturday that clever violoncellist, M. Lasserre, made his first appearance here, and played a somewhat feeble concerto in D (Op. 26), by the late Carl Eckert of Berlin. Miss Griswold sang some *strophes* from M. Delibes' new opera *Lakmé*, and other songs, and the programme likewise included the *Eroica* symphony of Beethoven. The audience was comparatively small, as many music lovers were at the final performance of *Parsifal* at the Albert Hall. To-day Mr. Mackenzie will conduct his oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, at the Crystal Palace.

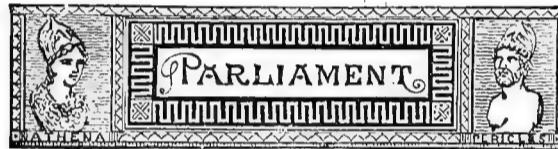
OPERATIC MATTERS.—The Italian Opera Season at Her Majesty's suddenly closed on Thursday last week. Mr. Samuel Hayes, the director, then stated that he would reopen on the 22nd, but the announcement has not been repeated. Only three operas have hitherto been produced during the season, viz., *Il Barbiere*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Il Don Giovanni*.—The details of Mr. J. H. Mapleson's sub-lease of Drury Lane for a summer opera season have all been settled; but, as lately as Monday last, the necessary documents had not been signed and exchanged. Nor, it is stated, has Mr. Mapleson any more than a verbal arrangement with Madame Patti and Madame Nilsson, although the manager has cheerfully announced in New York that he has concluded contracts not only with those artists, but with Madame Fursch-Madi, Signor Masini, and Signor Tamagno, the last at a salary of £1,400. a night. If Mr. Mapleson ever made so astounding a statement it could only have been in joke. Meanwhile, at Covent Garden, it is confidently expected that Madame Patti will once more sing under Mr. Gye's direction during the forthcoming season.—The Carl Rosa Company, after a week's rest, have recommenced at Edinburgh their tour, which will end at Drury Lane in June.—M. Lamoureux, who first introduced Handel's *Messiah* and *Judas Maccabeus*, and Bach's "Passion" to Parisian audiences, has been offered the post of director of the Paris Opéra; but as there has recently been a considerable deficit M. Lamoureux has declined.—Mr. Hermann Franke holds, it is said, a contract permitting him to give German opera at Covent Garden twice a week during a series of years. He proposes, therefore, to resume the German operatic enterprise next summer, with Herr Richter as conductor.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Three chamber works by Mozart have been added to the repertory of the Popular Concerts. The duet in G for violin and viola was one of the two written by Mozart for Michael Haydn. Michael Haydn had been ordered by the Archbishop in 1783 to compose some duets for violin and tenor, but, falling ill, he was unable to do so, and the ecclesiastic threatened to deprive him of his salary. Mozart, thereupon wrote two, and they were sent in to the Archbishop in Michael Haydn's name. The other two works, stated to have been performed for the first time at these concerts, were the trios for piano, violin, and violoncello, in G

(No. 8) and in B flat (No. 5). Madame Néruda was the violinist, while on Saturday Mr. Hallé, and on Monday Miss Agnes Zimmerman were the pianists. On Monday the programme included the charming vocal duet "Morgenrot," by the Russian composer, Tschaikowski, and the three duets for female voices, written by Schumann in 1840. These duets were sung by Miss Louise Phillips and Madame Isabel Fassett.

"PARSIFAL."—The last performance at the Albert Hall of Wagner's opera attracted an audience of over 8,000 people. It is understood that no further performance of the complete work will be permitted in England, as Messrs. Schott have resigned their rights to Wagner's widow, who wishes to preserve the opera for Bayreuth. But portions of the opera can be given at concerts. The performance on Saturday was exceedingly fine, and at its close Mr. Barnby, who deserves the utmost credit for his share in this difficult undertaking, was very cordially cheered.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti will next Monday celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her regular operatic *début* in *Lucia* at the Academy of Music, New York. She was then sixteen.—Madame Nilsson made her last appearance in London this year at the Albert Hall, on Wednesday, at a miscellaneous concert, in which Mesdames Trebelli, Minnie Hauk, and others took part.—Messrs. Boosey's London Ballad Concerts will commence on Wednesday next. Madame Minnie Hauk will be the chief artist.—Mr. William Latter, who entered the Royal Academy of Music in 1831, died last Saturday, aged sixty-eight.—On the fiftieth anniversary of his *début*, Johann Strauss was presented by the Municipality of Vienna with a certificate of freedom from all municipal rates. A novel present!—Mr. Clifford Hallé, a son of Mr. Charles Hallé, is about to make his public *début* in London as a tenor vocalist, under the direction of Mr. Ganz.—Mr. Malcolm Lawson has returned from a holiday in the Western Highlands, where he has collected a large number of old and new Gallic airs. They are to be published in a book, with illustrations by Mr. Burne Jones.—An agitation is on foot to establish a permanent symphonic orchestra in London.—Six concerts, on six successive Tuesday afternoons, beginning November 11th, and ending December 16th, are being given by the New Club Austrian Band, under the conductorship of Capellmeister A. Dami, at the Steinway Hall. These accomplished performers are well worthy of a visit.—The Glasgow Select Choir, with Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, &c., will appear at Mr. Ambrose Austin's St. Andrew's Eve Scottish Concert at St. James's Hall, November 29.—Concerts, of which no further notice is now possible, have been given by Mr. Henry Holmes, Mr. J. Maude Craven, Messrs. Hoyte and Speer, Mr. Stedman, the Bow and Bromley Institute Choir (*Elijah*), and others.—A MS. sonata, by Mendelssohn, in the possession of Sir George Grove, is announced to be produced by Miss Draper, at Brighton, Nov. 29, for, it is said, the first time in public.—The promenade concerts at Covent Garden will end on Monday next.



THE succession of surprises which has marked the progress of events in connection with the Franchise Bill has been worthily maintained this week. On Friday it was made known that a meeting of the Conservative party had been summoned for Tuesday, and it was well understood that Lord Salisbury was determined to recommend perseverance in the course of declining to make progress with the measure. At this crisis the Government decided upon, and carried out, a bold strategic move. It was officially announced on Monday morning that at the forthcoming sitting of the House Earl Granville in the Lords, and Mr. Gladstone in the Commons, would make a statement with respect to Franchise and Redistribution. At prayer time the Commons was crowded with members anxious to secure a seat to hear the promised statement. Having in compensation for being present during prayer time received the coveted ticket which secured the seat for the evening, members rushed forth to the Lords eager to enjoy a double dose of excitement. The Lords meet now at four o'clock, and it was anticipated, not without reason, that at a quarter-past four Earl Granville would be on his feet making the statement. In the Commons announcements of this kind are invariably made after questions, that is to say, somewhere about five o'clock. Thus, members of the House of Commons who visited the Lords, after securing their seats in their own Chamber, would hear both statements.

This shrewd calculation was upset by an unexpected move on the part of the Premier. He shrank from placing himself in the position of having to tell an old story, as would have been the case had he waited till five o'clock to speak. By that time Lord Granville would have let the cat out of the bag, and his own statement would have been robbed of all interest. He therefore took the exceptional course of rising before questions were put; and members of the House of Commons, struggling at the bar to hear Lord Granville, learned when they came back that, if they had not been in such a hurry, they might have heard the same statement from the lips of the Premier whilst they were comfortably seated. The statement of Mr. Gladstone did not come to very much, though couched in studiously conciliatory terms. He offered on the part of the Government that, with the precedent condition of adequate assurance given by the Lords of their intention to pass the Franchise Bill during the Autumnal Session, the Government would be ready to make the main provisions of the Redistribution Bill the subject of immediate friendly communication; they would be ready to move the Second Reading of the Redistribution Bill simultaneously with the passing of the Franchise Bill into Committee in the House of Lords; and, lastly, they were willing to make the passing of the Bill a vital question to the Government.

The Conservative Leaders in neither House made any sign, but the Radicals were quick to see possibilities since fully realised. Mr. John Morley wanted to know what was meant by "adequate assurance," and Sir W. Lawson put the even more crucial question whether, in declaring that the passage of the Redistribution Bill would be regarded as a vital question to the existence of the Government, it was meant that if the House of Lords threw out the Bill the Government would resign or dissolve. It is harder to catch a weasel asleep than to catch Mr. Gladstone napping. But on this occasion he made a strange slip, answering Sir W. Lawson in the affirmative. The Radicals were now in despair. It was evident that, this being the case, the fate of the Government and the life of the Parliament were handed over to Lord Salisbury. All he had to do in order to bring about the Dissolution for which he had so long striven was to throw out the Redistribution Bill, whereupon, in accordance with the pledge given by the Prime Minister, the Government must appeal to the country. It turned out the Premier's answer was given under a misapprehension, a fact which he took the earliest opportunity of bringing within the knowledge of Lord Salisbury.

All this passed in public. But it was succeeded by other steps privately taken which had important consequences upon the situation. Private communications took place between the Premier and Lord Salisbury, with the result that, when the meeting of the Conservative party was held on Tuesday, the Leader recommended a peace and acceptance of the Government proposals. The House

of Commons did not sit on Tuesday night, at least not in its own Chamber. But there was a large gathering in all parts of the House of Lords to which Commoners are permitted entrance. There was a throng of Privy Councillors in the railed-off space before the Throne, and a crowd of ordinary members both below the bar and in the gallery above it. The attendance of Peers was not extraordinary, nor was any excitement visible. Noble lords knew all about it in advance, and, whether at home or in the House, were content placidly to enjoy this unexpected settlement of what but a few hours earlier had promised to be war to the knife. Nothing could exceed the business-like character of the proceedings, which must have excited envy in the breasts of the members of the other House who looked on. Lord Kimberley, in charge of the Bill, frankly recognised that there was no necessity for speech from him. Everything had been settled beforehand, and all he had to do was formally to move the second reading of the Franchise Bill, which he did in about sixty words.

Lord Salisbury, who followed him, did not exceed the due proportion of this brevity. As far as the principles of the Franchise Bill were concerned they had been discussed with greater fulness than usually fell to the lot of a measure however important. But there were some other points to which the Marquis turned with keen business instinct. First of all, about the precedent condition of adequate assurance being given to pass the Franchise Bill. Lord Salisbury read the correspondence he had had with the Premier, in which the right hon. gentleman declared that the Government would receive a request for consultation in a spirit of trust, and, assuming that the intention was to come to an agreement, should not ask for an adequate assurance beforehand. This is, perhaps, not so complete a surrender of adequate assurance as seems upon the face of it. All the adequate assurance the Government could reasonably have demanded from the Conservative peers, upon stamped paper, duly signed, sealed, and delivered, was that they honestly possessed the intention of coming to an agreement. Mr. Gladstone in his brief note adroitly establishes this assumption of intention, which, since Lord Salisbury did not disclaim it, is formally avowed by the Conservative peers. But this way of putting it smoothed the path of Lord Salisbury, and he glided down it with grace and ease, arriving at the point of consultation with the Government on the principles of the Redistribution Bill.

Mr. Gladstone having withdrawn his too-ready answer to Sir W. Lawson, Lord Salisbury, with great adroitness, endeavoured to obtain from Lord Granville a renewal of it in another form... He pressed the noble Earl to say that the Government would make it a condition vital to their existence that the Bill should pass next year. That, a moment's reflection will show, comes to exactly the same thing as the statement Mr. Gladstone disavowed. If the Lords throw out the Bill next year, of course it cannot pass, and therefore, in fulfilment of the pledge Lord Salisbury sought to impose, they must dissolve, and as the Franchise Bill, even if passed, cannot come into operation till the 1st of January, 1886, the General Election will take place on the old electorate. But Lord Granville is too old a diplomatist to be caught in trap of this kind, however cunningly prepared. In the few remarks he offered in reply he made as if he had not heard, or had not quite understood, this request. The only notice he took of it was in general terms to renew the assurance that the Government would use every possible effort to carry the Bill next year. When he sat down Lord Salisbury tried again, but got nothing further out of the Foreign Secretary, and there the matter rested.

The whole affair was over in less than half an hour, the House separating with the conviction that the difficulty was practically averted, though some recollect the warning against hallooing till you're out of the wood. We are, in truth, only now on the verge of the new departure. The Conservative Peers and a Liberal Government have to agree upon the lines of a Redistribution Bill, failing which, as Lord Salisbury was careful to point out, the Peers are in exactly the same position as they were last Monday, and are at full liberty to refuse to go into Committee on the Franchise Bill, and so once more, and finally, throw the fat into the fire.



THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR FAWCETT was referred to last Sunday by many preachers, both in churches and chapels. Pronouncing at Westminster Abbey an eloquent eulogium on him for the fortitude with which he had borne up against one of the direst of physical calamities, Archdeacon Farrar associated his name with those of the worthless, ecclesiastical and lay, who had been similarly afflicted, not forgetting, of course, the "immortal blind poet" who wrote "Paradise Lost," and whose bust is in Poets' Corner.

FOR THE FIRST TIME since the Disestablished Church of Ireland was organised, an Archbishop is about to be elected. Archbishop Trench, who has been suffering severely from illness, has announced his intention of resigning the See of Dublin, and at a meeting of the Diocesan Council on the 28th inst. his resignation will be received, and arrangements made for the election of a successor.

THE NAME OF THE BISHOP OF BRECHIN is mentioned as that of the late Bishop Claughton's probable successor as Chaplain-General of the Forces.

THE EAST LONDON MISSION has been busy with operations in which the officiating clergymen of nearly 150 churches are zealously aided by lay and clerical helpers from the West End and the provinces. In one church in Whitechapel the Mission is so continuous that the services may almost be called hourly. At another in Shoreditch the daily programme includes an "address to busy people," restricted in delivery to twenty minutes. Some provision has been made for addresses to the Jews, who form so considerable a portion of the population of the East End.

ON MONDAY was unveiled a stained glass window in memory of the "Venerable" Hooker, in the church of Bishop's Bourne, near Canterbury, of which he was rector for some years before his death in 1600. The Bishop of Chichester, who preached, entered into some bibliographical details respecting the Ecclesiastical Polity in the form in which it has come down to us, denying the completeness and doubting the genuineness of the last two books. In concluding, he said that if the Church did not rest on what he called "the narrow platform of Geneva," but on "the broad basis of evangelical truth, apostolical order, and catholic worship," it owed more to no man than to Richard Hooker.

AT THE LUNCHEON which followed the re-opening of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Peter at Leamington, accidentally burnt down last year, Lord Braye and other speakers mentioned as something unprecedented the fact that the Protestants of the district had subscribed between 400*l.* and 500*l.* to the rebuilding fund.

THE REV. STOPFORD BROOKE has completely recovered from his illness, and took the chair at the "Annual Address" Meeting this week of the College for Working Men and Women, of which he is President.

LAST WEEK the Rev. Newman Hall, on his return from a tour in the United States, received an enthusiastic welcome home at a

soirée, followed by a public meeting in Hawkstone Hall, Westminster Bridge Road.

AFTER A DISCONTINUANCE of their processions, the Worthing Salvationists resumed them on Sunday, with the usual accompaniment of execrations by an angry mob of onlookers. There has since been a Conference at Brighton of the authorities of the chief Sussex watering-places which have been visited by these disturbances, but no practical result was arrived at. It was decided that the towns represented should not take collective action to procure fresh powers of repression. If any town thought the acquisition of such power desirable, it could act for itself with that object.



THE TURF.—The Derby Meeting finished up last week, and old Toastmaster's success in the Cup was an excellent performance. Queen Adelaide, who started first favourite, once more ran very badly, and Energy with a welter weight found the mile a little beyond his tether. This week there has been racing at Warwick, an old-fashioned meeting, but whether to become "disestablished and disendowed" as Shrewsbury, which had its last innings last week, time only can tell. The fields ruled very large even for most unimportant events, as they almost invariably do just before the close of the season, numbers of animals, kept back for various reasons, putting in an appearance in the hope of landing "a good thing" to winter on. In the Kineton Two Year Old Plate, Kirk o' Field continued his victorious career, an instance out of many of animals winning several races "off the reel" when they have been got in the humour, especially at the back-end of the season. Lady Mildred over hurdles was another double-barrelled winner; and Improvement ran up to her name by starting as an outsider in the Arden Nursery, and beating a field of nearly a score. Greenwich won the Grendon Nursery in a field of seventeen, and ran second for the Studley Castle Nursery in a party of exactly the same number.—On Saturday will be run the November Handicap at Manchester, the last big flat race of the season, when a big field of good quality may be expected. "Mr. Manton," whose large stable has been out of form and out of luck more or less till quite late in the season, has Keir in it as first favourite, with Stockholm at about the same price, but not a few good judges are on the look-out for an outsider, such as Highland Chief, to win it.—For the Derby, Paradox is being supported freely as first favourite at 7 to 1. There is likely to be good hedging at this price if the colt comes to the post safe and sound.

COURSES.—The pre-Christmas season of this sport may be said to be now at its height, and the weather continues most favourable to it. At Four Oaks the County Stakes for All Ages were divided between Mr. R. Hutchinson's Woodbine and Mr. W. H. Smith's (not the ex-Minister) Countess of Sapey. At Ilford Gosforth Park the St. Leger for Sixty-four of All Ages was divided between Mr. W. Graham's Miss Glendyne and Mr. R. F. Gladstone's Fisherman. The Altcar Club Cup was divided between Mr. R. Jardine's Flanigan, Mr. R. F. Gladstone's Greenstick, and Mr. M. Fletcher's False Standard. At the South Lancashire Meeting the Scarisbrook Cup was divided between Mr. G. Carruthers' Cash-in-Hand and Mr. J. A. Porter's Harbour. "Divisions" seem more in favour than ever among owners this season, and in many instances there are good reasons for them; but the general public are heartily sick of them.

FOOTBALL.—The draw has taken place for the second round of the Association Cup, but several ties have still to be played off of the first.—In the London Association Cup contest Hanover has beaten Old Bloxhamists; Champion Hill St. Albans; Dulwich Prairie Rangers; Hendon Grove House; Barnes St. Martin's; and Upton Park Casuals.—In the Midlands for the Birmingham and District Association Cup Aston Villa has beaten Burton Strollers.—In important Association games unconnected with cups, Blackburn Rovers have defeated both Notts Rangers and Accrington; Sheffield Wednesday Nottingham Forest; Notts Club Brentwood; Cambridge University Sussex; and Oxford University the Royal Engineers, the latter being short of some of their best players, who are on foreign service.—Under Rugby Union Rules some of the County teams have been busy, Lancashire being credited with a victory over Cheshire, and Hampshire having suffered defeat at the hands (and feet) of Blackheath.

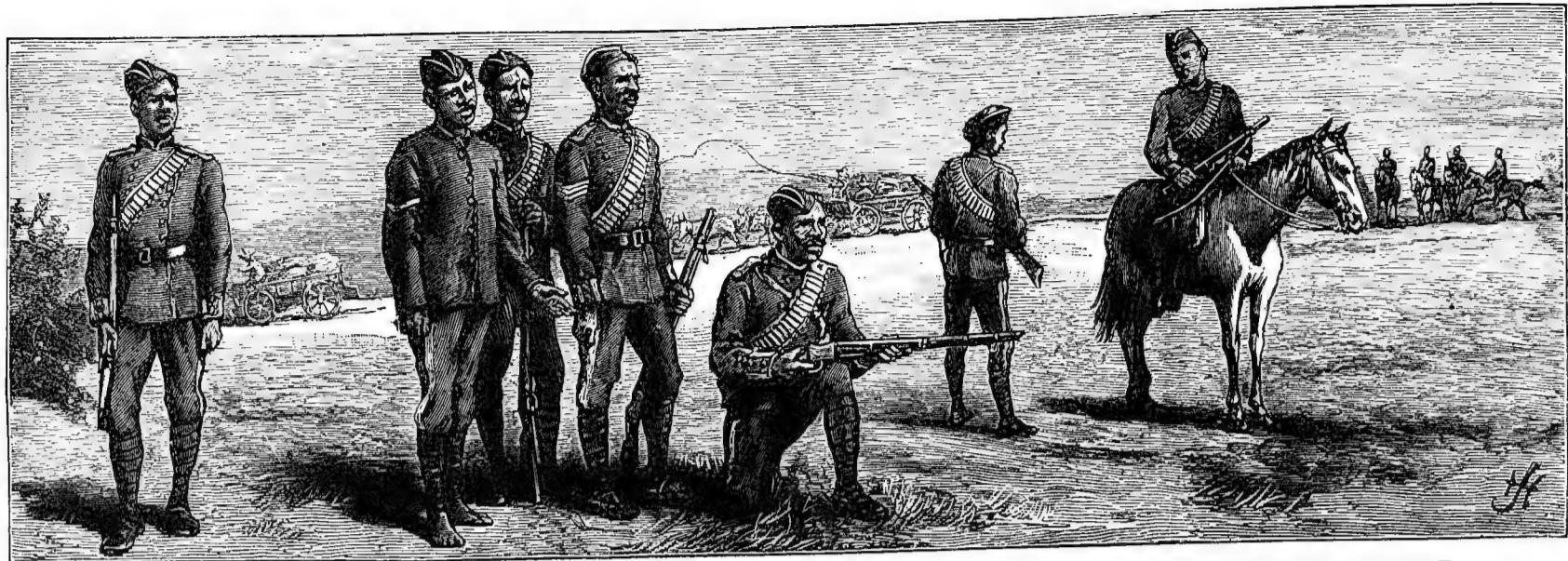
ATHLETICS.—As with the footballists, the weather continues most favourable for the (human) Hare and Hounds. At Cambridge the University Hare and Hounds have run their annual handicap, which was won by S. H. Whately of Queen's, who covered the seven and a half miles in 42 min. 17 sec. Forty-six runners started for the Blackheath Harriers' Four-and-Three-Quarter Miles Steeple-chase Handicap, which was won by J. T. Terry, who was allowed 2 min. 15 sec. start, and accomplished the distance in 27 min. 33 sec. As an instance of good handicapping in this pastime, it may be noted that in the Highgate Harriers' Three Miles Members' Handicap no less than twenty runners arrived within 90 secs. of the winner.—On Monday next, at the Aquarium, the Six Days' (twelve hours a day) International Pedestrian Tournament will commence. Nearly a score of our best professional "footists" have been selected for the contest, in which money prizes will be given, in addition to Sir John Astley's Champion Belt to the absolute winner.

CHESS.—Chess players will be glad to hear that it is suggested that an International Chess Tournament should be held during the Exhibition at New Orleans. The proposal is supported by some sections of the American Press, and there appears to be no reason why it should not be carried into effect. Chess is now very popular in America, and the Southern States never having held an international tourney, the Exhibition offers them a very favourable opportunity for doing so. If all the champions will only arrange to meet at New Orleans, the Southerners would be treated to a very fine sight.

BILLIARDS.—Even though the Aquarium has not answered the expectations of its original promoters in being an educator of the people in "sweetness and light," it has certainly done much to raise the standard of public billiard playing, and to increase public interest in it. The recent tournament held there has resulted, after some capital play, in the victory of J. Bennett with a score of six games. Mitchell came next with five, and Richards third with four. Another similar tournament, with spot-stroke barred, will commence at this metropolis of billiards on the 6th December next. The handicap runs thus:—Cook, scratch, J. Bennett receives 25, W. Mitchell receives 50, T. Taylor receives 75, W. J. Peall receives 75, D. Richards receives 125, J. North receives 125, and J. G. Sala receives 150.

AQUATICS.—The easy defeat of Bubear by Perkins, to whom he gave five seconds start over the Thames Championship Course a few days ago, dispels for ever the idea that he is the man to retrieve the lost laurels of English sculling, which may now be said to be at its lowest ebb.

CRICKET.—The English team, under the captaincy of Alfred Shaw, have beaten a Victorian eleven at Melbourne by 118 runs. None of Murdoch's eleven who visited England played in the match.



THE DISTURBANCES IN SOUTH AFRICA—MEN OF THE BODYGUARD OF MR. OSBORNE, THE BRITISH RESIDENT COMMISSIONER IN THE ZULU NATIVE RESERVE TERRITORY
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER

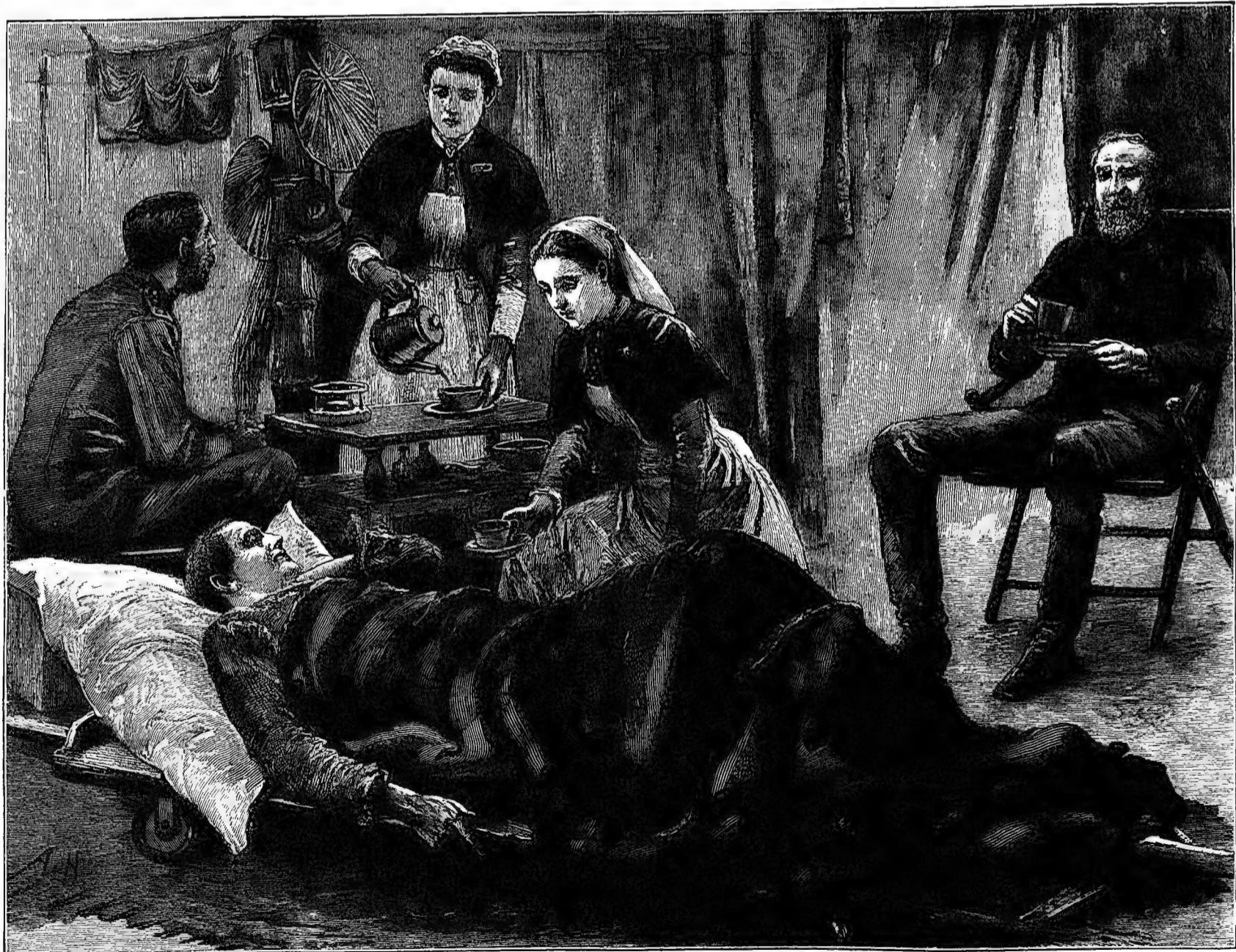
IN HOSPITAL AT WADY-HALFA

"THOUGH supposed to be the healthiest station along the Nile, there is much sickness at Wady Halfa," writes our artist, "the prevalent cases being dysentery. The patients are already comfortably housed in the railway station, which has been made into a hospital, or placed in Indian double fly tents. Two sisters have been here for several weeks—Sisters Grey and Clements, both of Netley, and well known for their attention to the sick and wounded in the Zulu and the Egyptian campaigns of 1882. During their brief hours of rest these ladies preside in their little tent over afternoon tea, known in military parlance as a 'kettledrum.' With the exception of the station-master's wife, they are the only European ladies in the place. Therefore it is lucky to be one of the privileged to look in about half-past four, and partake of the sisters' hospitality."

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT IN CASHMERE

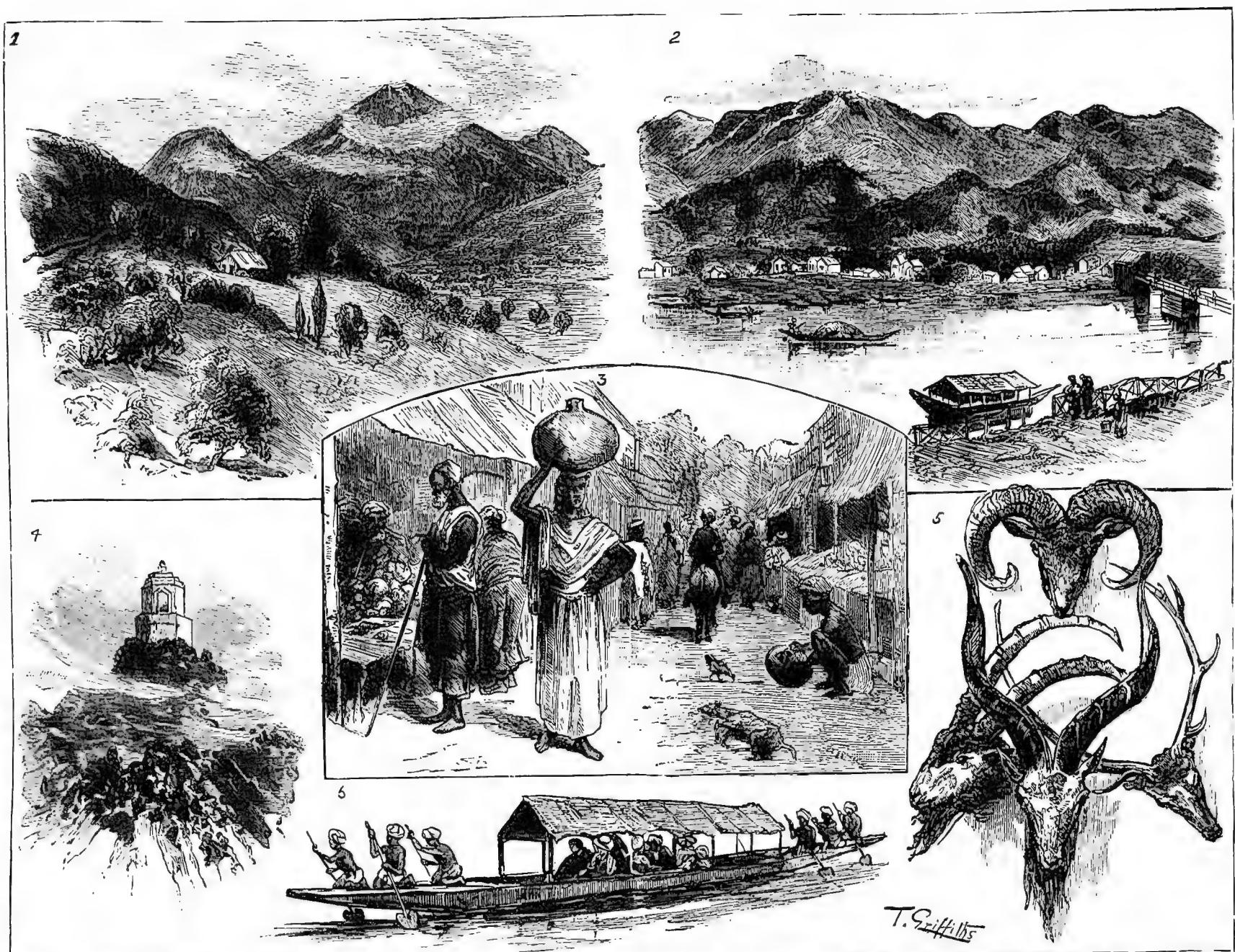
THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Murree on a visit to Cashmere on October 4th, and one of our illustrations, from a photograph by Mr. T. Winter, of Murree, represents their departure from that town, escorted by the guard of honour of the 87th Fusiliers, commanded by Colonel Stevenson. Our other illustrations are from sketches by Captain G. H. Lane, Royal Munster Fusiliers, who writes: "My first sketch is an attempt to show the scenery of a Cashmere valley in summer time. The fruit trees depicted extend for miles throughout the lowlands, and are noted for the abundance of their products, most of which, unowned, is left to fall and rot. Sopor is the first town met in the Happy Valley when travelling *via* Baramula. The sketch is taken from the dak bungalow, where the traveller

generally makes a halt for the first night. The Himalayas are seen in the background—the bridge on the right is a wooden structure common in Cashmere, and is one of the most noted spots for mahseer fishing in the country. In the sketch of the Bazaar at Srinagar (where, by the way, the Duke and Duchess were gorgeously entertained previous to starting on a hunting expedition) the woman is going to the river for water. The bazaars in Cashmere are dens of disease. The streets are never cleaned, and are the receptacle of every species of offal, which is left to fester in the sun. The temple on the Takht-i-Sulieman is the oldest in Cashmere, both in appearance and according to tradition. It is now called Saukaracharya, and is said to have been built by Jakola, the son of Askola, who reigned about 220 B.C. It stands about 1,000 feet above the plain, and commands a view of the greater part of Cashmere. The plan of the Temple is octagonal, each side being 15 feet in length. The interior is a



THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON—FIVE O'CLOCK TEA WITH THE HOSPITAL SISTERS AT WADY HALFA

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



1. Rohra Valley in Summer.—2. Sopor, Himalayas in the Background.—3. Bazaar at Srinagar.—4. Temple on Takht-i-Suliman.—5. Heads of some Cashmere Game.—6. The Doongha, or Cashmere Boat.—7. Departure of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught from Murree for Cashmere.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN INDIA—THE ROYAL VISIT TO CASHMERE

circle of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter, is perfectly plain, and very dark, the entrance being a narrow passage only $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in width. The heads of game shown are those of the Ovis Ammon (top sketch), the Marchor (bottom ditto), the Ibex (left hand), and the Bara Sing (right hand). The first-named is a large sheep frequenting the Himalayas beyond the great snowy range. Jerdon states that one is said to have been killed upwards of thirteen hands in height. The horns have been known to reach 24 inches in circumference. The Marchor is one of the wariest of wild goats found on the Pir Punjab range, and the mountains between the Jhelum and Kishen Gunga river. The Ibex is found on certain mountains in the Sindh Valley and northern ranges in Cashmere. The horns occasionally measure 52 inches in length. The Bara Sing is a species of stag, and is found throughout the Sindh Valley, and in fact may be met with on most of the mountains surrounding the Happy Valley. The "doongha" is the chief mode of conveyance in Cashmere, which only possesses rough roads and no wheeled vehicles. Nearly all the communication and traffic is thus conducted by water in these boats, which are thatched with reed mats supported on a wooden framework, so as to protect the occupants from the sun and rain. The paddles are heart-shaped, and the boatmen destitute of costume save for waistcloth and turban."



UNHAPPILY few traces of the original vein of humour and vivacity which Mr. Burnand has at command on occasion are discoverable in his new romantic drama at the AVENUE Theatre. *Just in Time* is a melodrama of a rather old-fashioned type—of which the prologue at least is confessedly borrowed from M. Du Boisgobey's "Méridol"—a weak novel of the Gaboriau school, which, after doing duty from week to week in the *feuilleton* of a newspaper, was republished last year in Paris. The secret history of plays is not often divulged, but from some statements which the author has published it may be reasonably inferred that this unfortunate piece owes its origin to the ambitious desire of Mr. J. S. Clarke to forsake the ways of Pangloss and Major Wellington de Boots and betake himself to the enacting of heroes of romantic drama. Such a project necessarily required that a part should be written expressly for the actor, wherein a romantic attachment and a generous spirit of self-sacrifice should mingle freely with a certain amount of that humorous eccentricity which is more distinctly in Mr. Clarke's way. Accordingly Mr. Clarke, in the intervals of making love to a charming orphan girl, and of shielding her from the evil designs of a gang of scoundrels who are leagued together to keep her out of her patrimony, as well as of the knowledge of her true name and parentage, is here seen spending his time in discoursing melancholy music on a flute. The flute, we may observe, is never seen to go out without Mr. Clarke, or rather we should say that Mr. Clarke is never seen to walk abroad without the flute. When he desires to be tender and winning, he flourishes this seductive instrument with many strange starts and shrugs, many smiles nipped in the bud, many grotesque movements checked in full play as by a sort of internal Westinghouse brake. Where other stage lovers of the period (the scene is laid in France at the time of the Directory) would have drawn a sword to do execution upon the persecutors of a lady-love, Mr. Clarke only draws his flute, but wields it so dexterously that his opponent with a rapier is speedily disarmed and humiliated. The effect was odd and grotesque, but not particularly romantic; neither did Mr. Clarke's short coat and tights supply the requisite touch of tender sentiment. In brief, the success of the impersonation was but of a moderate kind, and altogether the complicated intrigue failed to awaken any very strong interest, though Miss Eva Sothern makes an interesting heroine, and Mr. William Farren, Mr. William Rignold, and Mr. Robert Souther in prominent parts laboured hard to win the sympathies of the spectators.

A musical comedietta called *Bustle's Bride*, produced at the AVENUE on the same evening, deserved a better fate than it met with; for the music by Mr. Parry Cole was tuneful, and the resources of the orchestra were skilfully employed. Added to this, Miss Louise Henschel, a young vocalist with a cultivated and pleasing soprano voice, exerted herself very effectively, as indeed did the tenor, Mr. Fiorelli, though this gentleman's shortcomings as an actor were slightly against him. The audience, however, were irritated by the rather puerile character of the story and incidents of the little piece, and hence *Bustle's Bride* obtained anything but a flattering reception.

A new three-act comedy, which rumour alleges to have reference to the very latest romance of our law courts, is to be produced at Mr. Paulton's benefit at the GAIETY this afternoon. Its title is *Lilies; or, Hearts and Actresses*.

A travesty of *Hamlet* is in preparation at the GAIETY. Miss E. Farren as the Danish Prince will, we believe, essay some exaggerated imitations of Mr. Wilson Barrett; while Mr. C. Royce will personate the King, and Mr. J. L. Shine the Ghost.

The writer of a dramatic article in a provincial paper having stated that the HAYMARKET Theatre had not been successful under its present management, Mr. Bancroft has replied in a note, in which he says:—"Far from the Haymarket theatre not having proved so remunerative as the Prince of Wales's, our successes at the former have altogether surpassed those in the little theatre; no play, for instance, having ever equalled *Fedora* in result; while the revivals of *Masks and Faces* and *School* at the Haymarket were much more remunerative than the production of those plays at the Prince of Wales's."

It is understood that Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the American comedian, will this winter give English audiences an opportunity of witnessing once more his famous performance in *Rip Van Winkle*. Those who have never seen this fine impersonation should on no account miss this opportunity. Unfortunately it can hardly be imagined that Mr. Jefferson can feel much pleasure in repeating a performance which he has given at least five thousand times.

Miss Mary Anderson has some intention of appearing in Paris next Easter. The characters she will select will probably be Juliet and Galatea.

We are glad to learn that Miss Ada Cavendish is steadily though somewhat slowly recovering from an illness which at one time caused her friends and admirers grave anxiety.

Mr. Bancroft has consented to take the chair at the next anniversary festival of the Royal Theatrical Fund.

With the exception, perhaps, of Sir William M'Arthur, recent Lord Mayors have shown a decided tendency to patronise the drama. The new Lord Mayor intends, we believe, to give during the winter a series of dramatic performances at the Mansion House, in which popular performers will take part.

Mr. Eugene C. Stafford's annual matinée will take place at the GAIETY on Thursday, December 4th, when, in addition to other entertainments, *The Wedding March* will be performed by a powerful company.

We hear that the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" has dramatised her long-popular novel, *A Life for a Life*. The play—in three acts, with prologue and epilogue—is in the form of a realistic domestic drama. Its destination is at present undecided.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday next, November 24, a new first part will be produced, entitled *Old Knockles*, written by Arthur Law, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott. The performance will conclude with a musical sketch by Mr. Eric Lewis, entitled *A Water Pic-nic*.



THE PRICE OF CORN shows no disposition to amend, and the wheat crop of 1884 must probably be abandoned as an item to go on the "loss" side of the farmer's accounts. At 32s. per quarter there is every inducement not to grow wheat, and a materially reduced wheat acreage must be wished for by all true friends of the British agriculturist. Feeding stuffs are also very cheap; but this is not an unmixed evil. It is, for instance, of decided advantage to the farmer that he is now able to buy Canadian peas at 32s., and pea meal at correspondingly cheap rates. Maize, too, has many uses as a substantial yet not too heating food, and it is satisfactory to be able to buy this foreign cereal at 26s. now, and 23s. for delivery early next year after the American new crop begins to arrive. Barley has been delivered freely during the past six weeks, and has probably paid farmers for growing, although not heavily. Foreign grinding barley remains very cheap.

THE DUTY ON CORN, which the French Government is about to impose, will throw back on English markets a not inconsiderable quantity of American, Indian, and Russian grain. The duty to be imposed, however, will not be quite so large as was at first anticipated; nor will it be imposed in the form originally demanded by the Protectionists. Instead of 10s. per quarter, as at first demanded, or of 7s. 6d. per quarter, as subsequently stated to be agreed, the duty is now expected to be a percentage charge of a tithe. The average price of wheat at Paris now is 37s., so that a duty of about 3s. 6d. per quarter would be imposed; and, taking one year with another, a duty of about 4s. per quarter would have to be "counted in" by foreign sellers and French importers. A duty of this amount will certainly vex the importer very considerably; but if protection for the French farmer is the object, it is probably insufficient to accomplish its purpose.

LAND VALUE.—The President of the Surveyors' Institution in his annual address put together some very interesting statistics, and endeavoured to form some estimate of the extent of depreciation in land value since 1874. In the Eastern and Home Counties he thinks that occupiers must have lost between 30 and 40 per cent. of their capital, while some farmers on poor clays have lost more than half. In the grazing districts the loss does not exceed 15 per cent., and in the North-West of England is comparatively trivial. The loss to owners over the whole kingdom he assumes at 13 per cent. While deplored these losses Mr. Smith-Woolley is inclined to call the present insecurity of landowners a yet more serious evil. Fears of confiscatory, or at least prohibitive, legislation, are to his mind very real drawbacks to that investment of capital in land which he regards as the primary requirement of the time.

ENSILAGE.—Most persons probably were a good deal surprised when the agricultural returns showed that there were nearly seven hundred silos on English soil, and that many others were in process of erection. Although the actual beginning of the ensilage experiments goes back to an earlier period, the practical extension thereof has been the work of little over a single year. The rapid progress made has very largely to be attributed to the ingenious manner in which certain engineering firms have overcome the difficulties involved in applying adequate pressure to the ensilage. A steady and equal pressure has to be secured at a minimum of human labour. The use of dead weights, with the constant and costly handling of them, should as far as possible be dispensed with. Everybody appears now to admit that the adoption of ensilage will enable farmers to turn to good account much of their cereal crops which in wet seasons are rendered useless for milling, malting, and even grinding purposes by the unseasonable weather. Next month, at Smithfield Show, prizes will be awarded for ensilage samples, by Mr. Kains-Jackson, Mr. Harris, M.P., and two others having subscribed for six £1. prizes and a £1. cup.

OATS are the most important of Scotland's cereal crops, but they are also the latest in time of reaping, and generally in that of threshing also. It is accordingly only now, a full two months after harvest, that a fair estimate of the yield of oats in Scotland is possible. The oat stacks look small this year, and on many farms 15 to 25 per cent. deficiency is spoken of. The short straw is probably the main cause of this look and view. The threshings thus far have usually given an average quantity of grain, and the quality is excellent, especially in the Highlands, where it was not very long in stock and escaped heating in the stack. Speaking roughly the Scotch crop may be said to be barely an average in the Lowlands, but "there are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth," and on these hill sides and by these streams there is often one of the finest crops on record. The straw in the Highlands is rather short, but of beautiful and unstained colour. From Berwick to Cromarty the crop is not a bad one.

TURNIPS.—We are very apt to overlook the importance of attending to the turnip crop in the Northern portion of these islands, and by this neglect we are left greatly in the dark as to the real prosperity or adversity of many North-Country farmers. In the present year happily it is a position of comparative prosperity to which we have to call attention. Since July the improvement in the turnip crop has almost merited the description of "marvellous." At the beginning of August the general aspect of turnip land was simply deplorable. Plants were scarce, and their dwarfed appearance on the stronger soils was particularly discouraging. Since about the middle of August, however, the growth of tops has been very rich, while the bulbs in the ground have swelled and grown with commensurate vigour. The yield looked like half a crop in August; it now should be an average.

NOVEMBER GARDENING to many of us consists very largely in burning rubbish and planting trees. But there is other work now to be done, and work, too, which December should not be allowed to arrive and find unaccomplished. If hyacinths and crocuses, daffodils and snowdrops are wanted in the spring, let no more time be lost in planting them. The frosty weather draws near when they cannot be planted. If a sufficient number of bedding pelargoniums has not been struck from cuttings let the stock plants be lifted and pulled at once ere the same enemy, the frost, arrives. The hardier pinks and carnations may now be planted out in the borders if well rooted, and if the borders themselves rejoice in a moderate amount of shelter. The fallen leaves of autumn, remember, are not rubbish to be burnt, but very valuable manure, as also most useful covering for many outdoor plants.

THE SMITHFIELD SHOW.—There will be, in December next, the largest display of cattle ever seen at Islington, the number of entries being 261 for 1884 against 214 for 1883, 239 for 1882, 238 in 1881, and 202 in 1880. Sheep will also be a very comprehensive show, the entries being 1884, 207; 1883, 191; 1882, 189; 1881, 180; 1880, 138. In the entries of pigs there is a falling off, possibly on account of the generally recognised pre-eminence of a comparatively

small number of breeders. The entries for 1884 are 67, being a diminution of 12 from last year, and of 21 from 1882.

WELSH CATTLE.—The creditable appearance of the few Welsh cows exhibited at the Dairy Show, and the signal success of one of them in the competition for the milking prize, has naturally attracted the attention of not a few dairymen and stockowners to an ancient and indigenous, though somewhat despised, breed of cattle. To find that the four entries in the class for pedigree Welsh cows were made by residents in England was an additional surprise, the owners being Captain Ross of St. Albans, and Mr. Alfred Orton of Northampton. The animals exhibited by Captain Ross were from the celebrated herd of Mr. J. H. Platt, and were of the North Wales breed. A famous breeder of the Black cattle of South Wales, Mr. R. H. Harvey, has just died at Haverford West. With a view to improving the well-known Castle Martin cattle, he introduced a cross with the North Wales, or Anglesea breed, and the result was very successful.



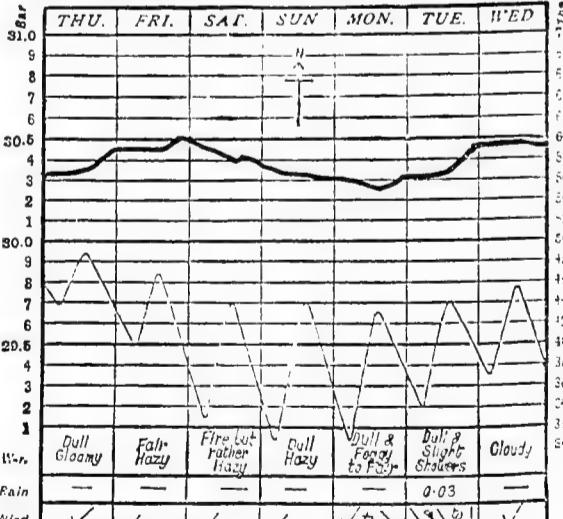
THE WEST BROMWICH MAGISTRATES have committed for trial, accepting bail, however, a young man of eighteen, an engraver, charged with inciting a printer to aid him in forging tickets of admission to the much-talked-of Conservative demonstration at Aston. Although there was a payment of sixpence for the admission of persons without tickets, it was not contended by the prosecution that the prisoner planned the transaction with a view to his own pecuniary benefit. The charge was brought by the Birmingham Conservative Association in the interest of public order. The prisoner's counsel virtually admitted that his client had written the letter, adduced in evidence, asking the printer to aid him in the production of the spurious tickets.

IN AN ACTION FOR BREACH OF PROMISE tried by Mr. Justice Hawkins in the Queen's Bench Division infamy was pleaded by the defendant under very peculiar circumstances. On joining the Masonic body, all members of which must have attained their majority, he represented himself as twenty-one, at the very time when he formed the engagement, the liabilities of which he repudiated on the ground, which the jury considered proved, that he was then only in his twenty-first year. In returning a verdict in his favour, the jury added an expression of sympathy with the plaintiff, and of the hope that she would not have to pay the defendant's costs. In giving judgment for the plaintiff, Mr. Justice Hawkins not only refused the defendant his costs, but ordered him to pay those incurred by the plaintiff in proving the alleged promise and its breach, which was practically undenied, but which his pleading, in addition to the plea of infamy, had compelled her to prove.

A FRIGHTFUL MURDER was perpetrated last Saturday at Babcombe Glen, near Torquay, the residence of Miss Emma Keyse, an elderly lady, who is said to have been formerly a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and who was found, with her throat cut and her skull fractured, in the dining-room, which, with two of the bedrooms, was on fire. A young man named Lee, who was in the service of the deceased lady, and who slept in the pantry, was at once arrested on suspicion. At the inquest the female servants deposed to having been aroused from sleep by an alarm of fire raised by persons in the neighbourhood. The prisoner was then outside their mistress's room. There was no sign of any entry from without during the night. He had been heard within the last two months to complain of his place, and to speak of putting an end to some one in the house.

JOHN DAY, a farmer at Lymington, and Emily Stallard, his governess, have been charged at the Uxbridge Police Court with poisoning Matilda Hicks, aged seventy-seven, who was his wife's aunt, and resided with him. She died soon after partaking of some oatmeal porridge which had been prepared by Stallard, and which she complained burnt her throat. Two females employed in the house testified to having seen a red powder in the basin containing the porridge, which was afterwards cleansed, and the contents of which were thrown away by Day's orders. The deceased had expressed a desire to cease to reside with Day, to whom she had left £1,000. in her will.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM NOVEMBER 13 TO NOVEMBER 19 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over the British Islands during this period has been quiet, dull, and cold generally, with local fog or mist, while the rainfall has been quite inconsiderable. Between Thursday (13th inst.) and Sunday (16th inst.) barometrical pressure was chiefly highest over Denmark, Scandinavia, and the North Sea, and lowest over the south of France. Light or moderate breezes prevailed very generally; their direction was mostly north-easterly or easterly over the south part of England, easterly or south-easterly in Ireland, and variable in Scotland. During this time the weather was dull generally, with mist or fog locally, and a gradually receding thermometer (see accompanying diagram) at most places. In the course of Sunday night (16th inst.) a decided fall of the barometer took place over northern Scandinavia, while a rise was in progress at our western stations, so that a complete change in the distribution of pressure was shown by Monday morning (17th inst.). An area of high readings was now found off our extreme north-western coasts, while a depression existed over the north of Norway; this disturbance subsequently moved in a south-easterly direction to the Baltic, and then disappeared from our area, while the high pressure of the north-west of Scotland extended southwards. Gradients for strong northerly winds now became somewhat steep along our eastern coasts, where some cold showers occurred, while elsewhere moderate northerly winds and very dull weather prevailed. Temperature has been two or three degrees below the average. The barometer was highest (30.51 inches) on Friday (14th inst.); lowest (30.23 inches) on Monday (17th inst.); range, 0.28 inches. Temperature was highest (49°) on Thursday (13th inst.); lowest (31°) on Sunday (16th inst.) and Monday (17th inst.); range, 18°. Rain fell on one day only, to the amount of 0.03 inches.

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A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA:

INCLUDING KULDJA, BOKHARA, AND KHIVA.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART IV.: KHIVA.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, D.D., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

ONE of the principal routes from Bokhara approaches Khiva through the ancient town of Hazarasp, which some would identify as the "Zaprias," whither Alexander the Great retired for the winter from Samarkand. That the place is ancient is certain, as Arab geographers of the tenth century speak of Hazarasp as a strongly-fortified place. Khivan legends record that in olden time there lived four Kings, two of them "infidels" and two Muslims, the latter Iskander and Suleiman. Suleiman conquered the whole world, tamed every living thing, and abdicated to his rule even the inhabitants of the spirit world. On one occasion Suleiman ascended his throne, which by the spirits was lifted in the air, so that he might inspect the entire earth; and then he alighted where now stands Hazarasp. At that period the locality was covered with beautiful meadows and dense forests, through which ran a stream of sparkling water. At the moment of Suleiman's descent a thousand graceful horses had come to drink. The King ordered the spirits to catch the horses, and when they could not do so, he directed an intoxicating liquor to be put in the stream, which enabled the spirits to secure the steeds and cut their wings, ever since which time the horse has been the friend of man. Having possessed himself of the steeds, Suleiman caused a fortress to be erected on the spot, and called it "Hazarasp," or "a thousand horses." This original fortress is said to have been replaced by the present one, which is about a hundred years old. A part of the wall of the old fortress is alleged to exist still, and underneath it a *Tihil-Khane*, or hermit's cave, wherein those who have penetrated have been struck dead or dumb; the last man who did so having seen several figures, and received a box on the ears! The entrance to the cell was then blocked up.

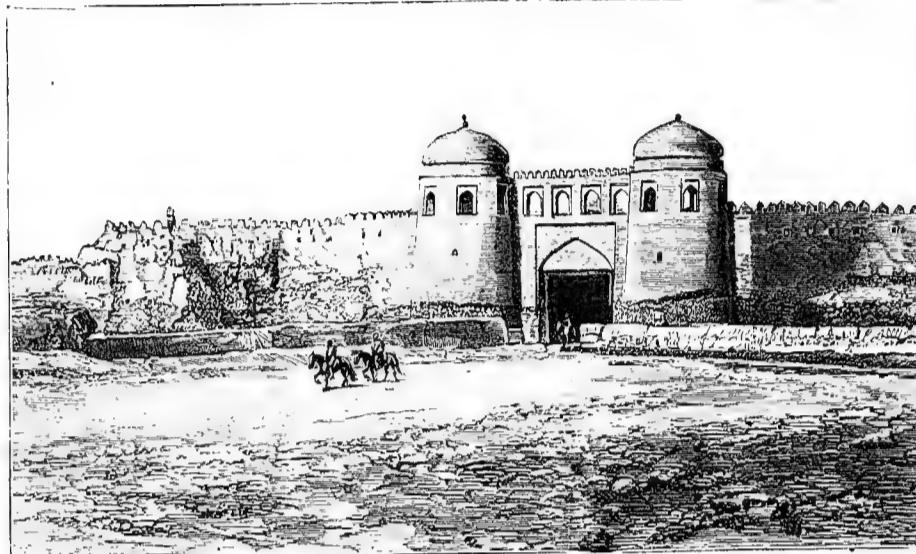
The distance to Khiva by the Hazarasp road is forty miles, and the traveller enters the capital through the Hazarasp Gate, a heavy covered entrance, ten feet wide by twenty feet deep, arched over with brick, and flanked by heavy towers and loopholes. Little can be seen of the town, however, outside the walls, and when taken to see the lions of the place I found it best to ascend a minaret. On approaching the Jumma, or Friday, mosque, and seeing its elegant tower, I expressed a wish to go up. We mounted ninety steps, each about a foot high, and had a capital view of the city. The configuration of the outer wall is that of an oyster shell, with the narrow end elongated and squared. Its longest diameter is a mile and a half, its shortest a mile. The wall measures 3,100 fathoms, or four miles in length (according to Basiner's map), but

chambers overtopping. On either side of the entrance gateway is a tower, the top of which is embellished by coloured bricks, whilst along the cornice of the facade is a row of loopholes. In front of the palace is a square, in which we found some brass cannons mounted on carriages with wooden axles, also a mortar, but all of them exceedingly clumsy, whereupon I asked the Consul, our conductor, how, with artillery such as *this*, they could not manage to keep off the Russians! Later in the day we asked the Khan to be

a salaam, until we came to the Summer Palace. The number of attendants about the building appeared greater than we had seen about that of the Emir of Bokhara. Before the coming of the Russians, the Khan's officials were said to be—1. The Kush-beggi, of whom I heard nothing after leaving Bokhara, and was told that the Divan-beggi is the corresponding officer at Khiva now. 2. Mehter, or Chancellor of Exchequer. 3. Inak, now four in number, local governors. 4. Metch Merem and Batchman, controller and collector of customs respectively. 5. Bi, the Khan's supporter in battle. 6. Minbashi, Zuzbashi, and Onbashi, commander of 1,000, 100, and 10 men respectively. 7. The Ulema, or priests, of whom the Nakib is chief, are divided into Kazi Kelam and Kazis—that is, great and ordinary judges; Alems, chief of five muftis; Reis, guardian of morals, Mufti, and Akhond. How many of these were at Court as I passed from chamber to chamber I know not, but had those I saw been gorgeously appalled, I can imagine myself being taken with the attendance of the Khan's Ministers as the Queen of Sheba was with those of King Solomon; but the Khan's men were all in sheepskin hats, clothed in somewhat dowdy garments, and presented a poverty-stricken appearance. We were shown into an anteroom, and then through one court after another, till we came to a chamber only partially carpeted and scantily furnished, wherein the most prominent object was a sort of divan or bedstead, covered with a Persian carpet, on which the Khan was sitting with a sword and revolver before him, whilst behind were three chairs filled with books. His Majesty shook hands with me, and motioned me to a seat on the couch.

The Khan's age had been given me as thirty-six, but I should have thought him older. He was dressed in a dark blue cloth khalat and black sheepskin hat, much like that of the others about the Court, but displaying no pretence to grandeur of any sort. He asked whence I came, whether the chief Russian authorities were well, and whether they had been kind and helpful to me, all of which I could answer in the affirmative. Next he asked who was the Sovereign of England, and whether things were going well.

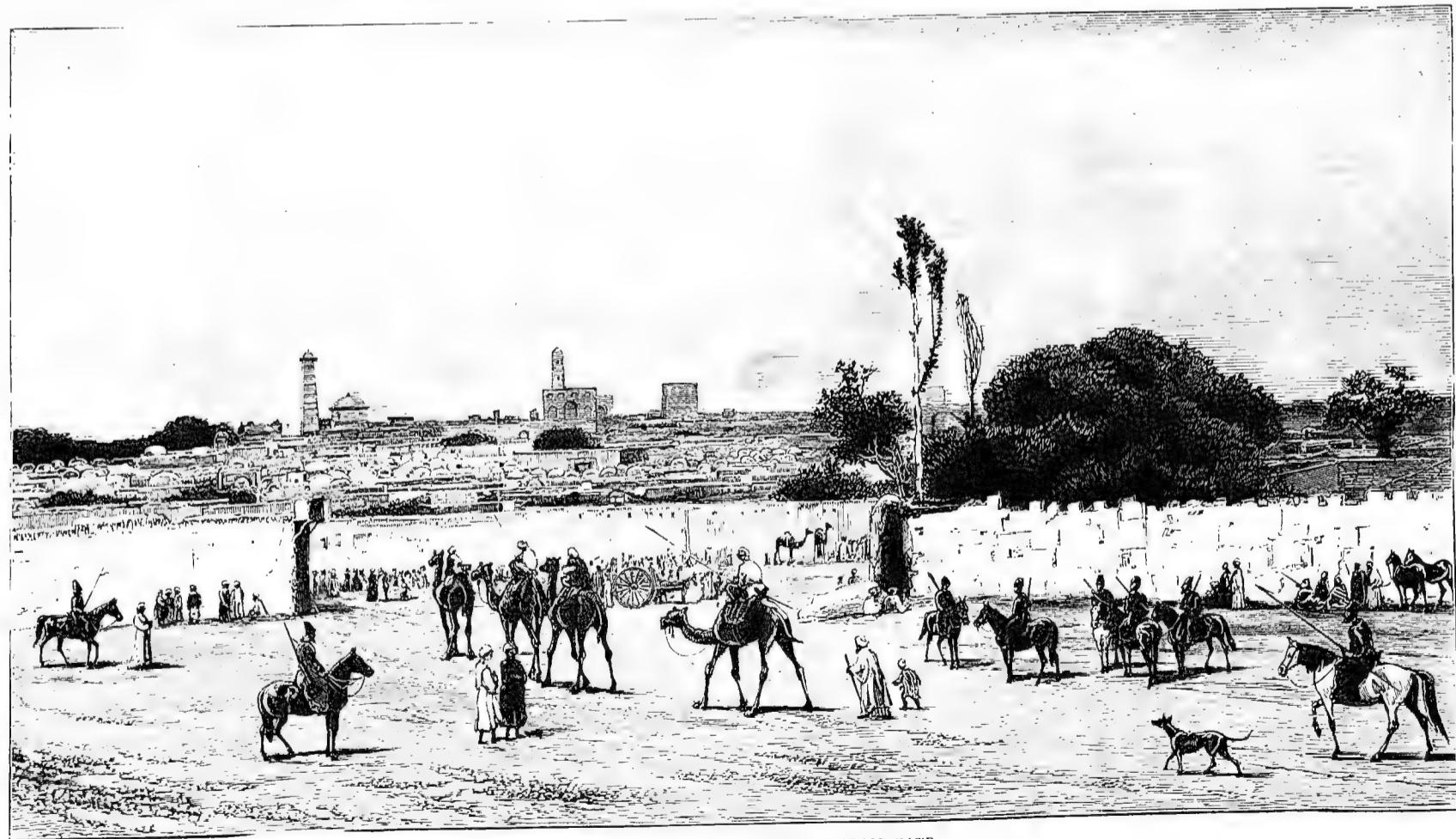
After answering his Majesty's questions, I mentioned to the Khan our desire to find an interpreter who could speak Russian and Turk, and he said he would find a djiguit for us who could act in this capacity and accompany us to Krasnovodsk. Tea had been brought during our conversation for the Khan, Mr. Sevier, and me. I had



THE HAZARASP GATE AT KHIVA

allowed to see his palace. He said that had we asked before we should have done so, but he was on the point that very afternoon of quitting his Summer for his Winter Palace, and consequently we could not see the inside.

The view of Khiva was no exception to the usual ugliness of an Eastern city, as seen from an eminence. We could detect the existence of mosques and medresses by the mud cupolas over them, and we could see well another minaret belonging, I think, to the Mosque Seid Bai, almost a *fac-simile* of the one on which we were



A VIEW OF KHIVA WITHIN THE HAZARASP GATE

they told me eight miles. It is about twenty-five feet high, and twenty-five feet in thickness at the bottom; but only two or three feet at the top. It is pierced by twelve gates, and the whole is girdled by a wide ditch.

This wall was built by Allah Kuli in 1842. Within are visible many fields and gardens, the Summer Palace of the Khan, and other great buildings and fortress-like farmhouses. There is besides an inner wall, in the shape of a parallelogram, 300 fathoms long on the eastern and western sides and 230 fathoms broad.

Below us we could see plainly the Winter Palace of the Khan, a large, rambling structure, with crenelated and walls and upper

standing. The big minaret also stood out well, but there were few other buildings sufficiently conspicuous to be worthy of mention. Immediately below us was the flat roof, with two octagonal holes, of the Jumma Mosque, where the Khan attends on Fridays, and into which we descended. Anything more bare and ugly as a place of worship it would be hard to conceive, and this was intensified by a forest of upwards of 200 columns, or poles, by which the roof was supported.

One afternoon during our stay in Khiva we were sent for at about half-past three to see the Khan. Preceded by the Consul and another, we rode outside the inner walls, receiving here and there

observed that Yakoob, our native interpreter, in approaching the Emir, had kissed his Majesty's hand, and so he had done with the Khan; but now he received a greater honour, for the Khan, after drinking a portion of his tea, gave to Yakoob the rest. His Majesty frequently called during our interview for the *tchilim*, or water-pipe, which was brought by an attendant at a moment's notice, and taken away again after one long whiff had been drawn by his royal master.

At our second visit the Khan received us as before, and inquired about the war then going on in Egypt, asking whether the affair were cleared up. I had supposed that this war with the Mahomedans might have rendered it unsafe for us to travel in Central

Asia; but the people seemed to know next to nothing about it, and to care as little.

I had heard no news since leaving Samarkand, and not much there, so that I was obliged to explain the situation as best I could. His Highness asked my name and my age, and inquired if we had been well entertained in Khiva, which we were able to answer truly in the affirmative, thanks to the hospitality of his Divan-beggi. Before bidding us farewell, he said that he had directed his Prime Minister to give us men to take our baggage, and that he had also sent to seek for a Russ-speaking djiqut to accompany us to Krasnavodsk.

Yakoob, who took up his habitation with the servants, and who had not told them that he spoke Tajik as well as Turki, rather amused us that evening by telling us that there had been a discussion going on outside as to whether it would be proper to give us presents from the Khan. It was at length decided in the affirmative, and there came a horse and cloth khalat or robe of honour for me, a similar khalat for Sevier, and a cotton one for Yakoob.

I did not hear much of the character and manner of life of the Khivan Khan. No report reached me of a fabulous number of royal wives as at Bokhara. The Consul, under whose charge we had marched to Khiva, could not tell me how many inmates of the harem his Majesty had. He had six or seven sons, but of the daughters he knew nothing. General von Grotenhjelm told me he had expressed to the Khan a wish to have photographs taken of the Royal wives, and had offered to provide a female operator; but the Khan would not consent. Neither would he agree that one of his sons should be sent to Petersburg to be educated, saying that he loved his children too much to part from them. I think I have read that he has since compromised matters by receiving at Khiva a Russian tutor for his sons. It is represented as the duty of the Khan to hold public audience for at least four hours daily, and to hear the most trivial cases his subjects choose to bring before him. The numbers of horses and people I saw at the palace each time I approached seemed to manifest that the custom is not dead.

Whilst talking of Khivan affairs to the Consul he said he had three wives. I asked if he did not find it exceedingly difficult to manage so many. He looked at the matter, however, in a very practical light. "You see," he said, "I have two houses—one here at Khiva and the other at Petro-Alexandrovsk, and consequently I have a wife in each, without the trouble of moving her!"

On the square before the Khan's winter palace is the Medresse Madrahim, built by the present Khan, having only from sixty to seventy students. Not far distant is the most important medresse in Khiva, that of Mahomed Emin (contracted to Madamin) Khan, which they said was thirty years old. Taken in all, this was about the most complete we had seen, and gave us a fair idea of what many of the medresses in Central Asia must have looked like before they began to tumble into ruins. And that is not saying very much, for, to a European eye, they have a dull, unfinished, unsurfaced look about them that is disappointing. Their photographs flatter them. Several of the Khivan mosques are ornamented with blue and white tiles, interesting because made on the spot, but they did not compare with those we had seen at Samarkand. This medresse, with 130 cells, has a large quadrangular court with a well, and is surrounded by cells fitted with hearths, where each student does his cooking: when he has anything, that is, to cook. In one of them I saw a samovar, china teapots, and felt, but for the most part everything looked poverty-stricken. MacGahan says the property of this college supports four teachers and 300 students. Each of the latter receives yearly fifteen bushels each of wheat and *jugara* (something like millet), and from 3*l.* to 4*l.* in money. More interesting than

of soul is to be obtained by silent prayer; the Khodne, who prefer gaining it by loud cries; and the Jahria, whose patron saint is Hazret Yasavi. They have in Tashkend daily and all-night-long services. There happened to be a service going on of the Jahria brotherhood (as I suppose, though the word I have in my notes is the sect of Nadamat) as we entered the Shah Zindeh, which reminded me of the service of the so-called "howling" dervishes I had seen at Constantinople. Neither at Constantinople nor at Samarkand, however, did I see the service begin, and in both cases we came away before the end. At Samarkand the mosque was well filled with an audience

pushed out by the Ishan who was conducting, and who called some one else to fill up the ranks. When their voices have become entirely hoarse with one cry another is begun. They sit at first in a row, but later on, as the movement quickens, each puts his hands on his neighbour's shoulders, and they form in a group, as Dr. Schuyler says, "in several concentric rings," but which could remind a native of Blackheath of nothing but a group of players during a "serimage" in Rugby football, as they sway from side to side of the mosque, leaping about, jumping up and down, causing people sitting near to beware of their toes, and crying "Hai! Allah Hai!"

I saw at Constantinople the religious worship of another order, popularly called the "dancing dervishes." The square mosque had galleries around, supported by wooden pillars, the centre of the floor being partitioned off for the dancers, fifteen in number, of all ages, from boys to "grey beards." They commenced by walking round in single file, and solemnly and sedately saluting their chief and one another. Having completed a triple circumambulation, they stripped themselves of their upper garments, and began to whirl round in their respective orbits with sufficient velocity to cause their kilts, or petticoats, to fly out at right angles to their bodies, therein resembling a troupe of ballet girls, their faces the while being turned upwards, and eyes closed in apparent meditation. They kept this up for a long time, music and singing going on meanwhile, with four flutes, three kettledrums, a tambourine, and seven singers, the last making strange grimaces in straining their voices, in Eastern fashion, to the loudest.

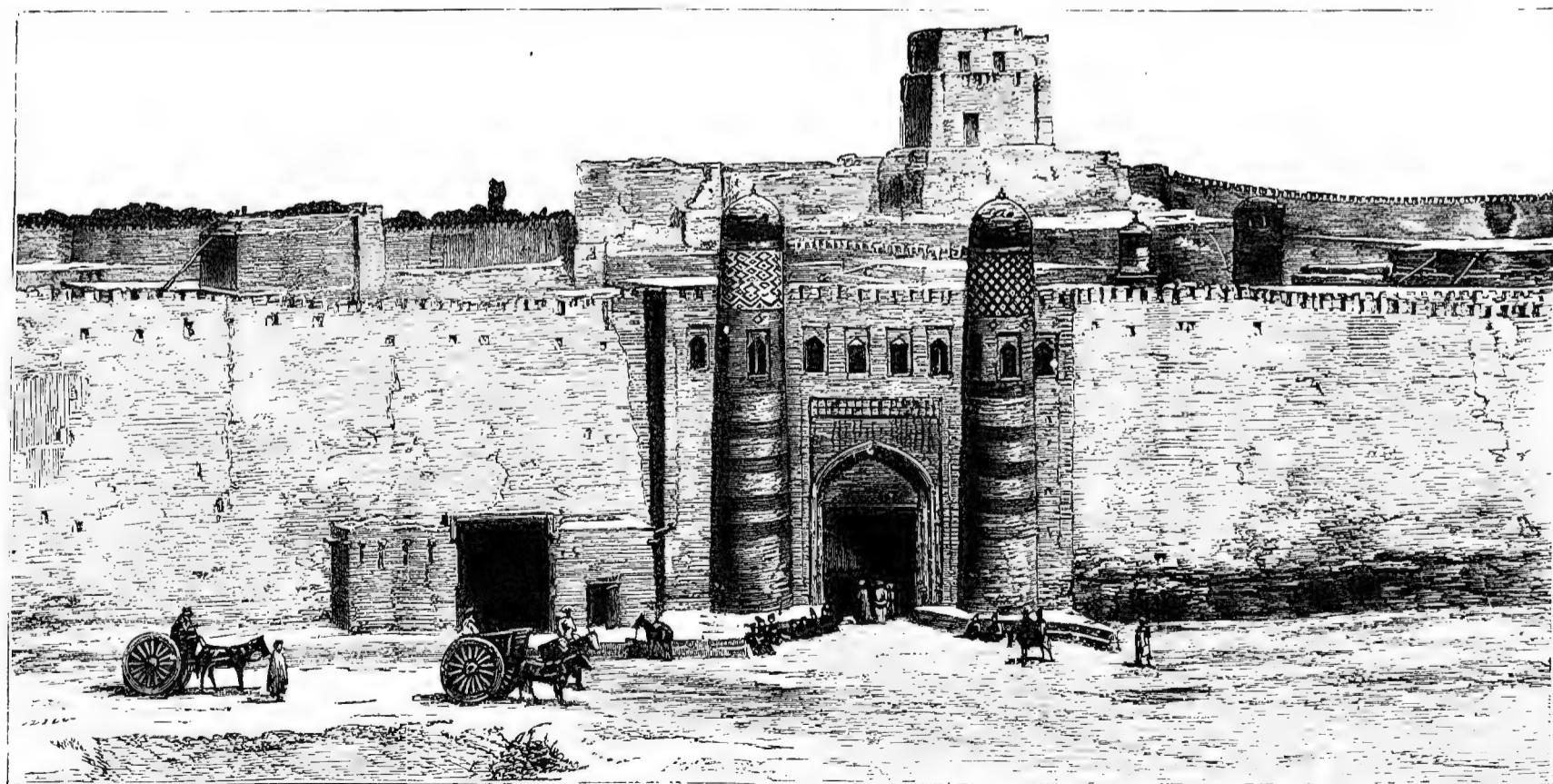
We did not meet in Central Asia with any of this "orderly" dancing, but in the bazaar of Khiva we suddenly came upon a company of dervishes, or *Kaloudar*, from Kashgar, who were prancing about the street. These dervishes, like the Nazarites and the Russian priests, suffer no razor to come upon their heads. They wear an extinguisher-shaped cap, a sample of which I would gladly have purchased new, but I found they were not to be had, for that each made his own; and to take one second-hand was more than I dared do! When they saw us strangers they broke up their dance and were for making off, but I called them back to see their performance. The dervishes are dressed in rags, and each carries a wallet and a drinking vessel shaped out of a gourd. They sing sacred songs in Persian and Turki, shouting as loudly as possible, accompanying the singing with boundings, prostrations, and whirlings. I noticed that one dervish had in his hand two wooden rods, about a foot long, to which were attached a ring, about three inches in diameter, and on this ring were smaller rings. This was carried in the hand when dancing, and a jingle made therewith. I bought it, and was glad to secure it as a souvenir of these wild-looking devotees. They smoke *nasha*, or hemp. They are supposed to be great fanatics; and preached hatred and hostility to the infidel, till the Russians altogether stopped their preaching in Turkistan. In appearance they looked about the most depraved beings we saw in Central Asia.

After a short stay at Khiva we proceeded north, through Kushku-pryk and Shavat, under the escort of the Assistant-Bek of Kunia Urgenj, named Kassan Batchman, the latter word, if I mistake not, being indicative of his office. It was rather trying to find that this Central Asian dignitary seemed to be averse to going at anything like a good speed; whilst I dared not go ahead, not knowing the way. My importunity seemed to lose all its fervour in passing through the brains of two interpreters, one speaking Russ and the other Turki; so, finding one of the djiqutts near me, I bawled out in English, "Go on!" and at the same time laid my whip lustily across his horse's back. The djiqutt did not understand my language, but his horse did, and I then kept him trotting before me



SEID MUHAMMED RAHIM, KHAN OF KIIIVA

seated on the floor, whilst opposite the entrance, near the Kibleh, were eleven men ejaculating prayers with loud cries and violent movements of the body. They recite texts such as "Hasbi rabbi jal Allah!" ("My defence is the Lord, may Allah be magnified!"), "Mo fi kalbi hirallah" ("There is nothing but God in my heart"), "Nuri Muhammed sal Allahu!" ("My light, Mohammed, God bless him!"), "La ilaha ill Allahu!" ("There is no God but Allah!"). These words, or some of them, are chanted to various semi-musical tones, first in a low voice, and accompanied by a movement of the



THE WINTER PALACE OF THE KHAN AT KIIIVA

this medresse, however, I thought the immense tower, without base or capital, which, owing to the lack of funds, remains incomplete.

I mentioned in the last Supplement that we attended a service at the Friday mosque at Bokhara, where I thought I saw Muhammadanism, so to speak, at its best. The worship, however, of some of the Muhammadan devotees is very remarkable. There are, it should be observed, several fraternities or religious orders of Muhammadans, of whom the most prominent in Central Asia are the Nakhshbandi; the Husia, who believe that spiritual exaltation

head over the left shoulder toward the heart, then back, then to the right shoulder, and then down, as if directing all the movements to the heart. Sometimes I observed a man more excited than the rest shout a sentence, throw out his arms, dance, jump, and then slap his left breast with such force as to make the place ring. These texts are repeated for hundreds of times, till the devotees get so exhausted and so hoarse that their repetitions sound like a succession of groans, and we could see the perspiration running through their clothes. Some were obliged to give up and rest, whilst others were

at an improved pace to show the way, and, by the aid of a gratuity, abundantly soothed his feelings when we reached a *hazli*, or fortified farmhouse, called Manak.

Our route continued through cultivated land, with a patch of salty soil here and there. On arriving at Tashauz we were quartered in an old palace of the Khan, erected by Allah Kuli, near a pond surrounded with stones, whence the name of the town, *Tasha Uz*, or "stone pond." When Allah Kuli erected the fortress, he peopled it and the surrounding neighbourhood with Persian prisoners of

war from Khorassan and with Tajiks from Khiva, so that the neighbourhood became to a large extent populated with Persian slaves. So, too, at one time not far distant, there were in Khiva some hundreds of Russians, most of whom had been kidnapped by the Kirghese or Turkomans and sold to the Khivans.

It is rather remarkable that the first who brought the news to Russia that there were slaves in Central Asia was the English merchant Anthony Jenkinson, who in 1558 brought from Khiva twenty-five Russians he had ransomed. Florio Benevini reported to Peter the Great that there were 2,000 Russian slaves throughout the Khanate. When, however, Nadir Shah conquered Khiva, he graciously released the Russian slaves, and gave them horses and money to go home. Later on, Russian deserters and criminals, who feared slavery less than Siberia, fled to the Khivans; others were kidnapped by the Kirghese. The price of a Russian male slave was twice that of a Persian, but not so in the case of the women. Many of the deserter slaves held posts in the Khan's army, and had a tolerably easy time of it; but in 1816, on the advice of a fanatical Khoja, or saint, the Khan determined not to feed the "Kafirs" so well, and gave them monthly 40 lbs. of wheat mixed with earth. Also they were poorly clad, especially the agricultural slaves. "One day," says Sinowjew, "the Khan's old wife came into the garden. I said to her, 'You must be ashamed to look at us, gracious lady; we are about the same as naked. Why does not the Khan give us some clothes?' What was her answer? 'Why should I be ashamed? Is it not all the same whether I look at you or a dog, which also runs about unclad?'" Of course there were instances of cruelty. Jegor Schtich, suspected of exchanging letters with his family in Orenburg, was forced to dig his own grave, and was then buried in it, some say dead, but others, alive! For a third attempt to escape, it is said, the wretched slave was impaled, but in such a way that he remained alive for some days skewered on a stake stuck in the ground.

The Russian Government made many attempts to get the slaves released, the most productive of which was the abortive expedition of Perovsky. The fear this inspired, combined with Lieutenant Shakspur's diplomacy, enabled another Englishman in 1840 to bring away a large batch of slaves to Russia. When Kaufman's army was approaching Khiva in 1873 the Khan released twenty-one captives; but when the Russians entered the Khanate they repaid the gracious act of Nadir Shah and released 15,000 Persians—or, as MacGahan says, 27,000, and Réclus 37,000. Some of them were sent home; but those who chose might stay, and it was through the farms and gardens of some of these released slaves that we passed on our way to Tashauz.

The town of Tashauz has three gates—the West, South, and Palace Gate. We were near the last, and the great platform at the entrance for a guard, or for judicial purposes or public business, was very ample. We went out before dinner to see the town. It has 300 shops and workshops, and one caravanserai admirably suited to persons in search of "cheap lodgings," the rent for a room and shop being three farthings a day, or twenty pence per month. This was much cheaper than at Aulie Ata, where, for a place to sleep and accommodation for horses, was charged 2½d. per diem. We took the price of black Turkoman sheepskin hats, some of which we saw elevated on poles above the roof of a house, and found them eight shillings each. I had already provided myself with a white one and a sheepskin coat at Khiva, thinking I should find them useful spending the night in the open when crossing the desert. Tashauz has in all 400 houses, six mosques, and a medresse; and beside the Iranian population there are also some Uzbeks of the Antort Yuruk tribe.

From Tashauz we made our way to Iiali, and were taken to a large garden, and in the middle a good-sized building, occupied, I believe, for a summer-house when the Khan is there. Here we lunched; but as our baggage, being brought by carts, had not yet come up, and our host provided no table cutlery or plate, we were obliged to drink the soup from the basins and return to nature's implements of teeth for knives and fingers for forks. In the future I took the precaution to provide a folding-knife in my saddle-bag.

For about ten miles after leaving Iiali we passed through gardens, and then cultivation diminished, and the roads traversed clayey soil in some parts slightly saline soil, trees being seen only here and there on the banks of the arks, or canals. We crossed several canals, one being the Murat Bai and another the Kasym. This was impressed upon my mind, because we passed one spot where the ark had overflowed. We had been turned from our path by another such flooded place, like a large lake, on the day we left Khiva, and had to go round its edge. I suppose in the preceding season water had been unusually abundant, for we saw houses flooded in some cases to their destruction, in others not, though the inhabitants were in most cases driven out.

The irrigation of Khiva is accomplished by watercourses of two kinds, the larger, called *Arna*, which are natural streams from the Oxus widened and deepened, and *Yap*, which are canals dug up to a dozen feet wide from the *Arna*, and with which the whole of the land under cultivation is covered as with a net.

It has been calculated that the quantity of water employed for Khivan irrigation exceeds by one third what is necessary. The farmers, not knowing beforehand to what height the level of the Oxus will rise, deepen their canals for a dry season, thus preparing

for the worst; but since a superabundance of water is also a calamity, they are obliged to make artificial lakes and marshes, into which the excess may be run. Each year it is necessary to dig out of the canals the mud that has settled to a depth of about two feet. Consequently, in August, after the harvest is gathered, they close the ingress of the water with temporary dams and remove the mud from the canal bottoms to repair and consolidate the sides. But whilst this is the case with the artificial canals, the natural *arnas* which meander in the direction of the Aral Sea become more and more obstructed. The consequence of this is to give the water a tendency to flow into the canals. This also helps to explain one of the causes of the frequent change of the river bed in the region of the Lower Oxus.

We reached the modern town of Kunia Urgen on November the 5th, and found it a poor enough place—a walled town of 350 houses, a small bazaar with a hundred shops, six mosques, and two schools. The town has been populated only about a quarter of a century; that is, since the canal was cut which waters the town. Here we were quartered on the Bek, who was a son of the old Consul who had conducted us to Khiva. Our room was large and carpeted, with a fire in the centre on a hearth surrounded by a kerb, but there were no chairs or tables. The Bek showed us his own room, in which were niches to hold a book or two, a *kurjan*, or pair of saddle bags, and a double barrelled gun. There was likewise a room set apart for the Batchman, who had accompanied us. In the stables the best Turkoman horse was valued at 20*z.*, and two camels at 10*z.* and 6*z.* each respectively. The house was built throughout of mud, at a cost, they told us, of about 50*z.*, houses thus built lasting only about sixty years.

I suppose that the Bek had some wives, but not a shadow did we see of one of them, which reminds me that though I have introduced the reader to several native houses, I have hardly given a picture of what English people love so much, and call "home life." The simplest way out of this difficulty is to say of the natives, "They have none." I must endeavour, however, briefly to sketch what they possess approaching it. To begin, then, with the marriage union. When a boy reaches the age of fifteen his parents seek for him a wife, who it is preferred shall be at least five years older, so that she may know how to manage the household. It often happens, however, that a boy and girl are betrothed by their parents at birth, and then they marry at the age of fifteen or

she is commonly compelled in such a case to assent. According to custom a bridegroom is not supposed to see his bride before the marriage; but the natives often pay one of the female acquaintances who, having concealed the bridegroom, invites the intended bride to her house, and so arranges for the betrothed to meet. When the *kalim* has been paid, and the wedding day fixed, a money security is set aside by the bridegroom, in case of his wishing hereafter to divorce his wife. After this point is settled the mullah, or priest, reads a prayer, and asks the bride through a closed door whether she consents to marry such a one, and on her assenting, the mullah offers the bridegroom a cup of water, from which he drinks, and returns it to be sent in to the bride. The remaining water is then drunk by those present. At the close of the ceremony the women conduct the bridegroom to the sleeping apartment, and also the bride, in whose society the man spends his first three days of married life in the home of her parents.

The bride is then brought to her husband's house and begins her every-day and confined existence. She goes into the streets on business, but seldom goes out on social visits, except now and then for a funeral or a wedding. When her husband goes away she is commonly locked up, and this want of confidence between man and wife, and the prevalence of polygamy, constantly lead to conjugal unfaithfulness. An educated Muhammadan magistrate told me

that he thought polygamy had a most pernicious tendency, causing one wife to be loved and another disliked. The latter then intrigues with some man who murders the husband, frequently with a hatchet. The principal serious crime among the Kirghese and Sarts at Petro Alexandrovsk is murder, in which a woman is commonly concerned. One of the patients we saw in the Sart Hospital there had been fighting about a woman. Poisoning is not common, though a case had lately occurred at Petro Alexandrovsk. Formerly the punishment inflicted on a wife for unfaithfulness was very severe, but it is less so now, and the mullah at once grants a divorce.

About Petro Alexandrovsk not many men have two wives, but if a man berich, and his first wife chosen by his parents be old (forty is considered *very old*), then he not infrequently chooses for himself, with the aid of a match-maker, a second and very young wife, who by law, however, in Khiva, must not be less than eleven years of age. On the other hand, though a girl has usually to accept the first husband found for her by her father, yet if not content she may get a divorce, and then herself choose her next husband; but in ordinary divorce, if either husband or wife objects, it cannot be. When a husband dies his brother takes the widow, so that the family may have to give her no inheritance.

But these are the darker parts of the picture, it may be said. Supposing there is no divorce, and things go on fairly well, what can then be said for home life in Central Asia? In Bokhara I was told men feed their wives badly, giving them tea and bread in the morning, and tea and peas in the evening, spending the night with them twice a week, and on bazaar days condescending to eat pilau in their company! At the same time, to show the depth of a husband's love, so passionately fond are the Bokhariots of batchas, or dancing boys, that a husband will at once leave his wife's society to see one of these performances.

It was only in the case of one or two who came to Mr. Sevier for medical advice that I saw a woman's face all through Bokhara and Khiva. I thought, however, that I should like to do so if only in the case of my hostesses at Khiva, whereupon I cautiously approached the subject to the Prime Minister, in whose house I was entertained. I had already invited him to England, and to this

I added, "When you come, the first person to whom you will be introduced after the gentleman will be the lady of the house. Moreover, I expected when I returned that the English ladies would be curious to know what the Khivan ones are like. Further, I thought it possible that his Khivan ladies might like to know what the English ladies were like. Would he not then do me the pleasure to introduce me to his wife?"

How much these sentences altered their shape in passing through the mouths of two interpreters I know not; but he replied that it would give him pleasure to do so, only that it was contrary to their customs. Moreover, that they were always locked in their chambers, and would be so frightened at the appearance of a stranger that they would drop!

And Yakoob afterwards told me that he was offended at my asking.

Nothing that came within my experience of homelife in Central Asia struck me so forcibly as this, and it gave me a text on the need of Zenana work and woman's labour in the mission field such as I shall not quickly forget. Here was I with abundance of prestige at my back, a Court guest, in the house of a host who seemed desirous to please me in everything. Yet I was refused this simple request! How then can male missionaries gain access to Oriental women, and if they are not reached how shall the children be influenced to advantage? But what neither I nor any other Christian man could do, a Christian woman can do. And here is a field of usefulness for English ladies, which, though God, some have nobly commenced, but of which others do not yet realise the importance. As for Central Asia, has Russia no daughters to send to so noble a work? Can girls be found to risk their lives in shooting police officers and promoting Nihilism, whilst none offer them-

selves to minister in womanly sympathy to their Muhammadan sisters—dark, ignorant, uneducated? Let us hope that as the Russian Church has formed a Missionary Society for the employment of men, so another may be formed for lady missionaries to the native women.

We were delayed for some few days in Kunia Urgen, and thus had the opportunity of seeing some fresh incidents of native life, better perhaps than when in larger places and under more pretentious



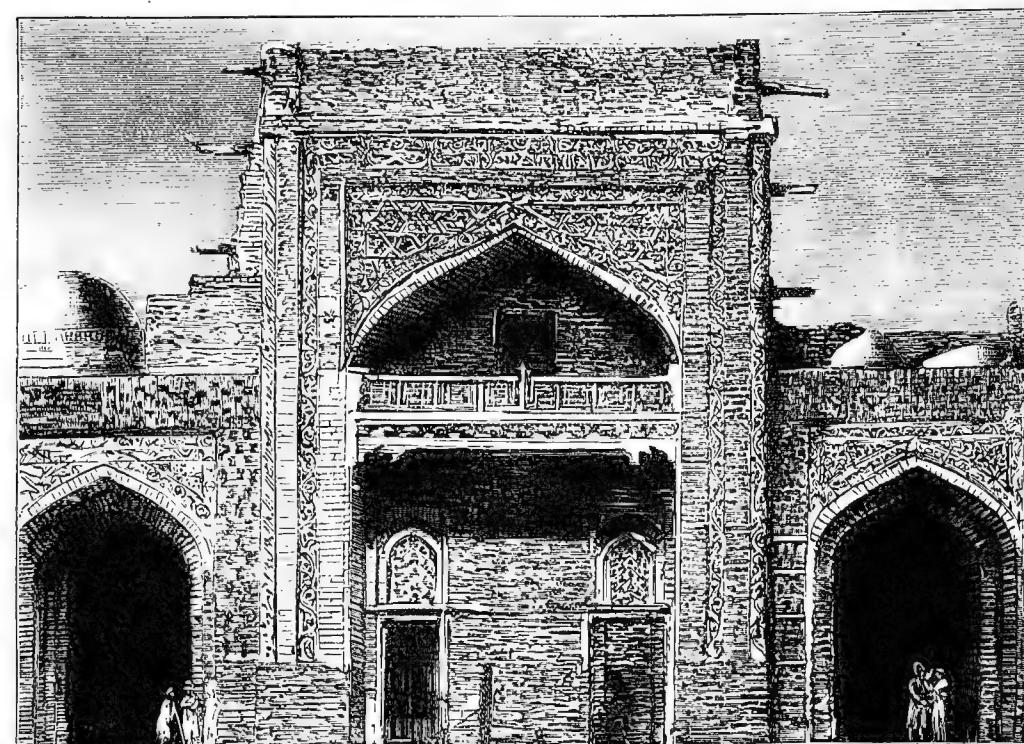
THE MOSQUE OF SEID BAI



A KIRGHESE



A KIRGHESE "BAIBICHE," OR SENIOR WIFE



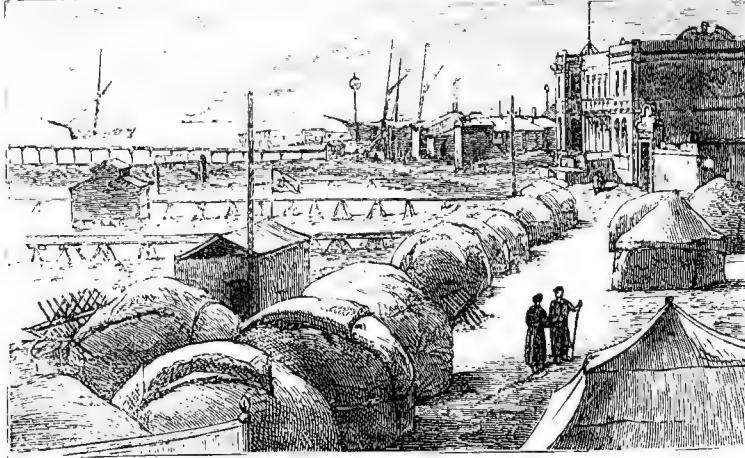
MEDRESSE AT KHIVA BUILT BY THE PRESENT KHAN

varied according to law from 10 to 1,000 tengas, that is from 5*z.* to 25*z.* Of the dowry the bride is to bring with her the husband knows nothing till after the marriage, though her father, who usually keeps the greater part of the *kalim*, is bound to give his daughter a tent, and entire domestic economy.

Usually the parents have the chief voice in making the contract, and it sometimes happens that the girl refuses and runs away, but

patronage. Our host being a Bek was of course chief magistrate in his district, and during our stay there came from a distance two Kirghese of the Adaef tribe for judgment. Captain Mirbadaleff, a native judge at Petro Alexandrovsk, told me that the cases brought before him among the Kirghese and Sarts were for the most part robberies, murders, and thefts. The Russians leave the *Bis* elected by the Kirghese to administer justice after their own customs, but they make poor judges and are open to corruption, so that the Russians do not believe in them, neither, I was told, do the Kirghese themselves.

In the Court of the Bek of Kunia Urgenj the mode of procedure was simple enough. The litigants squatted on the platform on which the door of our apartment opened, and told their tale, and the Bek gave judgment. According to the Kirghese laws, it would appear that three eye-witnesses of exemplary life are needed to



RUSSIAN TENTS AT Krasnovodsk

establish proof of guilt. Inasmuch, however, as so great a number cannot always be had, the testimony of one witness who "gives his soul," or swears, is deemed enough for an accusation. A false witness is liable to a fine of a horse and khalat, or seven days' arrest. Should an equal number of witnesses be brought forward by plaintiff and defendant, the testimony of those is accepted whose character bears the closest investigation. Not every one's testimony, however, is admitted; as that of women, children under fifteen, servants, persons of doubtful character, those suspected by the opposite party of animosity, or of being bribed, and relations, friends, or others interested in the case. Should a witness who has been summoned not appear, he who has summoned him must produce another, or if not, and if declining to take the oath himself, he is considered guilty. The adverse evidence of a brother or father when called for by the opposite party is admitted, but not if favourable. The testimony of foreigners, even when confirmed by oath, is hardly accepted; but there are certain members of their own hordes whose word, even without an oath, is considered conclusive. The refusal of a witness to be sworn in is interpreted as a proof of the guilt of the person who has called him. Should several people come forward to take the oath in connection with the same case the right to select one is left to the opposite side or to the *Bi*; and where one witness only appears, his testimony is confirmed by an oath administered to a near relative chosen by the opposite side.

Anything more primitive than the trial we saw could not well be; but it was manifest that the judge, being bound by no code, could so easily give unrighteous judgment that "the glorious uncertainty of the law" was with the Kirghese more uncertain than ever; and that for two men to come a long distance for such a verdict was a doubtful policy.

We saw more of these Adaef Kirghese in the bazaar, perched aloft on their tall camels, and looking the more conspicuous by reason of enormous woolly hats they wear, made in something of the shape of a baby's hood, the flaps covering the shoulders by no means elegantly, but a great protection from the cold wind of the steppe. The Kirghese women also came riding into the town astride of horses or oxen, and we came into contact here with a very superior young Kirghese whom the Khan, according to his promise, had bidden to offer himself as our interpreter.

Meanwhile, as we did not find the promise fulfilled on our arrival, we had been looking about for ourselves, for since Yakoob could not be prevailed upon to go further than Sary Kamish, it became terribly apparent that we should have to do our own cooking, and this had not been one of the subjects in my curriculum either at school or college. Yakoob had found in the bazaar one Rosi Mahomed, or Mahmet, a poor-looking Sart, with no very definite calling, and sadly in want of cash, who had once been in a party with some Russian surveyors between Khiva and the Caspian. He could speak a little Russian, and said he could cook. He was willing to go with us as servant for 2*r.* 10*s.* and all found, and to make himself generally useful—ornamental he could never be; for one of his eyes looked the wrong way; he was sadly marked with small-pox; and looked many removes from one of Nature's gentlemen. The Russians at Petro Alexandrovsk had said we should be able to get on without a Turki-speaking interpreter, but my courage did not rise to that, and one short experience on the Oxus, where we left Yakoob in the boat, warned me that there might be many extremely unpleasant little episodes, if unable to say so much as Yes or No with our guides during more than a fortnight's journey in the wilderness. I was inclined therefore to settle with "Rosy," as we afterwards flatteringly called him, especially as we heard nothing of the interpreter promised by the Khan. Yakoob, however, suggested that we should keep Rosi Mahmet as a reserve, and wait to see if the other came, and what he was like.

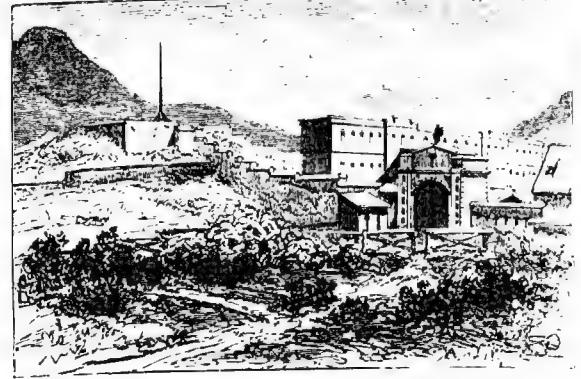
At length, on the afternoon before we started, one Jumagalatai arrived from Nukus, concerning whom Yakoob came in to report that he feared he was "too great a swell" to do any cooking. Yakoob had also heard him say that he should not think of asking less than 20*r.* for accompanying us to Krasnovodsk. Accordingly when the grand man was presented, he appeared in a cloth tunic, respectably dressed throughout, and carrying a watch with its silver chain dangling from his breast and shoulders. Almost before we had ascertained his powers of interpretation we had to ask the ignoble question whether he could cook? To which he replied with the Frenchman who was asked if he could play the fiddle, that "he had never tried," but he was willing to attempt it. This was amiable on his part; but, inas-

much as our cuisine, consisting of one open saucepan and a kettle, were rather scanty utensils with which to begin his cooking experiments, especially in the middle of a desert, with perhaps scanty fuel and bad water, the taking of this gentleman seemed to me a great risk. He said that he had been engaged for three years, winters excepted, as one of five interpreters who accompanied ten Russian engineers engaged in surveying the old bed of the Oxus, with a view to ascertain whether water communication could be again established between the Caspian and the Oxus, or Amu Daria. He had evidently profited by his intercourse with the Russians, and I should imagine had proved a faithful servant; for, at the end of his three years' service, the principal officer had given him as a parting reward the silver watch and chain he now displayed. He appeared to be highly intelligent, and I quite took to him as a man to be depended on; but the cooking difficulty was too serious to be treated lightly, not merely on gastronomic, but on hygienic considerations; for, though I had a physician with me, I had no wish that he or I should be called upon to practice medicine in the desert. We thought it better, therefore, to forego this grand interpreter, and be content with Rosi Mahmet, who suddenly increased in value in his own estimation, and asked twenty per cent. more than before, whereupon I clenched matters by writing "his mark" in my note-book, and bidding him place "his mark" thereto, that he agreed to accompany us as a servant and interpreter to Krasnovodsk for 3*r.*

We then gave Jumagalatai Mataief a consideration for the time he had lost in coming to us, and he was content to accept that and our thanks, asking, however, if I would recommend him if I knew of any one seeking an interpreter, which I would certainly do. What I saw and heard from him reminded me of what Mr. Von Gherin had said of the Kirghese at Vierni, respecting the desirability of doing more for their mental elevation. Kirghese morals are said to be very bad, conjugal fidelity and virgin purity being alike unknown. Moreover, they appear to have at present no books in their own dialect. The Kirghese New Testament I distributed is largely mixed with Tatar, and it seems very desirable that a few simple primers and tracts should be written and translated for them, which, I was told, could probably be done if some one would bear the expense of printing. Anything written expressly for them would have to be extremely simple, for of course the ideas of the natives are very limited, as some of their questions often showed, when, that is, I could get their inquisitiveness sufficiently aroused to ask any. They inquired how far from Petersburg is London, and whether the latter is surrounded by water, steppe, or gardens, which I answered, but telling them that the metropolis had four million inhabitants seemed to convey nothing to their minds. They knew not what a million meant. Mr. Stanley's method was far better when an African chief asked how many soldiers Queen Victoria had, and he replied, "You see the leaves on those trees yonder? Well, she has as many soldiers as yonder trees have leaves." The Batchman asked also about the comet that was just then visible, and upon my explaining the matter to the best of

likewise two sacks of barley and chopped clover for the horses, and a third sack for a dozen melons and water-melons, some of which must have weighed twenty pounds each, though the sackful cost only two shillings.

Next came sundry articles not usually included in the valise of a cockney tourist, namely, a round open saucepan about eight inches in diameter, and a wooden soup ladle as big as a saucer, two nose-bags for the horses, and two japanned wooden bowls for soups. In Khiva the price of meat had been given to us as 3*d.* per pound, beef rather less, and mutton rather more; so of one or the other we took about twenty pounds. Chicken, again, I thought would be useful for "side dishes," so we had eight of these at 4*d.* each. Then came the difficult question of eggs. They used to sell them in Khiva at seven for a halfpenny, but having advanced to six for a penny we took an "economical" view of matters, and purchased a limited number only. By way of providing for a fourth course we secured ten pheasants, the price of which I had better perhaps confess I should be deemed extravagant—was fivepence each. At least I shall be deemed extravagant—was fivepence each.



FORTRESS AND BARRACKS AT KRASNOVODSK

finished our *pièces de résistance*, but I have yet to add a bag of rice, onions, and carrots, a keg of cream, about fifty cakes of native bread taken fresh from the oven; and for dessert, apples and grapes, whilst the Batchman gave us for his parting present a nicely-packed little box of large pears. These, with some native salt for cooking, finished our list of eatables purchased in Kunia Urgenj, to which must be added candles, wooden spoons, and a tea-pot. I had never quite realised before what it is to have "do for oneself" so entirely as this, and how many things need be thought of if one has not a house to go to.

I was glad to procure in Kunia Urgenj an addition to my curiosities for the British Museum, in the shape of an iron pendant for a horse's collar, formed of a flat plate, with loop and staple for attachment. It corresponds to a horse-bell, and being resonant, clangs against the wooden collar with a ringing sound. More interesting were some coins found in ruins near Urgenj, one of which was said to be "a thousand years old," but which I have not yet verified. I purchased, too, at Kunia some common native lamps of Central Asia, which appeared to be of one form only.

The purchase of these provisions took us from time to time to the bazaar, and gave us a peep at the poor and insignificant modern town of Kunia Urgenj. It was rather disappointing to us, for we had been told that we could get all that was necessary for our journey at this border town of the desert, and we had deferred some of our purchases in order not to have more to carry there than could be avoided.

On the first night after leaving Kunia Urgenj we slept in a Turkoman tent, but the next day proceeded on horseback to the very verge of Turkoman habitation, where, after resting for four or five hours at a collection of tents, we were to start in the evening to go on until the next day at sunset. It seemed better, therefore, to "turn in" for the night, and I directed the cradles to be prepared accordingly. About seven o'clock all was in readiness, and Mr. Sevier and I got into our queer sleeping-places. Let the reader imagine two narrow wooden crates, such as earthenware is packed in, each sufficiently large for a man to lie in when twisted to the shape of the letter S, and let him further imagine them suspended on either side of the huge hump of a kneeling camel. I choose my berth on the latboard, this ship of the desert, first putting into the cradle a lining of felt, and then placing two pillows for my head. So far all is well, and the temperature not unreasonably severe, but inasmuch as my lodging, though not on the cold ground, is to be beneath the frosty sky, it seems desirable to beware of getting chilled, and consequently to multiply my sleeping garments. First I put on over my ordinary suit my jackal-lined khalat, enveloping me from head to foot; over that my ulster, and on my head my white sheepskin hat. My gorgeously embroidered boots from Kashgar were more comfortable than those I bought in Russia, and after getting into the cradle I covered my feet with a sheepskin. And now comes the tug of war. Nazar asks, "Are we ready?" bids us "Hold on!" and says to the camel, "Chu!" whereupon the animal gets up leisurely, first on his hind legs, and in so doing exalts our feet to an angle of 50 deg. or 60 deg., thereby threatening to pitch us out. We hold on, however, for dear life, and then comes a lurch from behind, lifting our heads once more to the horizontal. The fear of danger now is passed, but it is not so easy at first to get accustomed to the strange motion caused by the long strides of the camel. When the creature was urged to go quickly the nearest simile for the cradle I can think of is that of a bottle of physic in the process of being "well shaken before taken." But when the camel walks leisurely

then one seems as if in a boat idly tossed by the billows, and sleep became possible, as in a Russian tarantass, when one is dead tired, cramped, and "used to it." Travelling thus on a camel's back by night, and on horseback by day, with a rest daily of four or five hours after sunset, we made our way across the Aralo-Caspian desert, and having left Kunia Urgenj on the 8th of November we arrived at Krasnovodsk on the 22nd. Here we returned to Russian civilisation, and were kindly received by Colonel Charitonoff, the principal officer in command. Here, too, we found barracks and a fort, with about 500 troops, a population of 200 Russians, exclusive of the military, and some 400 Persians and Armenians. Just outside Krasnovodsk was a collection of Turkoman tents, which we visited, for the description of which I may be allowed to refer the reader to a full account of my journey of 12,000 miles, to be published ere long in two volumes, with lists of fauna and flora, under the title of "Russian Central Asia; including Kuldja, Bokhara, Khiva, and Merv."

HENRY LANDELL, D.D.



DR. LANDSELL IN TURKOMAN HAT, WITH TURQUOISE BRIDLE, SADDLE-CLOTH, AND ROBE OF HONOUR PRESENTED BY THE EMIR OF BOKHARA

THE GERMANS IN AFRICA

EVER since Stanley traced the Congo to its mouth in 1877, and drew fresh attention to the commercial value of Western Africa, European nations have steadily endeavoured to gain control over the most important trading districts. For many years Great Britain, France, and Portugal have held the chief command of the Western seaboard from Senegal to Cape Colony. A few Dutch and Spanish possessions intervened, while German firms were scattered along the coast, without, however, any official standing. But Stanley and Cameron's discoveries in the water-sheds of the great Central African rivers gave a fresh impetus to Colonial expansion, and speedily aroused international rivalry. Naturally enough, the Congo region, so recently opened up, was the first field for enterprise, and here British and Portuguese interests shortly clashed. These difficulties, however, were smoothed over for a time. Belgium next appeared in the field, King Leopold being keenly alive to the importance of the subject, and the International Association set to work under Stanley's guidance to establish stations along the banks of the Upper Congo. The Association's efforts were



DR. NACHTIGAL, GERMAN HIGH COMMISSIONER TO THE WEST AFRICAN COAST

alive to the importance of the subject, and the International Association set to work under Stanley's guidance to establish stations along the banks of the Upper Congo. The Association's efforts were

jealously watched by the French, who have long struggled to secure the supremacy of the interior of this district, and within the last year or two M. de Brazza has striven hard to get the better of his rival. In this scramble for African territory Germany was unwilling to be left out in the cold. As the Empire had no particular European business on hand, Prince Bismarck thought this a favourable opportunity to direct his countrymen's superfluous energies into fresh channels, and vigorously encouraged colonisation schemes. Then came the claims of Angra Pequena to be made an Imperial colony. Herr Lüderitz, a Bremen tobacco merchant, had established a flourishing settlement on the lagoon of Angra Pequena, one of the few favourable points on the barren sandy shore-belt stretching from the Portuguese limit at Cape Frio to the Orange River bounding Cape Colony. The surrounding country contains rich copper mines, so the German merchant acquired a considerable tract from the Hottentot chiefs, and gradually extended his claims on either side of Angra Pequena to the Portuguese and British boundaries. As England owns most of the islands, and the important harbour of Wallisch Bay in the very centre of this seaboard, the British Colonial authorities disputed Herr Lüderitz's powers, and appealed to the Home Government, who spent the past spring and summer thinking about the matter. Meanwhile Germany preferred deeds to words, and, whilst the different nations were disputing over their claims, stepped in, like the fox in the fable, and secured the prize. The German corvette, *Sophie*, had reconnoitred the ground early in the year, and in July last the Teutonic Commissioner, Dr. Nachtigal, appeared in the gunboat *Möve*, and hoisted the first Imperial flag at Bageida on the Slave Coast, and the neighbouring German settlements, Bey Beach, Little Popo, &c. Here just 200 years ago the Germans founded their first African settlement at Gross Friedrichsburg, an island opposite Little Popo. The next annexation was even more important, for Dr. Nachtigal took possession of the rich Cameroons region in the midst of the Guinea district, where the "oil rivers" flow down to the sea. The Cameroons River and its towns, Bimbia to the north, and Malimba and Batanga on the Banaka coast some distance south, were formally declared under the German protectorate, and treaties signed with the neighbouring native chiefs. All prospect of northern extension, however, was speedily nipped in the bud by Mr. Hewett, the British Consul on the Benin Coast, who set to work in the Niger Delta, and placed this productive tract under the care of Great Britain. No further

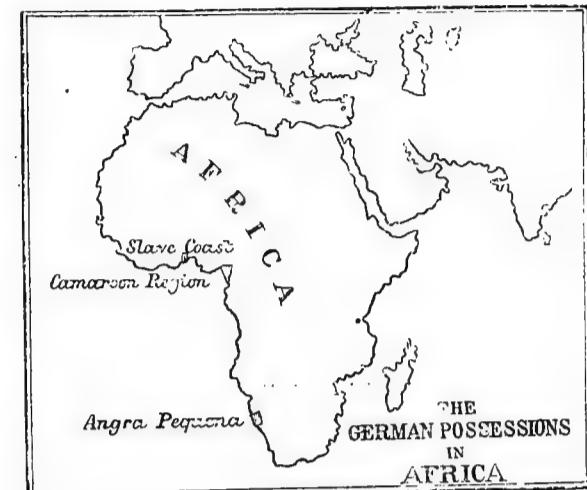
ownerless coast being left in the neighbourhood, the Germans turned again to their original bone of contention, Angra Pequena, which finally became official Imperial property in August. Thus it may be roughly estimated that at present the Germans hold some 750 miles of the Western African coast, Portugal 600 miles, while Great Britain pos-

sesses the lion's share, 1,300 miles, if we include the Niger Delta. Only 850 miles still remain in native hands. And now European interests in West Africa are being discussed by the Powers at a special Conference at Berlin. This Conference, though ostensibly devoted to the Congo, will also deal with the Niger district. Meanwhile Germany tries hard to get the lead. Imperial vessels are being sent to the new acquisitions, and a colonial expedition is to follow, for Prince Bismarck has no idea of letting the grass grow under his feet. Moreover the Germans have shown their usual clear-sightedness in selecting their possessions, particularly in choosing so favourable a spot as the Cameroons, which form the subject of the accompanying sketches.

THE CAMAROON REGION

LIES at the head of the Gulf of Guinea, just where the waters cut deepest into the West African coast, and form the Bight of Biafra—some 4° from the Equator. The district is about a third larger than Madeira, and consists of a parallelogram, containing the lofty Cameroons Mountains and the estuary of the Cameroons River, with its tributaries. Along the flat melancholy western sea-line these Cameroons are the only mountain range between the Atlas chain in the north and Cape Colony in the south, and their lofty peaks and beautiful scenery form one of the most lovely coast-pictures in the world. Some enthusiastic travellers declare that the Cameroons must be the mountains Hanno the Carthaginian saw when sailing through African waters about B.C. 600, and called the "Chariot of the Gods"—Theon Ochoma. No other part of the West Coast meets his description of "land full of flames at night, and in the midst a lofty fire touching the stars," for the pile is of distinct volcanic formation, and the higher district contains numerous craters and recent lava-beds. Indeed, volcanic activity continued quite lately, according to native report, flames being occasionally seen at night. Thus the mass of the Cameroons forms a link in the long range of basaltic hills which begins northwards at the Rumbi Mountains, and extends to Fernando Po and the other islands of the Gulf. At a distance the mountains seem to rise sheer from the sea, but a nearer view shows a succession of hills, with deep valleys intervening. "The peak," says Captain Burton, who was here in 1861, "casts its shadow half-way across the narrow intervening channel between the mainland and Fernando Po, its shoulders clothed in flowing garments of evergreen vegetation. The scene changes rapidly. Sometimes the mountains are lost in thick gloom, again they appear as spectres in the mist, or stand out sharp in steely blue." The principal summits are the twin peaks, "Victoria" and "Albert,"

in numerous small streams and creeks. Bimbia and the Rio del Rey, or Rumbi River, lie on the western side; and below the mountains, on the channel between the continent and Fernando Po, is the Bay of Ambas, asserted to be the finest harbour for many miles along the coast. Here there is very little of the dreaded African surf, while the water is deep enough to admit the largest vessels. One of the chief features of the Cameroons region is its healthy climate, an unusual advantage on these fever-haunted borders. Ascending from the shore, the colonist finds a complete variety of



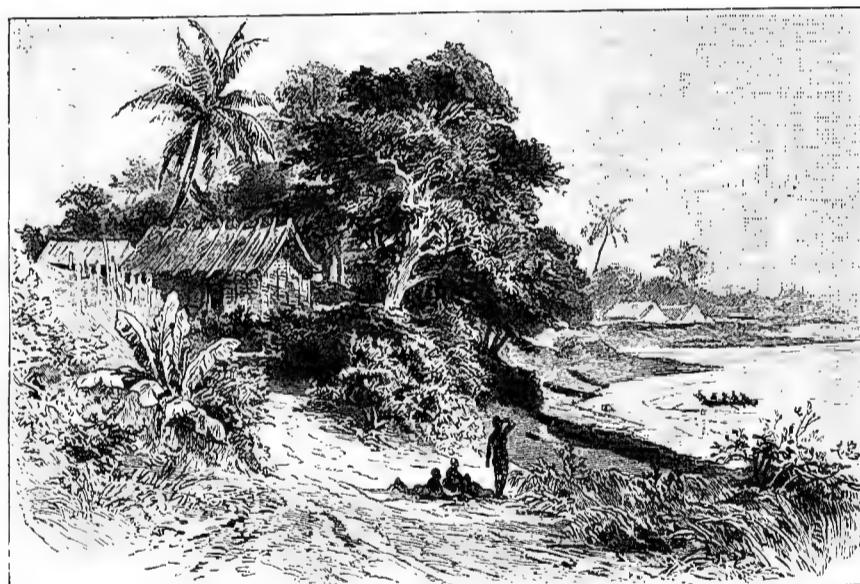
temperature, passing from the torrid damp coast-belt through the temperate to the frigid zone high upon the mountains, where snow and ice may be seen.

THE FIRST DISCOVERERS OF THE CAMAROONS

WERE the Portuguese. In the reign of Alphonso V., about the end of the fifteenth century, Fernando da Pa first saw the Cameroons, when he landed on the island now bearing his name—Fernando Po. The Portuguese called the surrounding country "Alta Terra de Ambozes"—the Highlands of the Ambozes—after a neighbouring tribe, whose memory still survives in Ambas Bay, and christened the mountains and river "Camarao"—a shrimp—from the numbers of tiny shell-fish found in the estuary. During the next century a brisk trade sprang up along the river, principally in slaves, and an old Dutch book of 1670 reminds travellers that the Cameroons region is a healthy place to recruit their strength, and that provisions are plentiful, although the natives are the worst blacks in the neighbourhood. But afterwards the Cameroons gradually fell out of sight until, in 1826, the British Captain Owen surveyed the chief part of this coast.

From this time English vessels frequently visited the district, and ultimately induced the natives to abandon human sacrifices and suppress the slave traffic. In return for these concessions the British paid the

King of Bimbia an indemnity, and helped their native allies in various petty wars. Then the Baptist missionaries came and settled in Fernando Po until the Spanish suddenly revived their old claim to the island, and checked missionary effort by forbidding Divine Service to be celebrated by any but Roman Catholics. The missionaries had already extended their work to the mainland, and on this act of intolerance left Fernando Po, and formed a station, Victoria, on the Bay of Ambas, in 1858. Their leader, Mr. Saker, built the first iron-frame house in the district on land bought from the King of Bimbia, and civilisation gradually spread among the natives. Instead of the old insanitary huts, solid houses were built with doors and windows. Younger members who set up housekeeping adopted European ways, and on Sundays the natives would appear in clothes—of somewhat comical description, however. Victoria soon grew into a little town, and numerous neat villages were formed along the banks of the Cameroons River, named after the various petty kings, and still existing at the present day. John King's Town belonged to the brother of King William of Bimbia, who had ceded his rights to the Bimblian Throne. Aqua and King Bell's Town were owned by two brothers, and were kept distinct by a small ravine. Both these native potentates were fine old men, but somewhat insolent, and addicted to rum, while their appearance was a curious mixture of native attire and theatrical finery. When King Aqua visited the British vessel



VEGETATION AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAMAROON RIVER

about 13,120 feet high. Originally the natives called them Mongo-má-lóbá, the Mount of the Sky, but Captain Burton gave the present name when he first reached the summit, in 1861. Near the shore is the lower peak of the "Little Cameroons," an extinct crater, which has also been styled "Mount Treshall," and the



WILLIAM WILSON, A DANDY FROM HICKORY TOWN



A CAMAROON BEAUTY

OLD FETISH MAN FROM AQUA TOWN

ownerless coast being left in the neighbourhood, the Germans turned again to their original bone of contention, Angra Pequena, which finally became official Imperial property in August. Thus it may be roughly estimated that at present the Germans hold some 750 miles of the Western African coast, Portugal 600 miles, while Great Britain pos-

"Mount of Separation," and other important summits of the range are "Mount Helen" and "Mount Isabel," christened after their respective wives. Mount Helen is a fine wooded cliff, with a sugar-loaf cone, separated by a grassy and rocky slope from Mount Isabel on the north-west, the latter peak rising to an altitude of over 9,200 feet, and commanding a splendid view. At the eastern foot of the range runs the Cameroons River, stretching out into the land

Wilberforce in Ambas Bay he wore a scarlet great-coat and a tinsel crown, with a broken globe and cross tied on with rope yarn. His village, however, was very disorderly. Bimbia was equally troublesome, and when, in 1873, civil war broke out in the neighbourhood, the missionaries were obliged to quit the native quarters and settle definitively in Victoria, and in a new settlement on a spur of the mountain range—Bonjongo. German merchants soon joined the missionaries, and a flourishing trade in palm-oil and other native products has now restored the commercial prosperity, which had died out with the slave trade.

At present the chief business activity centres on the banks of

THE CAMAROON RIVER,

One of the chief West African "oil rivers," so termed because the large supplies of palm-oil are brought down these water-ways by the natives for shipment to Europe. This broad stream is known to the natives as "Madiba di Diwala," and changes its name frequently as it flows inland. A recent traveller, Dr. Buchholz, tells us that on entering the mouth "The river is so broad that you seem still in the sea, and the view of the massive peaks of Fernando Po and the Camaroon Mountains is magnificent. Through the glass the distant shores appear one unbroken line of mangrove swamps." These disappear where the tide ceases, and the shores are clad with low palms, prickly bush, reeds, and thick strongly-scented creepers which hang over the boats ascending the stream. On one side the banks rise high in wooded cliffs, and the bordering jungle has a dark background of majestic forests. The thick bush seems impenetrable, but the sound of voices shows that some landing-place must be hidden among the dense vegetation. The water is muddy and sluggish, and only runs briskly between the little islets in the stream and at the edge of the bank. Huge trees lie across the river, felled by age or washed out of the earth by the constant lapping of the water, and their branches still spread green over the surface. They do not, however, impede navigation like the sand-banks and snags which the steersman can hardly distinguish beneath the brown turbid water. Countless creeks stretch into the country from the main stream, growing at length so narrow that no boat can pass. These mostly drain the high mountain range. Two important tributaries fall into the Camaroon on the right side, and a little less than twenty miles from the sea the main undivided trunk of the river begins. According

to native information, navigation is easy for ninety miles inland during the floods, but in the dry season the river becomes very shallow. The natives, however, greatly dislike the river being ascended far into the interior, and put every impediment in the way of exploration. All this low-lying region is intensely feverish and unhealthy to Europeans.

Except those on the distant rising ground,

THE CAMAROON RIVER VILLAGES

Can rarely be seen from the water, as they are thickly surrounded by bananas, cocoa, palm, and plantain groves. Curls of blue smoke, however, rise here and there behind the bush, and on turning into a small creek the stream is dotted with little canoes, filled with busy, dusky fishermen, and the shore is strewn with fishing material. King Bell's Town, one of the best native villages, lies about twelve miles up the river, and gives a good idea of the usual style of Camaroon architecture. With its spacious tree-lined streets and evenly-ranged huts, Bell's Town has rather a pleasing appearance. The huts are

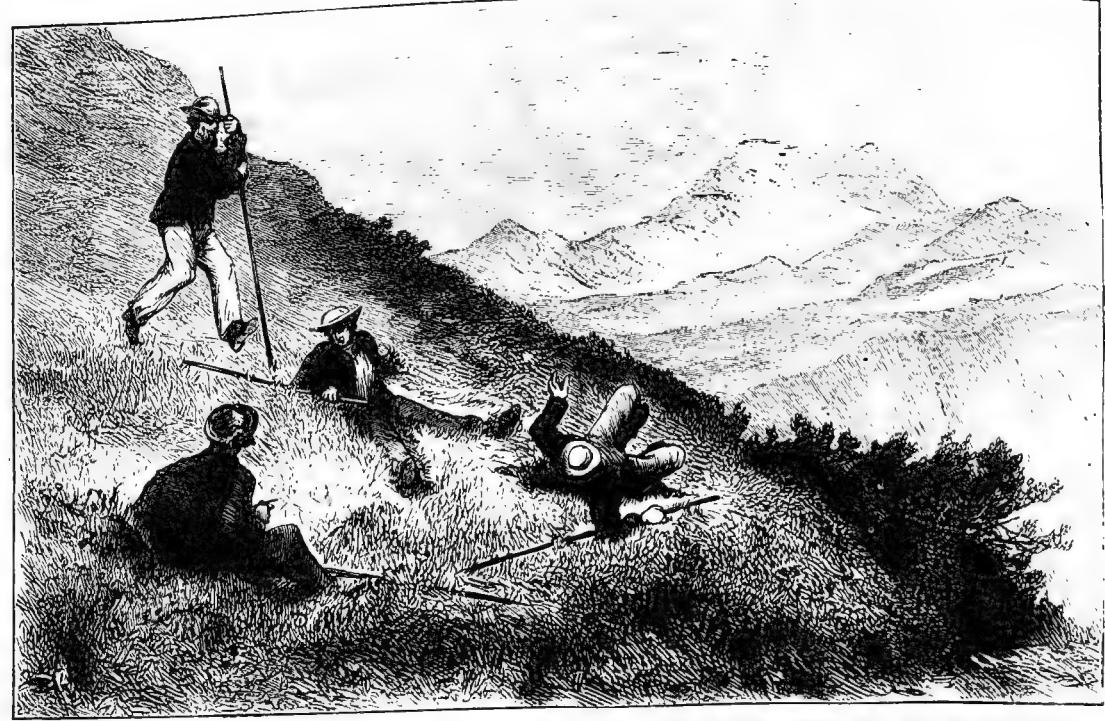
A NATIVE OF KING BELL'S TOWN—DWALLO NEGRO

the stream is dotted with little canoes, filled with busy, dusky fishermen, and the shore is strewn with fishing material. King Bell's Town, one of the best native villages, lies about twelve miles up the river, and gives a good idea of the usual style of Camaroon architecture. With its spacious tree-lined streets and evenly-ranged huts, Bell's Town has rather a pleasing appearance. The huts are

very neatly built with light wattled walls of palm-leaf stems, while the same useful material provides the bee-hive roof. And these fragile roofs can well withstand the tropical rain-storms, for the leaves are so closely intertwined as to overlap like tiles. The King's house exactly resembles his subjects' homes, but is rather larger. Many huts show signs of considerable European luxury, as their owners are well off, and by trafficking with the German merchants obtain numerous comforts.

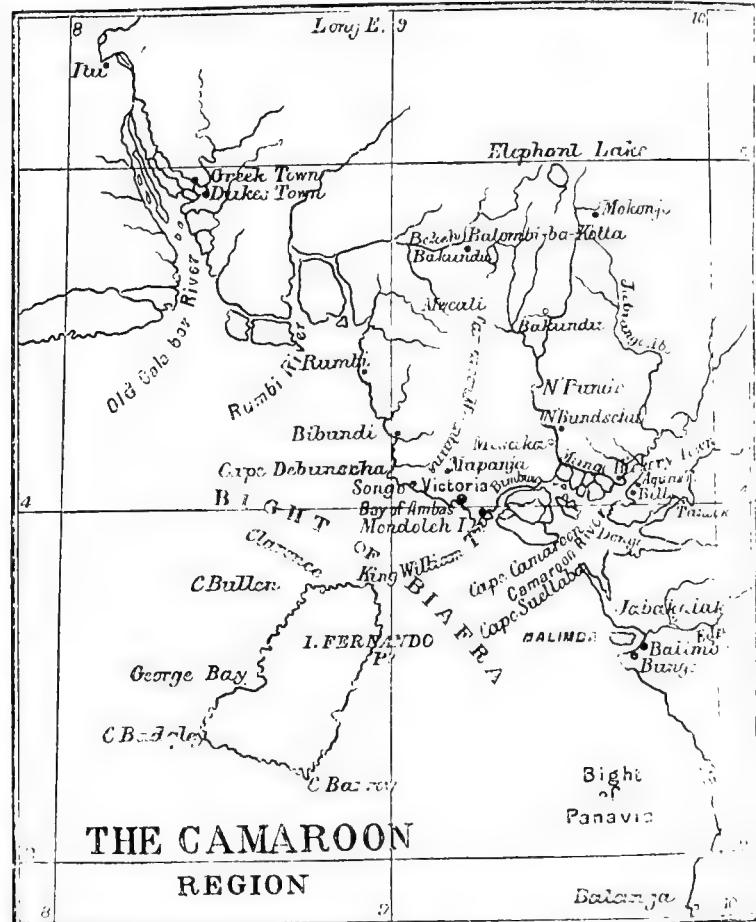
VILLAGE LIFE

Is mostly all work for the women and play for the men. Here the natives are insufferably lazy, and totally differ from the industrious population on the Gold Coast. They will scarcely take the trouble to cultivate the most common and necessary products, although they need merely clear the ground and plant their bananas, potatoes, &c. Nature will do all the rest. So the women have to care for the cattle, to obtain the provisions, and to do the household work while the men smoke, sleep, chatter, and drink palm wine—failing rum—which they boil to make it stronger. They only rouse up to feast or to indulge in warlike demonstrations, accompanied by much drumming and discordant songs. When Dr. Buchholz was in Bell's Town he was much amused by the elaborate military processions. Every day the fighting men stalked through the village in single file, spread out as much as possible, to make a grand show and impress both the whites and their enemies. To European eyes the spectacle was more comic than imposing. One man wore nothing but a Prussian "pickelhaube," another sported part of a uniform with considerable pride, and a third was begirt with a very old-fashioned sabre. The head chiefs displayed all their available riches. Thus a noble warrior was generally equipped in a queer goat's-hair cap, like a "sou'-wester," and carried a whole armoury, consisting of a huge knife in an artistically-carved sheath, a small powder-flask, a bag, containing a few bullets, flints, and odd bits of roughly hacked iron, and a long blunderbuss. The style of warfare was equally peculiar. The doughty soldiers never engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict—such near quarters would not suit a Camaroon hero. They kept at a respectful distance from the foe, and sheltered behind trees and houses. If one fired, he did not take aim, but averted his head, and then dropped flat, or crept away. Plenty of courage and military ardour were



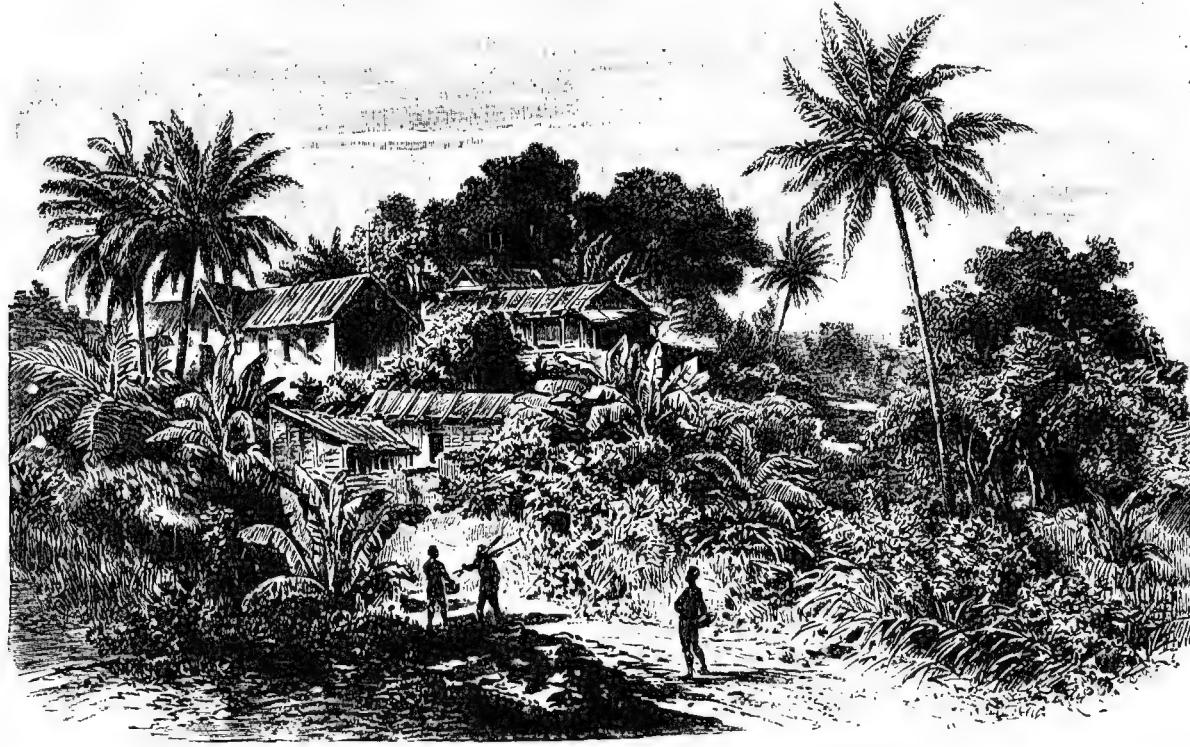
DESCENT FROM MOUNT HELEN TO MOUNT ISABEL. HIGHEST PEAKS OF THE CAMAROON IN THE DISTANCE

shown, however, when the enemy were defenceless. On some unhappy fishermen belonging to a hostile tribe fell the



THE CAMAROON

REGION



VIEW OF FACTORY AND VEGETATION ON THE CAMAROON RIVER

King Bell's hands, and were promptly despatched by the headmen who conveniently accompanies each chief. King Bell raved like a maniac throughout the execution, and himself carried the heads as trophies through the village, escorted by hideous dances and noises. The women greeted the conquerors with equal frenzy, and dances and curious ceremonies went on all the evening round fires.

The inhabitants of these river villages are Dwallo negroes, while amongst the other

CAMAROON TRIBES

The Bimbians occupy the western side of the district, and the Bakwiri inhabit the lower mountain spurs. Curiously enough there is a regular aristocracy among the Dwallows—like the British nobility—represented by the free negro, who is the chief of the slaves, or bondsmen. A freed bondman can never rise to the aristocratic negro. Caste prejudice, indeed, even goes so far that the descendant of a free negro forfeits his position if the slightest slave blood from his mother's side runs in his veins. A chief's greatest riches consist of women, of whom he often possesses a perfect herd, and bestows them as price for labour. For the ordinary negro is rarely rich enough to buy a wife, but must serve for his Rachel. As in most barbarous tribes, the women hold a miserable position. They are mere merchandise, and become perfect beasts of burden among the poorer natives. Female beauty is rare, the young women are mostly fat, and the elders lean and haggard, while the young girls have the grotesque prettiness of the baby gorilla. They do not spend much upon their toilette, being generally shrouded in a thin cotton cloth, but some of the coquettes wear strings of beads or the light red wings of the fruit of the scrubby Sierra Leone oak in their hair and ears. They pay most attention to the coiffure, dressing each other's hair with little pointed sticks, and occasionally putting a feather in the front. The men are muscular and well grown, with soft, yellow-brown skins, and the ordinary broad, flat negro features, but an agreeable expression. After coming much into contact with Europeans, they adopt black and blue tall hats, and all kinds of gay uniform coats. The Bimbians are far less agreeable in appearance. They are shorter than the Dwallows, and have a bad expression of countenance, large hands and feet, protruding jaws, and bright cunning eyes. Filing down their teeth does not increase their beauty, any more than the feminine fancy for staining the face with some dark green pigment. This latter custom, however, may be connected with the Bakwiri women's

practice of dyeing the skin dark blue as a sign of mourning. The mountain belles also tattoo their faces and pull out their eyelashes. These Bakwiri, or Bushmen, are a harmless, well-behaved race, according to Dr. Buchholz, and differ considerably from the coast tribes. They avoid the lower country for fear of kidnappers, and

relations pour in from other villages to share the funeral baked meats, and having eaten as much as they possibly can, carry off a further share for home consumption. Dances, drum-beating, and music of all kinds go on throughout the day of the funeral.

The whole of this upper region contains most splendid forest scenery, and is enthusiastically praised by Captain Burton when describing it.

FIRST ASCENT OF THE CAMAROOON MOUNTAIN

IN 1861. Fourteen years earlier a Baptist missionary, Mr. Merrick, attempted to scale the highest peaks, but water failed, cold, hunger, and thirst overpowered his escort, and he was forced to return. In 1860 a young German botanist in the Missionary Settlement at Victoria, Mr. Mann, ascended a short distance, and in the following year Captain Burton, Mr. Mann, and the veteran missionary, Mr. Saker, successfully conquered the mountain. Starting from Ambas Bay they passed beyond the Bakwiri villages through magnificent groves of

palms, acacias, sulphur trees, figs, African oaks, and cardamums. The cocoa-palm was left at a distance of 700 feet above the sea level, and on reaching an altitude of 4,000 feet the trees gave place to splendid ferns and grasses. A rich loamy soil throughout promised a plentiful crop if the natives would only exert themselves to plant. Rising beyond the ferns and the grasses the travellers came upon an old lava field, and found the extinct crater a little further on. Some distance off a good spring was discovered—a welcome sight, as they were greatly in want of water—and here the party camped for some time to thoroughly explore the neighbouring spurs of the chain. Having ascended Mounts Helen and Isabel, Captain Burton and his companions proved that the main peak of the range stands solitary, separating into twin craters as it nears the summit. Captain Burton ascended the Victoria peak first alone, scrambling sometimes on hands and knees through the loose cinders clothing the cone. At the top he found a double crater, separated by a cyclopean rocky wall, and open on the south side, where a mighty lava stream had once burst forth. As far as he could judge the black bowl of the crater extended down some 250 feet, while the sides were streaked red and yellow by the action of fire. Albert Crater was climbed by Mr. Mann, and the whole party subsequently formally ascended, and took possession of the Victoria Peak. Unfortunately in all their ascents the strong wind prevented any important meteorological observations. Mr. Mann ascertained that the temperature on Albert crater ranged from 55° to 27°.

Situated in lat. 4 N., the twin peaks are 3,000 feet below the line of perpetual snow, and 2,700 feet lower than Mont Blanc, though they reach nearly 3,000 feet above the highest European volcano, Etna. Small craters are scattered everywhere throughout the range; scoria, loose cinders, and rocks cover the ground; while half way up Al-

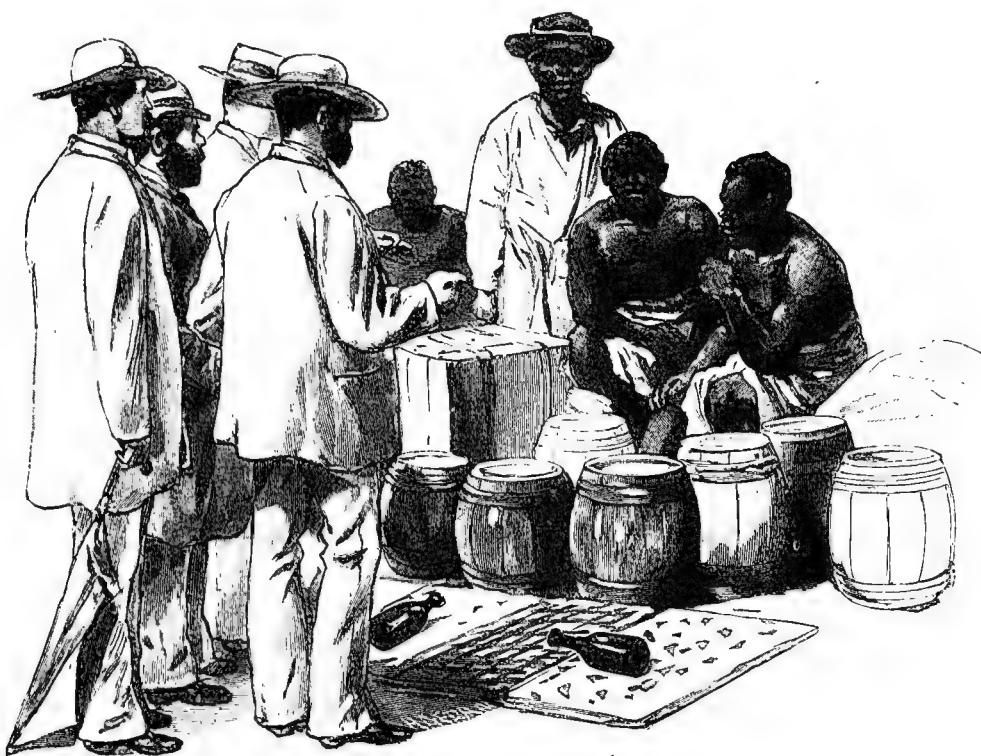
bert Crater the explorers found a "solfatara" of considerable extent, proving plainly that the fires of the old volcano were not totally extinct.

THE RESOURCES OF THE NEW COLONY

For geographical research the Camaroons offer an almost untrdden field. Scarcely any exploration has been attempted to any extent inland, although a short distance up the river a *terra incognita* fairly begins. Trending north and south-east, the explorer would reach respectively the watershed of the Benue River—the chief feeder of the great Niger stream—and the tributaries of the Congo. The sportsman will find a rich bag in the woods. Whilst the elephant yearly becomes more scarce in other parts of Africa, here the creature thrives and increases. Even so recently as last autumn a Polish traveller wrote "it is astounding to see the mass of elephant herds. They make the forest so unsafe that the natives can only venture to pass through the more remote portions in troops for mutual protection." Leopards, antelopes, wild cats, and gorillas abound, while

more dangerous inhabitants of the forest are the poisonous snakes, which are unusually plentiful. Some of these reptiles are eaten by the natives. The upper Camaroon tribes are clever hunters, but prefer to organise a promiscuous *battle* rather than expend trouble and patience on stalking game. So they surround a favourable spot with large nets, and gradually diminish the circle until they have imprisoned a perfect menagerie, which they take down into the coast towns for sale. When only one animal is caught, the king claims the breast and the hunter the head, the rest being divided into equal rations for the villagers.

But the attractions of the district have been considered from a more utilitarian point of view than that of the geographer or the



BARGAINING IN WEST AFRICA

form small settlements on the southern slopes of the Camaroon Mountains, where the dense bush conceals their homes from unwelcome visitors. A high palisade surrounds each cluster of

houses, sulphur trees, figs, African oaks, and cardamums. The cocoa-palm was left at a distance of 700 feet above the sea level, and on reaching an altitude of 4,000 feet the trees gave place to splendid ferns and grasses. A rich loamy soil throughout promised a plentiful crop if the natives would only exert themselves to plant.

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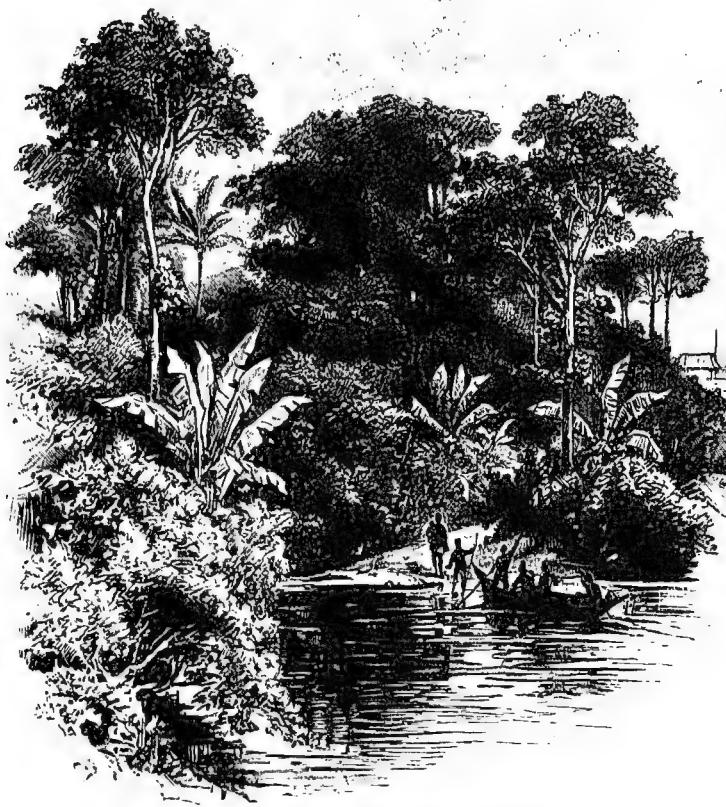
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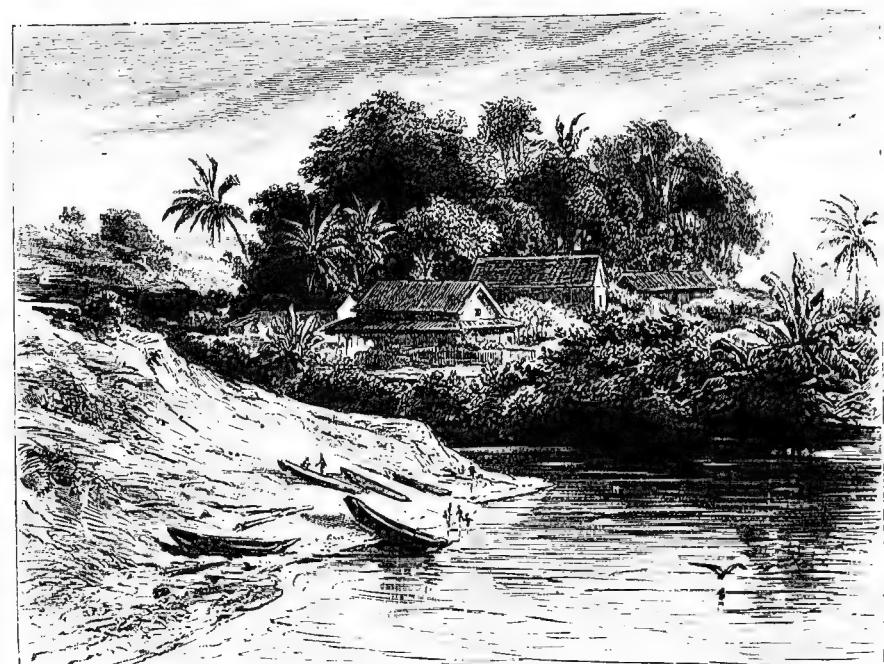
A BROTHER OF KING BELL ON BOARD AN OIL-SHIP

sportsman. One scheme is to form a penal colony, for Germany, unlike her neighbours, has hitherto possessed not a single spot beyond seas where she could ship off her criminals. Here, however, convicts could be made useful, and moreover would have little temptation to get away, as if the penal settlement were established in the upper regions few prisoners would care to court certain death by escaping to the malarial coast-zone. Again, for hundreds of



COAST SCENERY ON THE CAMAROON

huts, and the inhabitants clamber in and out by means of a rude African style—two rough wooden posts notched with steps. The live stock—goats, sheep, pigs, and fowls—wander in and out of the huts, which are very miserable, and show none of the refinement visible on the coast. The walls are either rough sheets of bark or loosely woven mats, which leave large open chinks, and the only light comes from the door. Furniture is scarce, and the short wooden plank which serves as a bed does not promise a luxurious night's rest. The huts, says Captain Burton, generally form a single street, and in the centre stand a few large grindstones and a small basaltic block, propped up by other stones, and hollowed out like a shallow mortar. Here the men "make Fetish" to ward off evil spirits and keep the peace. They pour water from a bowl over a small broom placed on this primitive altar, and offer similar libations on all the roads leading out of the villages. Beyond such semi-religious ceremonies the Bakwiris are no more active than their coast brethren. Again the women are the working-bees, and the only share the men take in providing supplies is to draw the palms-wine. Every morning at daybreak they ascend the palms by means of an oval hoop of tough creepers, and bring down enough of their favourite drink for the day, leaving a gourd wedged into the tree to be filled by next morning. The whole tribe are great *gourmands*, and make feasting their chief recreation. Funeral ceremonies in particular are accompanied by monster banquets, and affectionate relatives will often sacrifice their whole lives to honour the illustrious dead—who live stock and ruin themselves to honour the illustrious dead—who lie buried in his hut, like the ancient Viking in his ship. Distant



LANDSCAPE AND FACTORY ON THE CAMAROON RIVER

miles this is the only healthy oasis in the midst of a coast-climate peculiarly fatal to Europeans, and the idea of establishing a sanatorium in the mountains has been mooted time after time without further result. The Germans greatly insist upon this feature of their new acquisition, pointing out that the Camaroons are within a short distance of the most populous foreign settlements, and that no long journey into the interior is required to reach the healthy district, as it lies close to the coast. On the river belt the

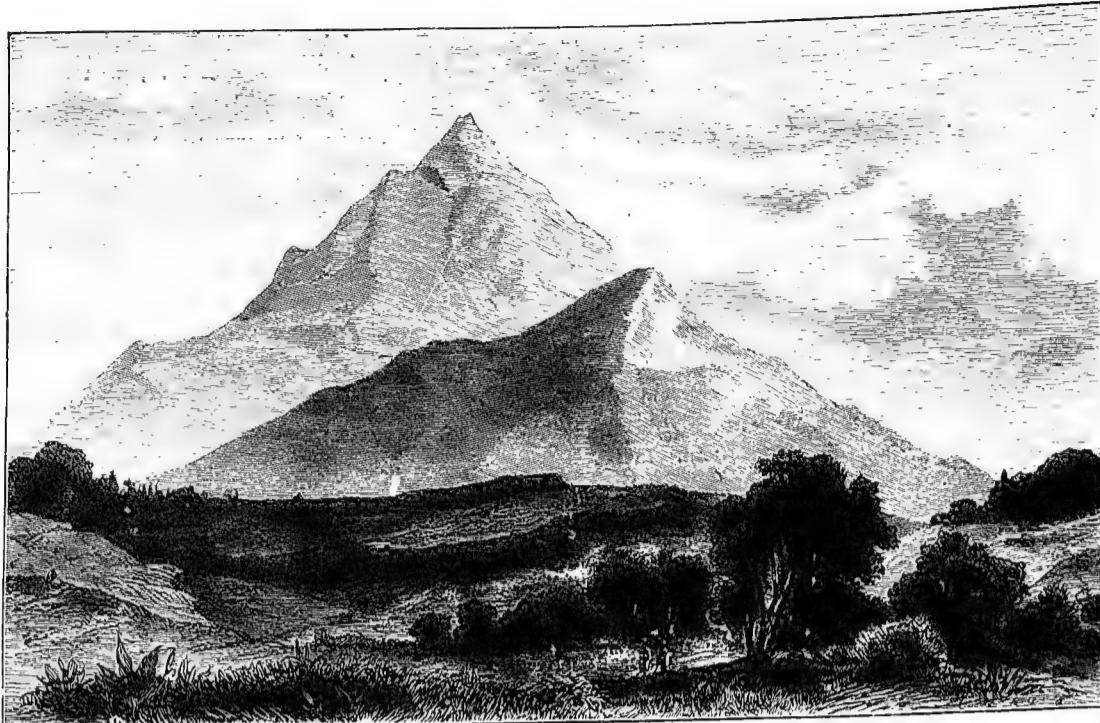
temperature averages 78°, but a cool, refreshing climate is within a short climb, and thus the European may superintend his business down at the factories during the day, and recruit his strength in

kind, and the bargaining would go smoother if there were fewer recriminations. The natives bring manioc roots, bananas, sweet potatoes, capsicums, ground nuts, and tomatoes, and in another

Now the centre of activity changes to the river bank, where the shore is lined with various craft, little and big ships, native canoes, and worn-out old vessels which have been converted into floating storerooms. The negroes are busy loading and unloading. They come and go from the ships to the wharf, carrying heavy burdens on their heads or backs, chattering, complaining, and singing. Their only garment is a small loin cloth, or a coloured piece of woolen twisted round the waist. Strolling through the warehouses we see the big strong casks of the ordinary palm-oil, and the kernels of oil palm fruit, which, like the ground nuts, yield a more valuable and refined oil. Close by are evil-smelling balls of caoutchouc as large as a man's fist, and then rows of elephants' tusks. Another part of the storehouse is devoted to European products which serve as coin for the native wares. Some of these imports would grieve a Blue Ribbonist. One big room is filled with the coarse spirit known as "nigger rum," which finds its way everywhere in the most remote interior, and next door are green-striped chests containing dozens of gin. Although one of the cheapest kinds, this "schnapps" is considered a much more aristocratic drink than rum, and is favoured by the rich negroes. Then come the more expensive articles—arms in long boxes, often used afterwards as canoes. Most of these are flint-muskets, greatly appreciated by the aborigines. Knives made in Europe from African models, metal rings, as ornaments for arms and legs, iron cask-hoops, bolts, tacks, earthenware, glass, mirrors, and basins, are heaped together. Woollen stuffs, gaily embroidered and tarnished uniforms, liveries, and hats of all kinds pile the shelves. But it is especially noticeable that the very articles supposed to be most tempting to savages are decidedly in the minority—*i.e.*, beads and false jewelry. The natives already know how to value the useful above the ornamental, and though they will generally buy real coral ornaments, they usually prefer something practical to the mere pleasure of adorning their wives. One thing they prize above all—their "schnapps," and without the help of rum or gin not one bargain can be concluded.

STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH EUROPE

Is as yet the one thing needed for the Cameroons. Still, considering that the Germans have already established two large steamers between Hamburg and West Africa, while the French, with their large and well-established interests, do not run a single vessel, the Teutonic merchants will probably not wait long. Indeed, the Steamer Subsidy Bill, which will shortly be laid before the German Parliament, provides for a line running from Germany to Goree in Senegambia and Angra Pequena, thus passing close to the Cameroons. There is a convenient harbour close at hand in the Bay of Ambas, which is not only well protected by the southern headland, but possesses a kind of natural pier on the other side, a ridge of rocks curving from the coast to meet the headland. The



THE LITTLE CAMAROON

mountain air after working hours. Apart from these considerations, however, there can be little doubt that the

COMMERCIAL ADVANTAGES

HAVE been the main factors in the German Annexation of the

corner of the court there are lean fowls, thin sheep, and freshly-caught fish. In return they obtain sugar, coffee, salt, and other necessities of life, while all small bargains are paid in rum. Empty flasks in readiness for this mode of payment are peeping out of the long palm branch baskets, in which the women have carried their wares to the market on their heads. At last the turmoil



TYPE OF DWALLO NEGRO



THE RISING GENERATION



DWALLO NEGRO FROM THE CAMAROON RIVER

Cameroons. Lying at the gate of a richly productive region—as yet scarcely worked at all—the Cameroons River settlements occupy a central position for all trading ports, being within 100 miles of the Niger, Bonny, and Old Calabar Rivers. Moreover, although the idle natives have never sought to develop the agricultural resources of the district, the fertile soil would require little cultivation, and would speedily yield a rich harvest. Not only the native products, but cotton, coffee, and sugar would grow in profusion with trifling care, while European vegetables have already been found to flourish. Bullocks, goats, and pigs are plentiful, as well as long-legged sheep, with close smooth coats, like the hair of a goat. At present palm-oil, elephant tusks, and palm kernels are the staple exports. These are easily brought from the interior by the numerous waterways, and are exchanged for a variety of European wares—mainly cotton, powder, arms, salt, rum, and tobacco. Unfortunately it must be acknowledged that the Cameroons natives have become sadly demoralised by the principle of barter, which forms their sole idea and occupation. Unless driven by necessity they will not work, but must obtain everything by traffic, or by deceit and theft if fair means fail.

We shall better understand the mode of conducting business in West Africa by a glance at

A MORNING IN A GERMAN COAST-FACTORY

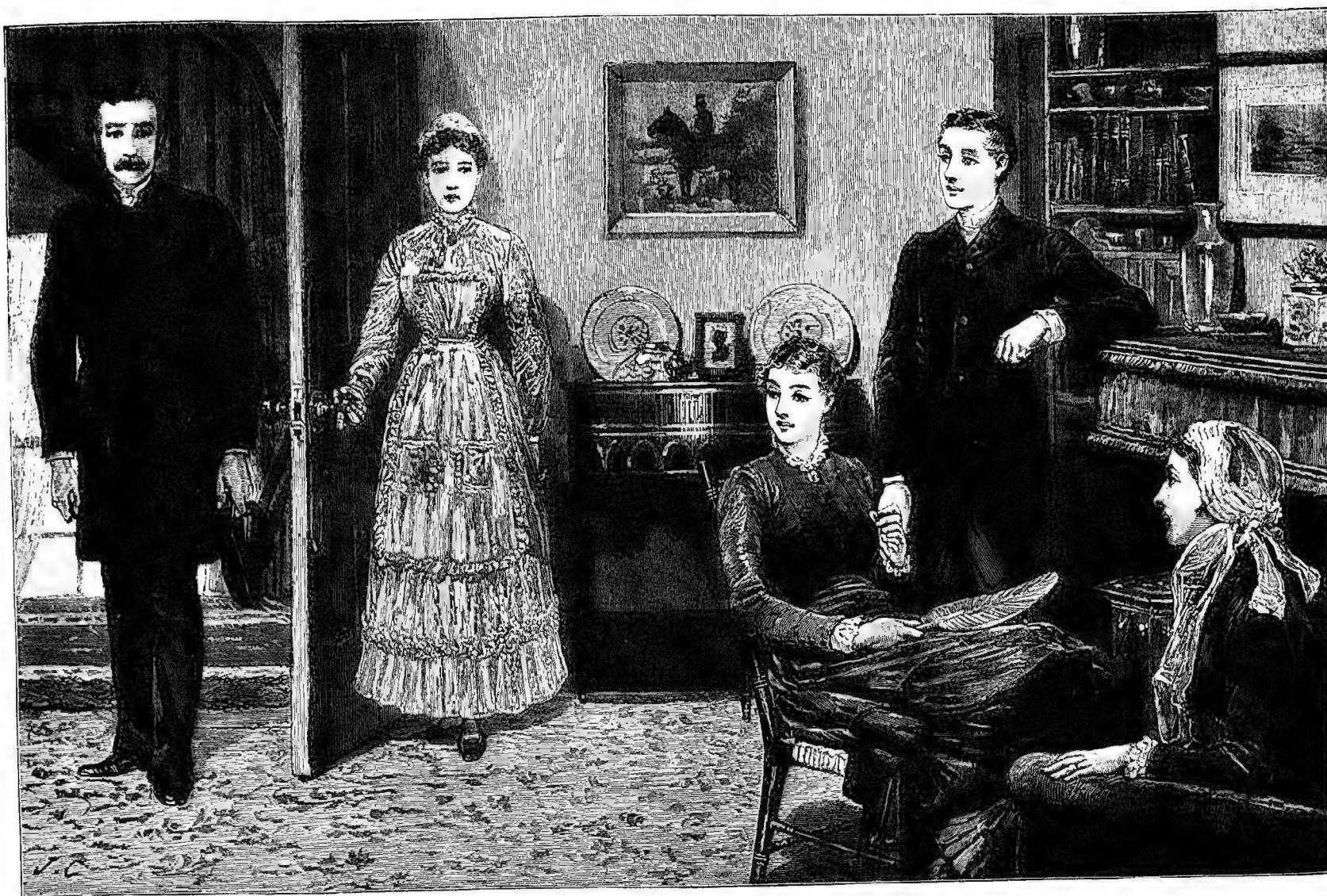
No fewer than thirteen of these establishments at present border the river. Life begins with the first ray of the sun. Smoke rises from the little kitchens dotted over the chief court; the shipyards along the creek are alive with European workpeople and their black helpers; loud regular blows resound from the coopers' sheds where the oil casks are put together, and one sound dominates the whole Babel—the chatter of womankind. On the verandah surrounding the principal building stands a white man looking down indifferently on the noisy crowd at his feet. Behind him is a negro queerly clad in a knitted jacket much too tight for him, a many-folded loin cloth, and a small cap. He is waiting to hand out the wares from the store room; and soon the market opens, and a brisk trade begins. This is only the provision market, for commercial products are sold elsewhere. It is evident that household supplies are in question, for the women take a vigorous lead. They crouch on the ground enveloped in their thin solitary cotton garments, grumble among themselves in their own tongue, and pour out their complaints to the whites in nigger-English. As coin is unknown in these regions, the traffic is carried out in

ceases, the women return to their huts, and the provisions are taken off to the kitchen to be served out in rations to the negro workpeople.

considerable islands lie in the Bay, Ndami and Mondai, both wooded and rocky, and apparently of the same volcanic formation as the mountain on the mainland.



VIEW OF THE CAMAROON GROUP FROM MOUNT HELEN



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

"But ere Mrs. Rockingham could answer, the door opened, and the servant announced 'Mr. Thorndyke.'"

FROM POST TO FINISH : *A RACING ROMANCE*

By HAWLEY SMART.

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CALL IN ST. LEONARD'S PLACE

GERALD's interview with Writson, although only what he expected, was nevertheless saddening. He had known for months that Cranley must go, but it was nevertheless a wrench to think that it was on the very verge now of passing away from the family. His principal object was to delay the sale, but he could not quite muster up courage to confide to the kind-hearted old lawyer the visionary hope he indulged in. It was all very well to tell his warm-hearted sanguine *fiancée* that he contemplated some daring turf speculation that would enable him to win money enough to redeem the Chase, but he felt it was a different thing to put this very undigested scheme before a hard-headed practical man. The scheme was as yet utterly unmatured, and to get a business man to take into serious consideration that you meditate embarking in some gambling speculation to raise money is a thing to be thought of. Mr. Writson, conscious that he had already delayed the sale to the utmost extent of his ability, not from the remotest idea of averting the blow, but simply from the hope that a purchaser might yet be found to take the estate in the lump, naturally led to fathom Gerald's reason for further deferring it. There was a hope of assistance or rescue from any quarter. The lawyer felt a surgeon who has conclusively made up his mind that an operation is imperative, and that it is childish on the part of the patient to wish to put it off any longer.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Rockingham, that the creditors are not to be stayed further. I've exhausted the law's delay, and excuse by saying that further postponement, even if possible, is unadvisable.

"No, no, my dear sir," replied Writson, not a little astonished by Gerald's passionate outbreak. "It's not likely he wants it for himself, but he may have a commission to buy it. I shall very likely get at who it's for before the sale."

"By the way, has Mr. Elliston made any further proposition with regard to those acceptances of his?"

"No; and until we put the screw on him from a social point of view, I suspect it's very unlikely he will. He, through Pearson, as I wrote you word, offered a thousand pounds, but we ought to get double that out of him. The whole sum it's useless to expect. Now I see by the papers that you ride a great deal for Lord Whithy. On what sort of footing do you stand with him?"

"I'm a great favourite of his. I have been lucky with his horses, and though he treats me always as if I stood on the same platform as himself, I never forget that at present I am his jockey,

and it has done me no harm with him. He is, as you perhaps know, proud and passionate, but he was an old friend of my father's, and stretched out his hand to me on that account."

"It strikes me that he might be just the man to put pressure on Mr. Elliston. If Lord Whithy chose to take up your case he is big enough to crush such as Mr. Elliston, and you owe it to Mrs. and Miss Rockingham to make him pay as much of his debt to your father as possible."

"I'll do it, Writson. I'll take the earliest opportunity of speaking to Lord Whithy on the subject. His dictum on all matters of honour is law in the racing world. Nobody even ventures to question his decision."

"If that's so, I think it probable Mr. Elliston will come to terms sooner than have so awkward a story in circulation concerning him."

"We'll try it, at all events," said Gerald, rising. "There'll be little enough left for my mother and sister when all is done. There's nothing to warrant my not recovering that two thousand pounds, if I can. Cuthbert Elliston will be really our debtor for four thousand odd even then."

"Quite so," replied Mr. Writson. "Do you make any stay in York?"

"No. I must get back to-morrow, or the next day at furthest. Good-bye."

The lawyer shook his head thoughtfully as Gerald left the room. "Ah!" he muttered; "it's very sad. A fine young fellow, and the best blood in Yorkshire; riding races for a living, and his heritage coming to the hammer in September."

Gerald's appearance in St. Leonard's Place was welcomed with a low cry of pleasure from Mrs. Rockingham; indeed, both ladies were unfeignedly glad to see him. They had quite got over their first dismay upon learning the career he had embraced, and discovered that the world generally saw nothing at all disgraceful in it. Then, was he not an only son and brother whom they had not seen for nearly a twelvemonth? It was small wonder they were disposed to make much of him.

"My dear boy, it's quite a treat to have you with us again," exclaimed Mrs. Rockingham. "Sit down and tell me who first put this extraordinary freak into your head. We are too thoroughly Yorkshire not to feel somewhat proud of your horsemanship. How on earth came you to think of it?"

"It was Dollie Greysen's idea; and without her help and encouragement I should never have carried it out. But, mother dearest, to go back to first causes, Cuthbert Elliston made me take to the saddle. Surely you remember the cruel taunt he flung at me that day at Cranley when we learnt we were ruined. He recommended me to 'turn gamekeeper or pad-groom.' I had to do something; and, talking the matter over with Dollie, told her of Cuthbert's bitter gibe, and her woman's wit suggested turn jockey. Curious enough, the first race I won was on his horse. I won, and he had me turned out of the stable."

"What disgraceful ingratitude," exclaimed Ellen. "I wonder all the racing world didn't cry shame upon him."

"Never expect gratitude from Cuthbert," rejoined Gerald, with a bitter smile. "Our poor father lent him thousands which he never repaid, except with undying hatred for all of us."

"I always did think he was your poor father's undoing," murmured Mrs. Rockingham sadly.

"He hasn't quite settled with me yet," rejoined Gerald. "I fancy he's repented already of his sneering advice. My riding cost him a good deal at Goodwood last year."

"And you like the life, Gerald?—it interests you?" inquired Mrs. Rockingham.

"Yes; it's a healthy life, if hard; and besides, I've done with the rough part of it. I had my turn of that in my novitiate at Ridlington. You know I was always fond of horses; and there's nothing more exciting than the final struggle for a big race, when you know that success depends principally on your own nerve and judgment; that the calling on your horse for his supreme effort at the right moment means victory, while a couple of seconds too soon or too late is to lose the race."

"But your associates, Gerald; they must be so dreadful," said his sister.

"Some of them, of course, are pretty rough; but it's not necessary to see much of them, while others are very good fellows. They may not have quite the polish of society; but don't think they're uneducated. Many of the trainers, for instance, interest themselves in many things quite outside their profession."

Miss Rockingham had not quite got an answer to her insidious question. Since her brother had announced his firm intention of marrying Dollie Greysen, Ellen had become curious concerning Gerald's feminine acquaintance. Up to that time she had never given a passing thought to his marrying, but when a man, even though young, takes the idea of wanting a wife into his head, his sisters may naturally regard a sister-in-law as imminent. Ellen had hoped her question would draw forth some allusion to Dollie. She wanted much to hear whether Gerald had seen her constantly all these months. She knew his letters were always dated from the South, and that Dollie's home was in Yorkshire, but he might have been in Yorkshire many times, though he had never visited St. Leonard's Place, and whether he was as "infatuated about that chit of a trainer's daughter as ever," was a thing Miss Rockingham much desired to know.

"But," she said, returning to the charge after a slight pause, "you used to be fond of ladies' society; surely you must miss that dreadfully in this life you have chosen."

"A good many young fellows have to do without that at the outset of their career, and though I fancy I am not quite the social pariah you picture me, still, I haven't time or inclination for that sort of thing. Remember, I have always this end before my eyes, have adopted this profession as the pleasantest and easiest way in which I can make sufficient money to take my true position in the

world, and further that I have probably but a short time to do it in. I'm not a light-weight now, and it's only by constant exercise and rigid abstinence that I keep about eight stone. It's quite likely that in a few years I shall get too heavy to ride. Besides," concluded Gerald, with a smile, "you forget my book's made."

"Surely, surely, you will never commit such madness," said Ellen. "You are avowedly making money in an inferior position with which to resume your proper station as soon as possible. To marry Miss Greyson is to settle down in that class for life. Speak to him, mother—urge him, for all our sakes, to pause before he takes such an irrevocable step as that would be!"

"Indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Rockingham, "do think of what your sister says. It was a great trouble to us at first when we found out what you were doing, and it was only when Mr. Thorndyke explained to us that you were making a deal of money, and people in these times didn't care how that was done, providing it was only honestly, that we got reconciled to it, and began to understand what you have just told us. But Gerald, dearest, to marry amongst these people is to live and die amongst them."

"You can't understand," interposed Gerald, roughly, "what Dollie's been to me. You can't suppose I'm going to throw over the girl I'm sincerely attached to, and to whose advice and assistance I owe my present position, because she's not in the Stud Book?"

"Your new associates begin to rather influence your conversation," rejoined Ellen, haughtily.

"Don't talk rubbish," said Gerald, sharply. "You might have heard my last remark in the smoking-room at Cranley, or in the precincts of any Club in London. I'm not going to quarrel, but what can you know in reality of the world? Some knowledge of slang is and always was part of a gentleman's education. Why, when the late Lord Lytton wrote 'Pelham' it was brought against him that 'his knowledge of flash was evidently purely superficial.' Flash, my sister, is merely recondite slang or thieves' argot."

"I can only say," returned Ellen, by no means mollified at the sharpness with which her brother was asserting his position as head of the family, "there is a savour of the racecourse about your conversation which I, at all events, am not accustomed to."

Gerald bit his lip as the blood rushed into his face, and for a moment meditated an angry retort, but his new profession had schooled him severely in the disadvantage there is in loss of temper. He had not battled with equine infirmity of that nature without discovering the virtues of patience and "a calm sooth." After a little he replied quietly :

"Don't be unkind, Nell. I started, remember, smashed, broken stock, lock, and barrel as a Rockingham; that may be slang, but you understand it. Good, I have struck out my own line, and made a reputation under another name; that the world have discovered Jim Forrest and Gerald Rockingham to be one is no fault of mine. If you and mother feel so ashamed of me I'll pursue my career under the name of my adoption, but don't suppose, under any circumstances, that I shall not marry Dollie Greyson; because I shall, hap what may."

Miss Rockingham was not a little staggered at her brother's firmness. She had recognised for some time the change that had come over him, but she had thought the united entreaties of his mother and herself would have at least made him waver in his determination to marry Dollie Greyson. But it was evident he was shaken not an iota on this point. They had to choose between whether they would abandon Gerald or receive his wife, and as head of the family he had surely some right to dictate. Ellen was a little puzzled how to reply; her pride forbade her to give in to this brother younger than herself, while her common sense told her he had the right to select the woman he would marry, and meant to exercise it.

"I had thought you would have paid some attention to my wishes in such respect, Gerald," said Mrs. Rockingham feebly.

"My dearest mother, I hope I shall always listen to your wishes about anything, but this is a thing a man must decide for himself."

Despite this being a question of serious disquiet to them, the two ladies could not refrain from exchanging a slight smile at hearing this dark-faced stripling who had so suddenly arrogated to himself man's estate pronounce his opinion in so decided a fashion.

"As I said before," continued Gerald, "not only do I love her very dearly, but I owe my present position entirely to her clear practical common sense. You may think that it is very easy for a Rockingham to get his living in this world. I can only say that when it became necessary I should do it, I found Rockinghams considerably at a discount, and that except in my present profession I should be much puzzled how to earn thirty shillings a week."

"That is not exactly the question, Gerald. You have adopted this profession, and everybody knows it. It is much too late to say anything more about that, but we do urge you to pause before you take such an irrevocable step as getting married. Remember, you can abandon a profession, but not a wife."

"I am not likely to change my determination," replied Gerald quietly; "such training as I have gone through lately has strengthened my will as well as my muscles. An irresolute jockey would soon lose his riding. But if it will be any satisfaction to you to know that I don't mean marrying immediately you may have it. We can both afford to wait, and for the present I am bound to work hard at my profession, as I told you at my age its impossible to say how long I may be able to continue it. The probability is I shall get too heavy in a few years. Mother, when may I bring my fiancee to see you?"

But ere Mrs. Rockingham could answer, the door opened, and the servant announced "Mr. Thorndyke."

It was true that Ellen, after what had passed between them, had no cause to think that Mr. Thorndyke was in the least likely to intrude his advice upon Gerald; but she was decidedly non-plussed at the line John Thorndyke took up when, the first greetings over, she introduced him to her brother.

"How do you do, Mr. Rockingham?" said the genial Rector. "I am delighted to make your acquaintance. We are all proud of you in Yorkshire, and so are your class all through England. It's always does one good to see the gentleman hold his own with the professional. It shows there's grit left in us still."

"Thank you very much for your good opinion," replied Gerald laughing; "but remember, I don't claim to be a gentleman, I ride purely as a professional."

"I know," replied Thorndyke; "but a gentleman you are, and I feel quite sure will never forfeit that position. You are paid, and so in effect are most gentlemen riders. The one difference is, they all take seven pounds' allowance as such, while you don't."

Gerald cast a triumphant look across at his sister; the name of John Thorndyke had cropped up not a little in that young lady's letters of late. Judging from past experience, Gerald had no doubt that what he had begun irreverently to term "Ellen's new pet parson" was of that extreme type that are merciless in their denunciations of the turf and all connected with it. Mr. Thorndyke's speech was a pleasant surprise to him. As he rose to go, he said simply :

"I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Thorndyke, and I hope to see you again before long. You must excuse my running away now; I have lots to do, and very little time to do it in. Good-bye, Ellen; good-bye, mother dearest;" and, as he kissed her, Gerald whispered into her ear, "I shall bring Dollie to see you to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?"

"I CONGRATULATE you on your son, Mrs. Rockingham," said Mr. Thorndyke, as the door closed upon Gerald. "A fine, manly fellow; and he has caught no taint of the profession he has embraced."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Ellen a wee bit sharply. "His conversation was tolerably interlarded with horsey expressions before you came in. You only saw him for a minute or two, to remember."

"What does that matter?" rejoined the Rector. "A large proportion of the young gentlemen of the present day talk horse, and usually in exact inversion to their knowledge of the subject. He would probably have done that had he remained at Cambridge."

It was too provoking. John Thorndyke seemed to be holding a brief for Gerald; but ere Ellen could reply, Mrs. Rockingham cut into the conversation.

"Ah! you do not know the worst," she said; "he contemplates marrying amongst these people."

"He is too young to think of that; not but what if he marries the right woman it very often steadies a young fellow, and is the making of him; but when there is such difference of class, it's a doubtful experiment. A half-educated woman is apt to jar upon a refined man after the first. She is perpetually offending him unwittingly."

"I knew, Mr. Thorndyke, you would never approve of such a m^{isalliance}," exclaimed Ellen triumphantly.

"Forgive me; I don't altogether say that. I only say it's a dangerous experiment. It depends so much upon what the girl is like."

The two ladies exchanged glances which said, "Shall we tell him?" and then Mrs. Rockingham rose, and saying to her daughter, "You had better tell Mr. Thorndyke, and then perhaps he wouldn't mind saying to Gerald what he has just said to us. You will excuse me, as I have one or two little things to attend to."

"Let us hope it is not so bad as you think it, Mrs. Rockingham," said the Rector, as he opened the door for her. "Many girls in these days are educated what would have been thought far above their position forty years ago."

"You can't make a lady out of a trainer's daughter," retorted Mrs. Rockingham with no little asperity, as she swept from the apartment.

John Thorndyke bowed silently, and then, taking a chair, waited till it should please Ellen to be communicative.

"This is very sad, very distressing for us, is it not?" she said at length.

"Your brother is young, and as long as he is not actually married there is always considerable likelihood that he will change his mind," replied the Rector, vaguely.

"I am afraid not. You don't know my brother—he is very obstinate when he has taken a thing into his head."

"Very resolute in purpose is, I fancy, more the term. Weak characters are obstinate. Your brother's career so far shows anything but weakness of character."

"Call it what you will," exclaimed Ellen, impatiently, "he is very fixed in his determination to marry this Dollie Greyson."

John Thorndyke was almost betrayed into a long whistle. "How very dull of me," he thought, "not to have guessed the riddle at once."

"Ah," he said dreamily at last, "if he is honestly in love with Miss Greyson I think the probability is he will be—well, we'll say obstinate."

"Why, what do you know about her?" exclaimed Ellen in amazement.

"Very little. I have only seen her two or three times in her uncle's shop, and she was such a pretty, graceful little girl that she attracted my attention, and I inquired who she was. Upon one occasion she served me with gloves or something, and in the few words that passed between us I recollect being much struck with her ladylike manner, so very superior to what one would have expected."

Really, Mr. Thorndyke was too bad. He had been looked to to play in modified manner the part of Balaam, and, far from rebukes, he was dealing out nothing but approbation.

"Pray, have you ever seen the girl, Miss Rockingham?" inquired the Rector, after a short pause.

"Yes," replied Ellen; "and I am bound to confess she is a pretty little thing, but," she added, with a shrug of her shoulders, "she is the daughter of William Greyson, the trainer, at one time my father's servant."

"It is awkward; but you know I don't attach quite so much importance to these things as you do. I have lived a good bit in the world, for when I had charge of a large parish in London I had most excellent introductions, and saw a good deal of society. The hardest workers find the most time for play. It's all method and arrangement. Well, Miss Rockingham, the prosperous butter-merchant's son of to-day goes to college, and let him only turn out a good fellow and his father die rich enough, mixes and marries in society."

"You don't mean to say," cried Ellen, "that you are advocating Gerald's marriage with this Miss Greyson?"

"No; certainly not. As I have said already, he is too young for one thing, nor do I know enough of the lady to be able to form an opinion. I only mean that from the little I have seen of her it is not nearly so bad as it sounds. You have not yet mastered the fusion of classes, which is one of the characteristics of the age."

"No; and I trust I never shall. I can't and won't believe it!" cried Ellen, passionately.

"Ah, well," said the Rector, "you know the old proverb, 'None so blind,' &c. The representatives of the people might teach you that. Look at the present House of Commons, what an incongruous assembly it is! Men of birth, talent, and education sitting side by side with shopkeepers, &c., and the result is that one man of transcendent genius rules it with a rod of iron, makes it, when he chooses to take up that rod, cower like naughty children, and yield to his whims and caprices whatever they may be. Democracy is always dangerously near autocracy, and no man since the days of the Tudors was ever so absolutely ruler of England."

Ellen, however she disagreed with him, was always deeply interested when John Thorndyke talked in this way, and of late the girl had lost her self-reliance, and caught herself wondering whether it was not more likely that Thorndyke, with all his knowledge of life, learning, and common sense, should be better judge of these things than herself. Canon Durnford, too, although he laughingly repudiated sharing the Rector of St. Margaret's extreme views, indirectly confirmed them to a certain extent.

Still, listening with interest to Mr. Thorndyke's Radical theories was a very different thing from welcoming Dollie Greyson as a sister.

But the Rector had stopped talking, and after a slight pause broke into a low laugh, as he said :

"Ten thousand pardons, Miss Rockingham. I had no business to hold forth in that fashion, but once give a man a chance to ride his hobby, and it's sure to get away with him. Forgive me. Upon my word," he continued, breaking into a peal of laughter, "I really thought I was on 'the stump.'"

"No, Mr. Thorndyke, I like to hear you talk, little as I agree with you, but we women, as a rule, are all Conservatives to the backbone. We dread our advanced sisters, and want neither votes

nor seats in Parliament. I for one think the 'Mrs. Jellaby's' of the world do no good in their generation, and may well leave such work to their male belongings."

"Perhaps you are right. At all events, Radical though I am, that is my opinion also. But do you want my advice about your brother's engagement?"

"Ah, Mr. Thorndyke, you will speak to him, and point out to him the mistake he is making, won't you?" cried Ellen.

"No, not at all. I wash my hands of it. I simply recommend you to make no further objection. Your brother, from what I see of him, is little likely to be swayed by any one in this matter. To oppose him means to quarrel with him, and if anything, hurry into marriage. Rest contented then. The girl is pretty and la belle. It is quite possible, when I know her, I shall congratulate you most heartily on your sister-in-law."

A sudden thought flashed through Ellen's mind. Could Mr. Thorndyke contemplate some such marriage as Gerald? Was he advocating his own cause while pretending that he could not see anything much to be distressed about in her brother's engagements? A strange feeling of weariness, for which she herself could hardly account, came across her at this idea. She had never heard of Mr. Thorndyke being particular in his attentions to any lady in York, but he was just the man to be much struck with any case of devotion and self-sacrifice amongst the poorer of his parishioners, and, if the maiden were comely, quite capable of asking her to come to his home, with very little heed as to what the world might say.

"Would you make such a marriage yourself?" she asked, a little shyly, after a long pause.

"No," replied the Rector, bluntly.

"Then, Mr. Thorndyke," exclaimed Ellen, "how can you expect my brother in his preposterous folly?"

"I would not myself make such a marriage, because I have no desire to marry a woman of very different station," and the quiet, resolute tones in which the answer was given, and the straight gaze of John Thorndyke's blue eyes into her own, told the girl at once who that woman was.

Ellen's heart gave a great jump; she recognised now why she had felt uneasy at the idea of John Thorndyke marrying her, though she had conceived a great liking and respect for the man, and she honestly had never yet thought of him in the light of a possible lover. But she recovered her presence of mind in a few seconds, and replied,

"That sounds to me an additional reason why you should expostulate with my brother."

"Never mind your brother just now. I've a question to ask you on my own account. You've known me now over a twelve month, Miss Rockingham, and I have learnt in that time to love you very dearly. Will you be my wife? Stop," he continued, seeing that she was about to interrupt him, "don't think that we differ very much in our views of life or religion. We both wish to do such good as may lie within our power, and tolerance should be a cardinal point in all creeds. If you love me there will speedily be little difference of opinion between us."

Suddenly Ellen rose to her feet. "Mr. Thorndyke," she said, "you have paid me the greatest compliment a man can pay a woman, and for that I thank you; but I have too great a regard and esteem for you to answer your question without some little consideration. You have taken me by surprise. I must have time to think whether I could be the wife I wish to be to you."

"I am quite satisfied on that point," rejoined Thorndyke smiling. "Only say you will be my wife, and I am quite willing to chance your being a good one."

"Please let me go now; I want to be alone and think," exclaimed Ellen, resisting her lover's attempt to detain her hand.

"It shall be as you will," he replied, releasing her, "although I had hoped to have won a consent from your lips this morning. But Ellen, you won't keep me long in suspense?"

"No, you shall hear from me to-morrow morning without fail. For the present, good-bye," and the Rector felt that he was dismissed.

John Thorndyke did not feel much disturbed that he had failed to obtain a final answer that morning. He understood Miss Rockingham's character too well. She would have been prompt enough if she had meant to say no. Most women when they debate about accepting a man rarely come to that conclusion. The girl, with her somewhat rigid principles, had unconsciously made it very difficult for herself to give Thorndyke a negative answer. She had given him contempt for the littleness of coquetry, and there would have been a spice of that in keeping a straight-forward, honest gentleman in suspense, if she had much doubt about what her decision would be.

The Rector felt well satisfied with his morning's work as he strolled homewards, and his thoughts now drifted into some mundane reflections about his professional prospects. The first five years of his ministry had been passed in the quiet country rectory in which he had succeeded his father, but when the almost simultaneous death of his mother and sister released him from keeping the home to which they were so wedded over their heads, he at once applied for metropolitan preferment, and was quickly installed in one of those large East End parishes that often prove the stepping stone to promotion. From thence he had been transferred to York at his own request, finding that the sickly London atmosphere, after three years, had begun to tell on a man so used to the fresh pure country air and a healthy country life as he had been.

John Thorndyke knew that he stood well with the clergymen of the Church, despite his somewhat peculiar views, and that he might count upon promotion in some shape before long, and he thought now would be a fitting time to jog their memories.

(To be continued)



FOR WRITING a history of "Religion in England from 1850" (Hodder and Stoughton), the veteran Dr. Stoughton has special qualifications. Himself a distinguished Congregationalist, he has enjoyed, in a way in which few Churchmen could, the friendship not only of distinguished Episcopalians, but of Nonconformists. He can tell of Dr. Rippon, the Baptist, speaking during the invasion panic of "England as beautified through George III. with the best of earthly monarchs," as well as of Archbishop Manners Sutton's speech against Lord Sidmouth's reactionary Bill of 1809. He can sympathise with Edward Irving, of whose "manifestations" he was a witness, with Groves and Dauby, the Dublin founders of Plymouth Brethrenism, with men like Binney, and with men like Hurrell Froude. His "Signs of What Was Coming," i.e., the rise of the Oxford movement, is of all his chapters the least interesting to Churchmen because it is so largely drawn from Mozley's "Reminiscences," from which, nevertheless, he often quotes with trembling. His remarks on the strength and decay of Evangelicalism deserve special attention, because they are his; and so does his estimate of the change which the Reform Bill made in the position, external and internal, of Dissenting communities. He is full of pleasant personal recollections, as where he tells of Dr. Brock and the Hon. Mr. Villiers

(afterwards Bishop of Durham) passing one another every Sunday morning with the greetings : "The Lord be with thee;" "And with thy spirit;" and his two volumes give not only a summary of Church movement, but of Church work. The sketch of Nasmith, the founder of the City Mission, for instance, stands side by side with the account of the great Lady Hewley case, which, at the cost of 30,000*l.* in law expenses, freed the Socinianising Presbyterians from the fear of being ousted from their churches. Dr. Stoughton's own feeling may be judged from his admission that "the Toleration Act unjustly withheld liberty of worship from those who denied the Trinity." The book is a worthy sequel to the author's "History of Religion in England from the Long Parliament to the Close of the Last Century," and shows throughout the same fairness which marked the earlier work. The postscript, on Disestablishment and other "burning questions," deserves great attention. In it Dr. Stoughton pays a well-deserved tribute to the noble comprehensiveness of Dean Stanley; we wish he and his brethren could see their way to that Union for which the Dean pleaded so eloquently.

Cornish people are quite justified in their clannishness, if (as Mr. W. H. Tregellas believes) "class for class they will beat all England." What we fail to understand in "Cornish Worthies" (Elliot Stock) is the principle of selection. Mr. Tregellas says he has aimed at making his list as varied as possible and as acceptable as may be to the general reader. And he has earnestly striven to avoid dulness. Alas, this dread of dulness and the desire of pleasing the general reader have demoralised writers of more mark than Mr. Tregellas. Had he written carefully about those whom he only names, or does not even name—famous men of old, from John of Trevisa, Bishop of Norwich, down to that Trevannion who was "one of the four wheels of Charles's Wain;" and modern men like Sir Davies Gilbert and Sir Charles Lemon of Carelew, and a host more miners, through whom not their own county only, but the world has gained much, but of whom it knows little, his book would have been what Thucydides called his history—a possession for ever. He has preferred to compile two volumes of magazine articles—full of interest for the class for whom he writes, but disappointing to the cultured Cornishman who has Hals and Pelthewe before him, and whom the title might lead to expect something like Prince's "Worthies of Devon." Perhaps he thought the exhaustive "Bibliotheca Cornubiensis" of Messrs. Boase and Courtney left him nothing to do but to select and popularise. This he has certainly done with great success; and, while his lively histories of the Arundells, the Killigrews, the Boscowens, &c., are full of such facts as "the public" delight in, we fancy there are a good many well-read men in his own county to whom it will be news that Foote and Incledon were Cornishmen as well as Lander and the Bones. He makes no pretence to chronological order, beginning with Ralph Allen of Bath, son of a little innkeeper at St. Blazey, whose visit to his grandfather, the St. Columb postmaster, was the first step in his advancement, and ending with Sir Hussey Vivian, of whose exploits at Waterloo he gives a brilliant sketch. We suppose he is right in assigning to the Boscowens an Irish origin, like that of Buryana, the patron saint of the parish in which they originally settled; but if his facts are right his letterpress is often wrong. Indeed the disappointed antiquary may while away a rainy day in pondering why George III. is sent to "his beloved Hanover" in 1755, and how Cuvier came to use such a monstrous word as "s'enarguillit," and where may be that Benjapore, whose King in 1672 sold Pondicherry to the French.

"Letters from Hell" (Bentley) was published, Mr. G. Macdonald tells us in his preface, eighteen years ago in Denmark, and was speedily translated into English. This edition having long been out of print, a translation, adapted for English readers, has been made from the German version. Mr. Macdonald is, of course, right in saying that the title is an old one. There have been other treatises of the kind besides the Puritan work which he mentions. The value of the present volume is that it brings out the terrible old truth : *Quisque suos patimur manes*, "we make our fate in unmaking ourselves," constructing thereby for ourselves a world of horror and dismay, which is the outer darkness. Nevertheless the descriptions are realistic enough, for instance, that grim picture of a ball in which the lights make no shine, the music gives no sound, the gay dresses cover no nakedness. Of this weird region the denizens are pretty much left to themselves, the devil being usually in the "great gulf" which lies between it and Paradise. We can fancy that to some the book would be more attractive in German ; what Mr. Macdonald calls "in imagination, in art, in utterance altogether admirable, and in horror supreme," will strike some dull English ears as strained, when read in their mother tongue. It is, however, a remarkable work, and its scathing denunciation of "that most unmanly of wrongs" (we again quote Mr. Macdonald), "whose sole defence lies in the cowardly words, 'Am I my sister's keeper?'" is only too much called for in every civilised society.

All who came across Mrs. Craik's "Unsentimental Journey Through Cornwall" (Macmillan), in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, must have felt that it was too good to suffer the usual fate of magazine articles, and will be glad to go through it again in the handsome volume now before us. Mr. Napier Hemy's really beautiful engravings look even better than before on satin paper and with wider margins. We don't know which to praise most, his landscapes, in which (as specially in Tintagel and again in Polden-nick) he distinguishes so cleverly the geological character of the rock, or pieces like "Hauling in the Boats" and "The Fisherman's Daughter." The letterpress is what we might expect from the author of "John Halifax."

Part XII. completes Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language" (Blackwood), of which the speciality is the number of scientific terms, making it almost an encyclopaedia. Unhappily it is not equally rich in common words, such as *weat*, a hare, which is more than a provincialism, and *want*, the regular West-Country word for mole. The absence of quotations we have already remarked.

The title of "The Church of England Continuous Sunday Service Book" (Henry Frowde) sufficiently explains its purpose. It is "the Prayer Book in order as used," obviating that hunting for Psalms and Collect and tripping from the Gospel back to the Nicene Creed, which is so perplexing to those who have not been brought up to it. The continuity is gained by an occasional sacrifice; in the Litany, for instance, the prayers and thanksgivings for war, peace, &c., are suppressed. No doubt such a book will be useful to converts from Dissent; but we earnestly deprecate its use for children. Even if our Service vied in intricacy with "the rules called the *Pie*," we should be sorry for our young people to lose the training involved in "finding their places." There is such a thing as making the way too plain. The book is a wonder of compactness, yet much beyond the size of an average Prayer Book.

not much beyond the size of an average Playbill.

In 1877, at the Caxton Celebration, was exhibited a very curious set of blocks of unknown origin, bought early in the century at Nuremberg, by Mr. Sams, of Darlington. With them "A New Biblia Pauperum" was constructed, the letterpress being from Wicliif's version, the preface by Dean Stanley. Of this only 275 copies were issued, at a guinea each. It is now reprinted by Mr. Unwin in a smaller shape, at a much lower price, with borders from a Paris Book of Hours, dated 1525, and on antique paper specially made in Holland. The binding, a delightful bit of work, is from an old book in the British Museum.

Lieut.-Colonel Colville's "Accursed Land; or, First Step in the Water-Way to Eden" (Sampson Low) was, we are told, written against time, the Colonel (who dates his preface from S.S. *Norumbibia*, off Suakim) having started for the Soudan on February 18th. He had only landed at Plymouth a fortnight before, after having

made, at the request of the Palestine Channel Syndicate, the preliminary survey of the proposed line of canal from the southern end of the Dead Sea to the head of the Gulf of Akabah. The plan of a ship canal through the Jordan Valley was discussed in 1855 by Captain W. Allen, R.N., but was laid aside till the events of 1852 and the rapacity of the French company combined to disgust our shipowners with the Suez Canal. At the eleventh hour the Sultan refused leave for the survey; so the Syndicate gave up the project, awarding to Colonel Colville a handsome *solutium*, which he employed in surveying on his own account, glad (he says) to be spared the waste of time inevitable if he had had a Turkish escort. How he fared he tells us in a delightful little book, full of fun, and also of useful hints to intending travellers, just the book one would expect from the author of "A Ride in Petticoats and Slippers."

Mr. W. Glover's "Memoirs of a Cambridge Chorister" (Hurst and Blackett) brings us face to face with a host of celebrities—Pilch and Redgate and Caldecourt, and Mr. Aislaby at cricket; Sir G. Smart with Cramer and Lindley and Dragonnetti at the Wordsworth Installation Odes; Miss Helen Faust and Brooke and Kean and the elder Farren at the Cambridge Theatre; Whewell in his college; Professor Willis and Professor Henslowe; the old "Union" debates at the Hoop Hotel; and, contains, with much besides, a well-deserved encomium on Mr. Gambier Parry, who decorated the lantern of Ely Cathedral. We are sorry that the performance of an Ode at Cambridge is often a losing concern to the Music Professor. This is a sample of the out-of-the-way information of which, as well as of anecdotes, old and new, the volumes are full.

Miss Emily Faithfull has made "Three Visits to America" (Edinburgh : D. Douglas), and has collected from the *Lady's Pictorial*, the *Pall Mall*, &c., her *impressions de voyage*. She met all kinds of literary people, from Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard and Horace Greeley to Walt Whitman. She saw a good deal of the Women Lobbyists whom "Democracy" denounces. She went over many colleges, Vassar among them ; about which she discusses the effect of study on girls' health. At Wellesley College she saw the fire brigade manned by girls. Everywhere, and not at Lowell only, she took note of woman's work. She also studied the working of the marriage laws, and of the Mormon system, which its apologists say is better than the shameless facilities for divorce in several States. The book is very pleasantly written, and throws much light on many vexed questions.

We have received from Messrs. John Walker and Co. some specimens of their new "Society" note paper and envelopes in the new "Regina" and "Princess" sizes. The envelopes are wallet-shaped, so as to make their contents as secure as possible, and the paper appears to be of a good texture and pleasant surface.

Mr. E. Stanford, of Charing Cross, has forwarded to us a large scale map of the Nile District between Dongola and Khartoum. It has been chiefly prepared from maps prepared by the Intelligence Branch of the War Office, and will enable the advance of our troops in Egypt to be traced step by step.

THE PRESERVATION OF CHAMOIS

In view of the probable extinction of the race at no distant date, unless some means are taken to prevent it, it is proposed to establish at Berne a *Jardin d'Acclimatation* for the preservation and propagation of chamois. The chamois is perhaps the most talked about and least known of European animals, if we except the marmot. This is accounted for by the animal's shyness and its love for the wild solitudes of snow and ice of the higher Alpine regions. Here amongst stupendous surroundings these little animals pass their lives, and seldom descend to the haunts of man unless sorely pressed by the pangs of hunger. Man, however, undeterred by the obstacles and dangers interposed by nature, penetrates into the fastnesses, and slays without mercy every chamois he can possibly get within range of his gun. To such an extent has this indiscriminate slaughter been carried that it was found necessary in Switzerland some eleven years ago to impose an eleven months' close season, and that law is still in force. But the question will naturally suggest itself, What are the means for making the law respected? The answer is none, absolutely none, save the threat of fines, which threat has little or no deterrent effect, for it would be impossible to establish amongst the high Alps a system of watching, such as obtains in the Highlands of Scotland, where deer runs abound. Then again every Swiss mountaineer looks upon chamois as his lawful and heaven-sent prey, and any law that attempts to prevent his reaching that prey as iniquitous. Therefore every man is a poacher, and, as no one is likely to give evidence against his neighbour, a case can rarely be pushed to conviction.

Hunting the chamois exerts a strange and powerful fascination over these mountain men, and yet there is no sport, not even tiger-hunting, so beset with peril and deadly danger. To track the animals successfully to their wilds, and hunt them to the death, demands a rare combination of qualities. The chamois-hunter must be a fearless mountaineer, a perfect cragsman, a dead shot, and well used to travelling over snow and ice, and must have abundant patience. The hunter literally carries his life in his hand, as the annual death-roll in Alpine regions too surely testifies. Of course, there are hunters and hunters, but the term is used here in its highest and most ennobling sense. Your true chamois-hunter prefers to enjoy his sport alone, or at the most with not more than one companion. But frequently it is impossible for two men to keep long together, so it may well be described as "a lonely sport."

In zoology the chamois is described as a species of antelope, *Rupicarpa Tragus*, having its haunts on the loftiest mountain ridges of Europe. It abounds in Switzerland, the Pyrenees, the Tyrol, Piedmont, Dauphiné, and the Alpes Maritimes. It will thus be seen that the animal is spread over a most extensive area. But ruthless and indiscriminate slaughter is fast exterminating it, and unless something is done to prevent it, the chamois, in the course of another generation, will become as rare as the Alpine bear is at the present day.

It is computed that in the Swiss Alps there are approximately ten thousand head of chamois. The average duration of the animal's life is from five to six years, and it is very seldom indeed that older ones than this are shot. There is good reason for assuming, however, that in isolated cases chamois may reach a considerable age; and a case in point to prove this is, that last winter a man came up with a chamois in the Flüela Valley. The poor beast had evidently strayed from a herd, and it was so old and weak that it had been unable to ascend from the plain, where it was found lying in the snow. It was calculated that it was fully twenty years old; and, save that it was weak and emaciated, it was perfectly healthy, and lived for some time afterwards in a stable, though it was toothless, deaf, and nearly blind.

The legitimate season for hunting is the month of September only, and the average number killed during that month is fifteen hundred—a very small proportion, indeed, to the number of hunters who take out licences. The cost of these licences varies in different cantons. In the Grisons, for instance, it is only eight francs, while in Canton Berne as much as eighty francs is charged. A foreigner cannot obtain a licence until he has taken his *Niederlaßung*—that is, settlement in the canton; which means that he must have deposited his passports and have paid the ordinary taxes of the canton and commune. The consequence is that very few foreigners enjoy the legal right to hunt these beautiful animals.

The weight of chamois varies considerably, but a full-grown buck rarely exceeds fifty-five pounds, while a female will, as a rule, only just turn the scale at forty. The value of a dead chamois ranges from twenty-five to thirty-eight francs, according to the condition it is in. The flesh when hung is delicate, and differs very little from venison, save perhaps that it is a trifle more sinewy. The skin tans well, and the short, curled horns are used for a variety of purposes, chiefly ornamental. The maximum height to which the animals ascend seems to be a moot point. Their tracks have been observed at heights exceeding twelve thousand feet; but hunters maintain that they very seldom indeed go higher than eleven thousand feet, and never lower than six thousand unless pressed by hunger. Their marvellous quickness of sight and hearing, their surefootedness, and their leaping powers, would scarcely be credited by people who have never seen them in their native wilds. *Apropos* of this, I was hunting chamois in the Alpes Maritimes some time ago, in company with two renowned hunters. We made our way into a singularly desolate region, where there was a small grassy plateau surrounded by huge, broken precipices. I took up my station on this plateau whilst the men climbed a *coulhoir* so as to gain the summit of the cliffs, and drive the game towards me. In the shelter of a mass of *débris* I waited for three weary hours, when I was suddenly startled by a great cry far above, and looking up I beheld a man standing on a pinnacle of rock, and waving his hand frantically to attract my attention. A little way on his right, and almost directly above me, a fine buck chamois was outlined against the turquoise sky. Alarmed by the shouting of the man the splendid animal seemed bewildered as to what it should do. It hesitated for a few moments, then took a flying leap through the air, alighted on a lower ledge, sprang from there on to a sloping slab, where, still retaining its feet, it slid down a considerable distance, then sprang across a fearful chasm, and, by the impetus thus given it, took another flying leap, alighting close to where I was crouching. For a few moments it seemed stunned by its terrific descent of nearly four hundred feet. In that moment I could have pierced its brain with a bullet, and raised my gun to fire, but suddenly felt that the animal that had made such a bold struggle for its life deserved to escape, and it did, for, suddenly scenting me, it flew on the wings of the wind over the boulders, and was soon lost to sight. The guides were very disgusted when they heard that I had allowed it to escape, as it had taken them three hours to drive it within range of my gun.

That chamois are capable of passing places that even a cat would hesitate at is well known to every one who has wandered much among the high Alps. A few months ago I was in the wild and desolate region of Piz Vadred, where it overhangs the great Grialetsch Glacier, in the Canton des Grisons. From this glacier I traced chamois tracks, high up over some very steep snow slopes, to where the slopes ended at an absolutely vertical wall of rock. This wall projected like a buttress, and was probably fifty or sixty feet broad, and four hundred feet to its base, while all above was nothing but overhanging cliffs. On the other side of the buttress the snow slope was continued, and here the tracks recommenced exactly on a level with the other ones. How had the chamois passed that wall? That they had passed it was certain. If it was by a leap, it must have been a terrific one, and in their flight they would have had to describe a horizontal curve like a bow. The more likely explanation is, they found cracks in the face of the rock for their wonderful feet, though even with the aid of a good field glass I was unable to detect the presence of the slightest ledge in the precipice at that spot. In spite of their surefootedness, however, these animals do sometimes come to grief. Mr. Whymper, in his "Ascent of the Matterhorn," relates how he found a chamois in the neighbourhood of the Stockje, at the head of the Zmutt Glacier. The animal had slipped on the upper rocks, rolled over and over, down a slope of *dibris*, without being able to regain its feet; and its horns catching in a notch in the rock, it was unable to free itself, and had starved to death.

Recently I met a hunter with a chamois of forty pounds over his back, toiling painfully down the lower slopes of the Aiguille Vert, near Chamounix. He had been on the mountain for two days, the result being the one animal which he had only recovered with great difficulty after he had shot it; as it had fallen over the precipice. This is a common occurrence, but it is seldom a hunter will leave his quarry behind him. Three years ago some Germans mountaineering in the Bernese Oberland found the decomposed body of a chamois resting on a ledge of rock about fifty feet below them; and a few moments later they were horrified to observe the body of a man on a grass slope several hundred feet lower down. By making a détour they managed to reach the spot. The poor fellow was lying on his back, his gun barrel bent double, and the stock smashed to splinters. His body was terribly mutilated, and the face was decomposed beyond all recognition. His bony hand still grasped the lock of his gun. The position he was lying in, and the chamois up above, told their own story. He had shot the chamois. It had rolled over on to the ledge, and in endeavouring to recover it he had lost his footing, and must have been lying for many weeks where he was found.

If once the sentinel buck of a herd of chamois catches sight of a man all hope of coming up with them that day is at an end. Under such circumstances a hunter will often follow the tracks over snow and ice all day, pass the night in the shelter of some rock, take up the trail again on the following morning, when possibly his patience and perseverance may be rewarded.

The chamois generally keep in herds of from six to twelve heads, rarely more. One of the number is always in advance, and another one some little distance in the rear. These are the advanced and rear guards. Occasionally they stop, sniff the air, and scan the mountains, and at the slightest indication of danger they give the signal, and the whole lot go bounding away as if they had been caught up by a whirlwind. If they happen to be on a glacier or snow-field when startled they almost invariably make for the rocks. This is probably the result of some instinct which teaches them that their tawny fawn colour renders them less liable to be seen amongst the dark rocks than on the snow.

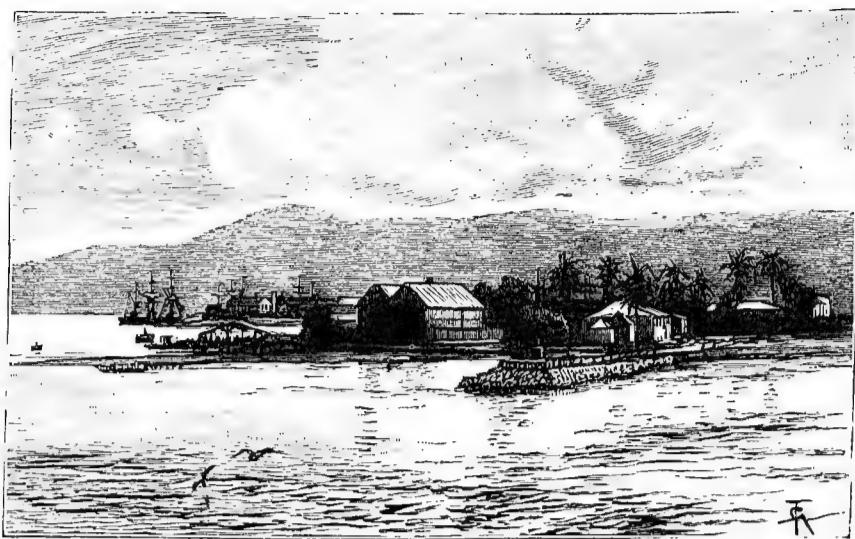
The breeding season is November and beginning of December. At this period the males are terribly savage, and fight desperately with each other. In these encounters the weaker of the two is generally killed or grievously wounded. Some ten or twelve years ago the hunting season lasted eight weeks, but since then it has been curtailed to four; and in 1876 certain districts were placed under prohibition, and yet the result has been no appreciable increase in the number of chamois in the country, while on the other hand poaching has in no degree declined. To effectually stop poaching seems to be beyond the power of the Government, since the stern regions which the animals haunt render impossible any system of watching. It is therefore to be hoped that the project of preserving chamois by means of a breeding ground in Berne may meet with the success it deserves, and that these interesting animals may increase in spite of their inveterate enemy—the poacher.

L. E. M.

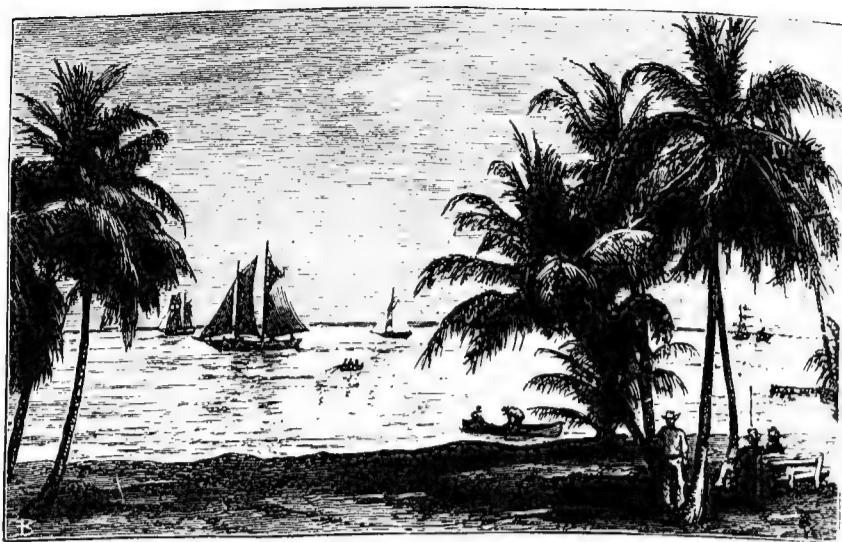
CHRISTMAS BOOKS

IV

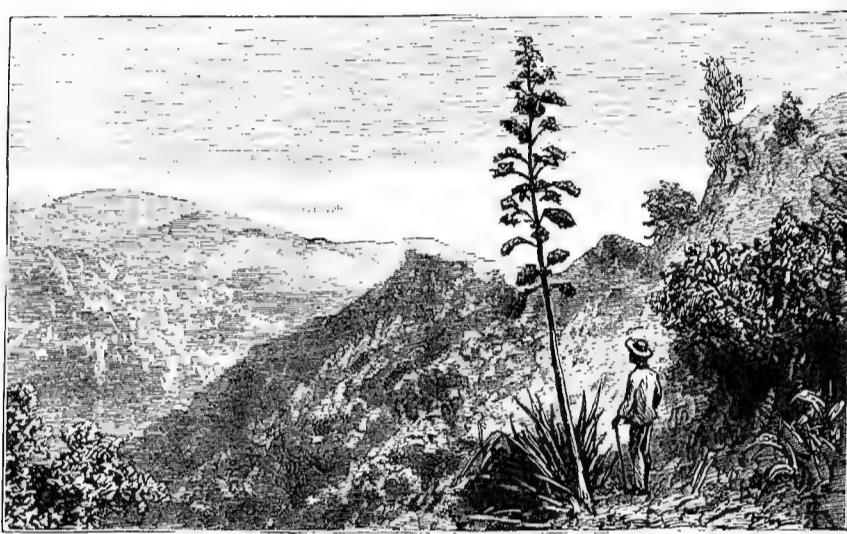
HITHERTO the pen has decidedly predominated in the Christmas budget, but this week the pencil takes the lead. For, without disparaging the literary portion of some score of tasteful illustrated books for young people, undoubtedly the pictures form the main attraction. Year by year more thought is spent on polishing every minor detail of these art picture-books until the very fly-leaves and



THE ARSENAL, PORT ROYAL.



KINGSTON HARBOUR.



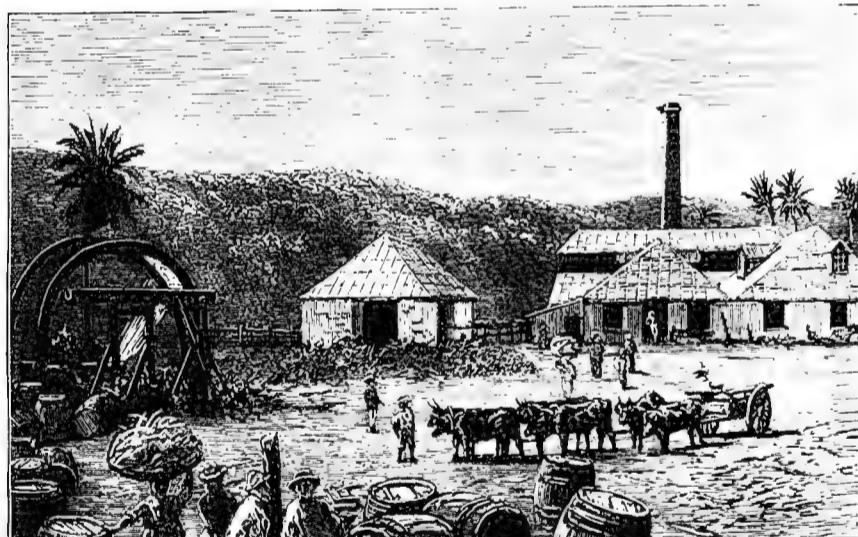
UP IN THE BLUE MOUNTAIN.



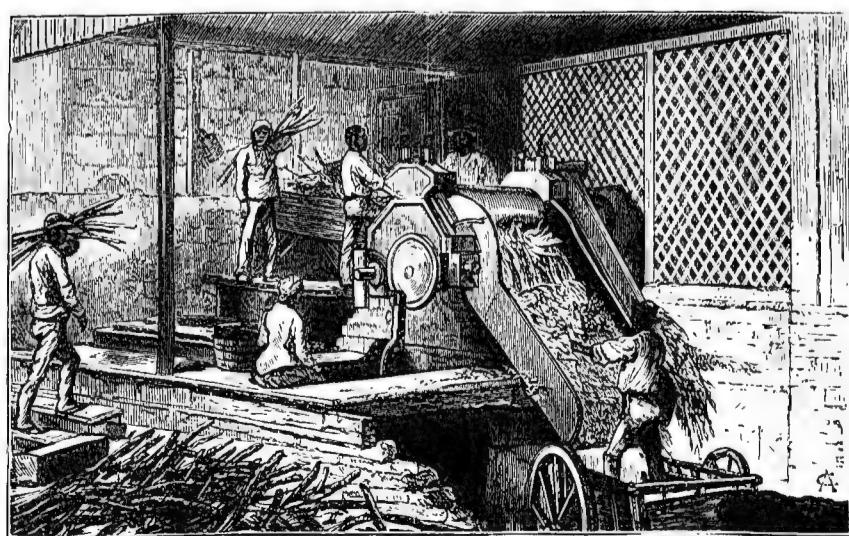
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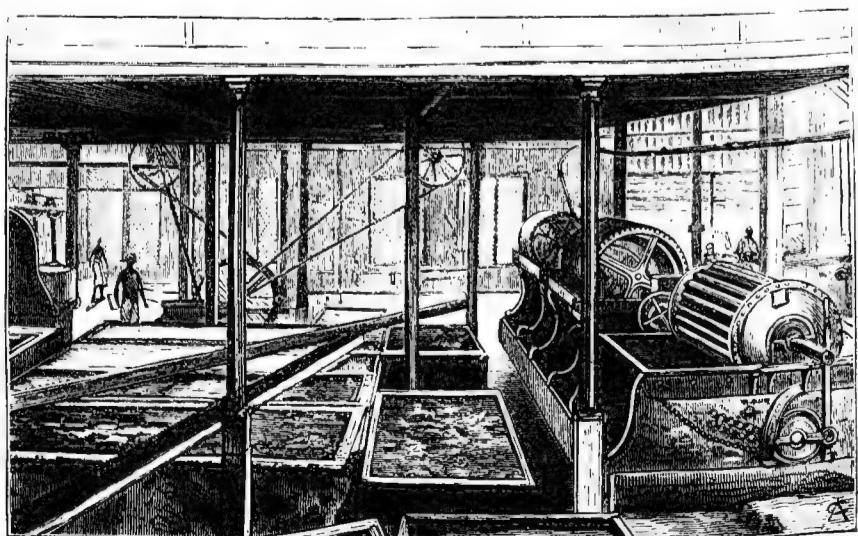
CUTTING THE SUGAR-CANES.



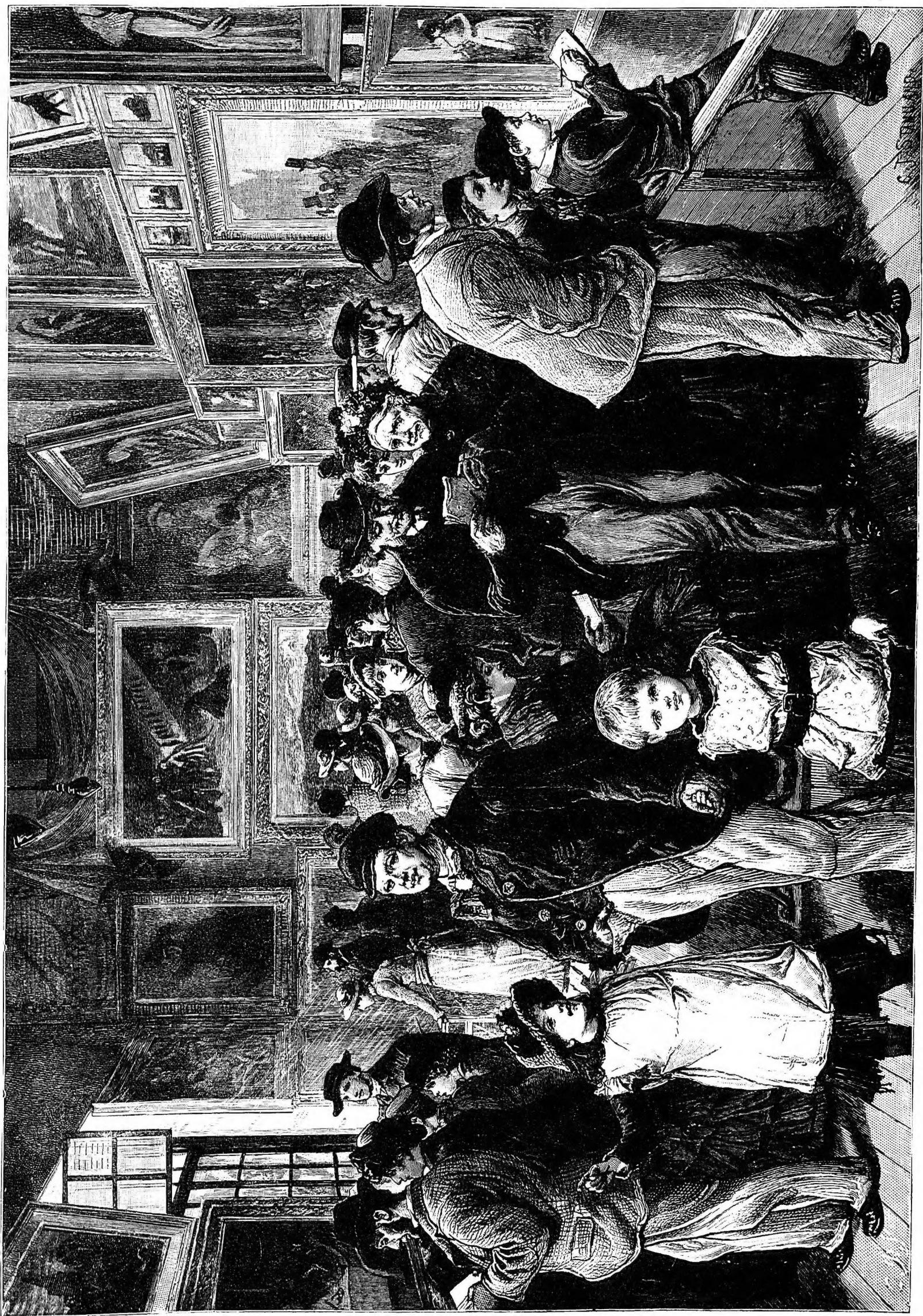
SUGAR MILLS, ST. THOMAS.



SUGAR-CANE CRUSHING MACHINE.



INTERIOR OF SUGAR-BOILING HOUSE.



indexes are almost as carefully studied as the most important pages. Look, for instance, at a really artistic quartet from Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner. Eye, ear, and mind alike are charmed by "Children's Voices," whether by Harriett M. Bennett's graceful designs and soft tints, or by the pleasing strains R. Addison has wedded to verses grave and gay. "Out of Town" is hardly less pretty, with Miss Linnie Watt to paint her favourite youthful rustics and Ernest Wilson to fill in the landscape and floral scraps which frame Mr. Weatherly's flowing ballads. By-the-by, Miss Watt's large woodland scenes are not nearly so good as her small groups. More fascinating juvenile portraits are drawn by M. E. Edwards in "The Adventures of Two Children," where Mr. Weatherly shows that he can write as bright a story as a song; while J. Staples studs the pages with tiny vignettes. Adventures beyond the everyday world are enjoyed by the little pair whom G. Sadler takes into Toyland to see the "Heroes and Heroines of Nursery History," merrily pictured by F. Cox. There is some real fun in this small volume; and humour, too, is the strong point of "King Fo, the Lord of Misrule" (De la Rue), wherein R. Dudley, both poet and artist, comically depicts the punishment of a tyrant. It is a strong contrast to turn to Mr. F. S. Walker's illustrations to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" (De la Rue), some of which are fairly good. Most of these sketches have a touch of Mr. Caldecott in his graver moments, and here is the latter artist himself, working with Mrs. J. H. Ewing—as last year—in "Daddy Darwin's Dovecot" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). Mrs. Ewing keeps to the same happy vein, which renders her stories models of touching simplicity and sly fun. The authoress also provides two more "verse-books" (same publisher), "Touch Him If You Dare" and "Doll's House-Keeping," whimsically illustrated as usual by R. Andre.

Perhaps English boys and girls are not over-familiar with Nathaniel Hawthorne's delightful rendering of classic myths, "A Wonder Book" (Nimmo), so that the present handsome edition would form an acceptable gift. Mr. F. S. Church's engravings are admirable examples of the American style, cleverly drawn, and as imaginative as the legends they illustrate. A widely different type of Transatlantic art is represented by "Stuff and Nonsense" (Nimmo), where A. B. Frost's rhymes and pictures are grotesque in the extreme. The artist shows plentiful ingenuity, and, if a trifle exaggerated, his jokes will rouse many a hearty laugh. Now to turn to more prosaic scenes and to the doings of ordinary children, not the idealised little beings treated above. Plain clear pictures of young folks at home and abroad, at school and at play, and of the domestic animal world accompany short readable explanations in prose and verse alike in "Our Pretty Pets," "Our Schoolday Hours," by Maggie Browne, and "In Doors and Out," and "Some Farm Friends," by Myra Diehl (Cassell). And amongst the same publishers' useful additions to the nursery library come the daintiest tiny "Baby's Album Series," providing albums not only for Miss Baby, but for Dolly, Pussy, and the Fairies, with suitable rhymes and pictures. Amusing verse and some capital drawings are again combined in "Jingles and Joys" (Cassell), by Mary Brine, a good substantial store for small minds to dip into, while "The Sunday Scrap Book" (Cassell) is one of the best Sunday books of the present season, which has nevertheless been specially prolific in religious juvenile literature. The volume is crammed with first-rate engravings of Scriptural scenes, figures, and subjects, forming a most interesting collection of Bible stories in pictures. Yet another Scripture volume—but for older children—is "An Old Story of Bethlehem" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), where the author of the "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" poetically sketches and enlarges the Biblical pastoral of Ruth. The illustrations are well coloured. Pretty small mementos for Christmas would be any of Messrs. Griffith and Farran's miniature text-books, with their tasteful floral borderings on soft-hued paper, surrounding a text or sacred verse, as in "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," prefaced by Miss C. M. Yonge's brief sermonette, and in "Mercy and Peace," or as in the selections from "The Christian Year" in the "Golden Text Book."

Walks in London seem a favourite idea this winter, for here is a second volume on the sights of the metropolis, "Rambles Round London Town" (Cassell). But Miss C. L. Matéaux is a far more learned and interesting pioneer than "Uncle Jonathan," and her plentifully illustrated volume is full of information. Instruction and amusement also combine in "Magna Charta Stories" (Blackie), where, under A. Gilman's editorship, different writers narrate the struggles for freedom in varied ages and countries, ranging from our own land to Greece, Palestine, and Germany. Excellent engravings accompany the sketches. Stories proper are few, and, with one bright exception, poor—that exception being Mr. G. Manville Fenn's "Bunyip Land" (Blackie). Mr. Fenn ever loves to bring his characters safely through terrible perils, and certainly the dutiful son's quest for a father kept captive by the wild New Guinea blacks yields plentiful material, used after the writer's customary entertaining fashion.—Dr. Gordon Stables has done far better than in his rambling and highly improbable record of adventures in Central Africa, "Stanley Grahame" (Hodder and Stoughton); while the proud, unforgiving squire, the wilful boy, and the sweet women of Mrs. J. F. Firth's "Godfrey Malden" (Warne) have been met often before. "Scarlet Anemones," by L. T. Meade (Hodder and Stoughton) pleasingly contrasts good and naughty girls, and various short tales for young people by familiar writers are reprinted in "Little Lizzie," by Mary Gillies; "Little Pickles," by Jeanie Hering; "Luke Barnicott," by W. Howitt, and "The Smugglers' Cave" (Cassell).

Mr. Hugh Conway's now famous story, "Called Back," first appeared in "Arrowsmith's Bristol Annual," and for the same publishers the author has now written a companion novelette, entitled "Dark Days." It is a thoroughly sensational tale, with an unexpected dénouement, which will surprise even experienced novel-readers, and it deserves to be almost as popular as its predecessor.

Lovers of thrilling episode, and of a plot full of stirring incidents at every turn, should read a little novelette by John Latey, jun., "Love Clouds: a Story of Love and Revenge" (Fun Office, 153, Fleet Street). It is the story of a young French fisherman, who on the eve of his wedding kills a jealous rival in self-defence, his unwitting crime being the means of revealing that he is not a fisherman born, but the legitimate successor to a fortune and a title. The story is full of local colouring, and certainly has plenty of "go."

Amongst annuals come those sterling publications *Good Words* and *The Sunday Magazine* (Isbister), *Chatterbox* and *The Price* (Wells Gardner), and *The Dawn of Day* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge).



"THE DOUBLE DUTCHMAN" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) is the singular title which Catharine Childer has given to her story of a double-dyed scoundrel, or rather villain. Myneher Van der Bergen is none of those invertebrate, half-sympathetic beings who play the villain's rôle in the greater part of contemporary fiction. He is one of the good old-fashioned, thorough-going order, doing all manner of evil just because it is his nature to, and being in his proper home on the melodramatic stage. By profession, he is a dealer in forged

diamonds, and a disposer of real ones. By circumstance, he poisons his own wife, elopes with a friend's, and gets a sane man shut up in a madhouse. However, in one important particular he fails to resemble the old-fashioned villain—he does all these things with impunity. Catharine Childer, though she brings her virtuous characters, including a Duke, to happiness, pays no regard to poetical justice in the case of the "Double Dutchman." Clearly, therefore, no very special moral is aimed at, but the novel is not the less amusing. Want of ethical moral is however compensated by an earnestly-maintained theory—that, in the interest of civilization generally, English ladies ought to be encouraged to marry Hindoo gentlemen. On that complicated and delicate question it is not within our merely critical province to offer an opinion, even if it were likely that marriages would ever be extensively made, on philanthropic grounds, for the benefit of outside humanity. The chief fault of the novel, which is on the whole fairly interesting, is that it deals with far too many interests of equal and more or less similar prominence. Its principal merits among many is the liveliness of its portraiture. The Hazlewoods, for example, are exceedingly life-like, despite their singularity, and the three sisters are remarkable as studies of contrasted individuality combined with family resemblance. Each is as distinct from her sister as the three together are distinct from womankind at large.

The story of "Pharisees," by Mrs. H. Bennett-Edwards (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell), is eminently painful and disagreeable. Unfortunately, however, it has little concern with ordinary life and human nature. The miserable woman whose tragedy Mrs. Edwards tells is supposed to be the martyr of society, whereas she is in truth the victim of a consummate want of the common sense, and of an exceptional combination of appearances against her. We cannot think that a man of great wealth and high position would find himself incapable of getting a seat in Parliament because of some quite ordinary scandal that attached to him ten years previously, especially as it had been set straight by lawful marriage. His wife, with all her beauty, genius, and charm, would not have been treated as an outcast by any actual tribe of Pharisees, who would only be too happy to let bygones be bygones. No ordinary brother-in-law would be quite such a fool as Errol, in the matter of heaping up evidence against his own character and hers. Finally, to condemn people as Pharisees simply because they cannot help believing the evidence of their senses, is at once to ruin any case that may lie against them on other grounds. Under such circumstances, the spectacle of a woman hounded to moral ruin by the least likely and the most easily avoidable means is all the more disagreeable. It offends the taste altogether gratuitously, and excites no sympathy whatever. The actual world contains much folly and want of charity: but the world described in "Pharisees" is one which contains nothing else, and a society that could not hold together for a day. Over-tolerance, and laxity in regarding evil, are current social dangers that require putting into their true light infinitely more than their opposites, even if such Pharisaism as Mrs. Edwards describes were possible under any ordinary conditions. Would the authoress argue that nobody is ever to be condemned on any evidence, however strong it may be?

Mr. Julian Sturgis has not scored a success in "My Friends and I" (2 vols.: Longmans, Green, and Co.). In the form of three separate stories, called respectively "Michael and I," "Lord Richard and I," and "My Poor Wife," with the same "I" running through them and connecting them, he has worked out the study of a character which has attracted many much stronger pens. This is the character of the unconsciously mean and selfish knave, who deceives himself, and believes in his own virtue as well as in his own wisdom. He judges others by himself, and therefore mostly judges them wrongly, while he is incapable of judging his betters altogether. In the hands of Mr. Sturgis, the consummate art essential to this species of self portraiture disappears, and becomes mere artifice. The anecdotes, moreover, which illustrate it are trivial in the extreme, and apparently make no pretension to be interesting. Mr. Sturgis has a reputation for excelling in fine and delicate workmanship, and for making something out of nothing. In the present case, by attempting an ambitious piece of portraiture, he has succeeded in the reverse process of making nothing out of something.

Pressure upon our space prevents us giving reviews of the following novels and tales:—"Enslaved," by Robert Langstaff De Havilland, M.A. (Sampson Low and Co.: 3 vols.); "The Prima Donna," by Sarah Williams (W. Swan Sonnenchein and Co.: 2 vols.); "The Other Half," by L. C. Alexander (Elliot Stock: 1 vol.); "Guy Darrel's Wives," by F. Iles (John and Robert Maxwell: 1 vol.); "Dr. Sevier," by George W. Cable (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 2 vols.).

"POOR PUSSY!"

SYMPATHETIC people complain that proprietors of catshave been in the habit of going out of town and leaving their blacks, tortoise-shells, and tabbies to the tender mercies of servants or caretakers, with the consequence that the poor cats are neglected, or half-starved. Letters appear in the papers; various plans are proposed for pussy's benefit; but could that exasperating creature, the cat, understand, and did it wear any kind of costume but that given by Nature, it would unquestionably laugh in its sleeve.

Let us ask a question. Did anybody, unless the creature was imprisoned, ever find a cat that was starved to death? It is extremely doubtful. Poisoned, trapped, shot, drowned, run over, worried to death by dogs, killed by fighting, defunct from old age. These are the ways of cats: from starvation hardly ever.

For your cat is not a tame animal. It is domestic, but only half-tame, and retains all its savage instincts. Loving enough to the hand that feeds it, and provides it with a warm place at the fireside, it still retains all its savage instincts, and its teeth and claws are as sharp and ready for use as if it were wild, and self-dependent for its existence. We love it, and feed it regularly, but if we do not, it will steal enough for its sustenance either abroad or at home. No cat in London would ever starve so long as there was a dust-bin, a butcher's shop, or a fishmonger's, or poulturer's. Failing these it would do its duty, which it rarely does if it is fed: it would catch rats and mice, and relieve London of a pest that finds its way at night up every grating and drain large enough for its body to pass. As it is, tackling a rat is a kind of sport relegated to country outdoor cats which are not pampered and spoiled. Without these means of support, poor pussy would do as she does in country places: lie in wait for and make a meal off the sparrows before being driven to the form of cannibalism indulged in by Tom, who likes nothing better than a meal off a tender young litter of kittens, if he can come across the nest in the absence of mamma.

Therefore to talk of starving cats is to talk nonsense. That they are not so well fed in their owners' absence is often a fact, and that they will come and practice mendicity at strange windows from sheer idleness is true enough; but they no more deserve to be fed on such occasions than do the human impostors who prey upon the susceptibilities of their fellow creatures.

The first idea of cat keeping, we are taught, arose from their preying upon rats and mice; so if a cat be kept in a house, that is undoubtedly its duty, and if it will feed as well upon that kitchen locust, the black beetle, so much the better; in fact, there are plenty of houses where the festive, night-banqueting cockroach would supply all its needs. Proof of the effects of well feeding the cat might be seen in any of the old happy-family cages, where rats, cats, mice, and

dogs were in happy communion with birds; and nothing can be easier than to train a cat not to eat tender chickens. Plenty of food and one good whipping will suffice, so long as you keep up the food supply. If it were stopped, why then—unhappy chicken!

It is the purr that wins the way to the human breast, and has been a blessing to the feline family since the ancient Egyptians, and has probably some people much more ancient, petted and made these savage little animals free of every house. The purr, and that peculiar rub given by a cat against the human leg—that rub that begins at the tip of a cat's nose, and is continued along its body to the end of its tail, and repeated on the other side—these two had much to do with the friendship between cat and man. Perhaps, too, the playful nature of the kitten and its so-called gambols took attention in the early ages of the world. They are very pretty to look at, but it probably does not occur to all who watch the playful leaps and bounds, the crouchings, the hidings behind chair legs and stools and cushions, that all these are Nature-taught lessons in the noble art of catching prey. "Deludher," as Samuel Lover calls it, "a kitten with a string and a cork," and when the cork is seized it is with teeth and claw, as some hapless mouse or bird will be pounced upon some day. Puss plays with her kittens sometimes, but the play is teaching to catch food, or to fight for pre-eminence in catdom. Change the string and cork for your fingers, and let the tiny kitten seize them. It will not hurt, because teeth and claws are feeble; but it is the true death-dealing clutch of a savage beast of prey.

It is singular how narrow the line is between the domestic and the wild cat. Take, for instance, a cat that has become a vagabond and resorted to the woods, or some ruined or neglected barn. Come suddenly some day upon her progeny of kittens: tiny fellows that have not long ceased to be blind, and are so tender that they have not strength sufficient to make a rapid retreat. Try and catch one, and the mite of a thing will dilate its eyes, set up the fur of its well-arched back, roughen its tail, shoot out its claws, and spit and swear like an old Tom who, being a Montague, has found a feline Capulet in the road that leadeth to his lady's bower. Those who have seen the engagements between these gentlemen will endorse the assertion here given, that the cat is a savage, half-tamed creature. There is something very fierce in the encounter of a couple of bulls or stags: the blows rams will deal each other go far to prove that the gentle mutton cannot possess much brain, or there would be concussion; the fighting of dogs is not a pleasant thing to see, but these creatures merely bite. Your feline animal, whether cat or one of its great relatives, leopard, panther, lion, and tiger, gets well hold with teeth and claws, and then comes that hideous use of the hind legs, which rip and tear off fur, skin, and flesh in the most ghastly way.

If any one of an arithmetical turn of mind would take pencil and paper, and make a calculation how many cats would be produced by one pair in five years—of course with the offspring of their progeny, and supposing that every lady cat were allowed to raise her young without fear of the bucket of water or string and brick, the total would be so startling that the calculator would never side with the sentimental people who wish to provide against any accident happening to a cat. Their rate of increase is almost appalling; and were it not that many ways exist by which their numbers are thinned, and tons' weight go to fertilise certain market gardens, London would be overrun. Upon these means it is not pleasant to dilate, or to give more than a passing allusion to one. A lady once lamented that so many dear little squirrels were used to make a lining to a cloak. Has any sentimental person surmised the source of that Langtry tippet, and wondered what kind of animal it is that the French furriers call *genet*? Possibly not, but who would have thought that a leader of fashion would cause a tremendous thinning of the ranks of the so-called domestic cat?

G. M. F.

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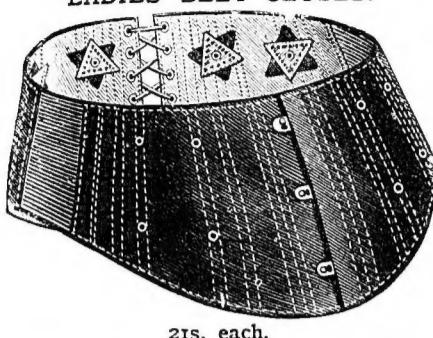
MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—A very charming little poem of the domestic type, "Grandmother's Sweetheart," by Helen M. Burnside, has been set to music by Michael Watson, not in his happiest style; it is published in C and in D.—A cheerful song, words by F. Langbridge, music by Cotsford Dick, is "I Mean To Wait For Jack," a tale of maiden constancy rewarded, after waiting till her hair grew grey, by the return of her valiant lover minus a leg.—Another song of the domesticated school is "My Little Man," written and composed by Marion Haig and A. H. Behrend; it will be popular in the home circle.—"The Complete Scale Tutor," for the pianoforte, by Adolphe Schloesser, will prove a very useful addition to the practice of the advanced student: it contains the diatonic and chromatic scales in single and double notes, in their different positions, and in parallel and contrary motion.—Two pianoforte pieces of moderate difficulty, by Cotsford Dick, are "Buon Giorno!" a pleasing rondo, and "Il Bolero," which does not merit the name that it bears, the time not being rightly accentuated.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"The Old, Old Love," written and composed by Somerset Frank and J. Neill O'Donovan, is a tuneful song of an ordinary type (Alphonse Cary, Newbury).—"Sonate Dramatique" for the pianoforte, by Eugen Woycke, is clever, but not sufficiently so to keep the attention from flagging until the end of the twenty-four pages which it occupies (C. Jefferys).—Admirers of easily-set popular melodies will be pleased with "Three Easy Fantasias on Scottish Airs for the Violin," with pianoforte accompaniment, by "A Professional Player." Students of that much ill-used instrument, the harmonium, will do well to study "The Harmonium, How to Use It," by J. C. Grieve, which is by far one of the best and most complete manuals of instruction on the subject which we have ever come across. The various makers of American organs and harmoniums are described, and their special points of merit explained, whilst the theory and practice, the books most desirable for the complete study and mastery of the instrument, are fully given; in fact the whole subject is exhaustively treated. We can cordially recommend this well written work to all who would play the harmonium well (Messrs. Ernest Köhler and Son, Edinburgh).—A pianoforte duet, which is not over difficult, and is tuneful enough to catch the ear of young players, is sure of a welcome as a sweet to be administered after exercises and classical diet. Immanuel Liebich has arranged the popular airs from "Falka" in a tasteful and pleasing manner; this piece will surely be a first favourite in the schoolroom and in the drawing-room, when the young folks are asked to play (Alfred Hays).

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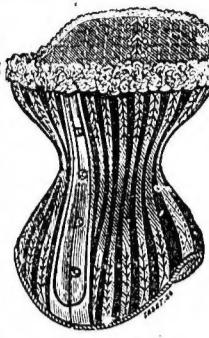
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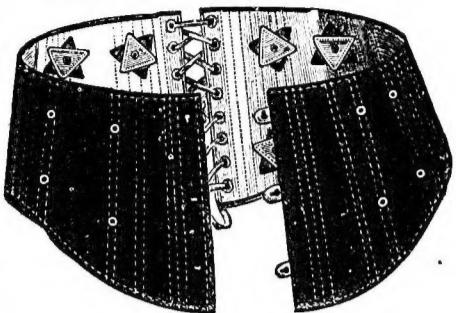
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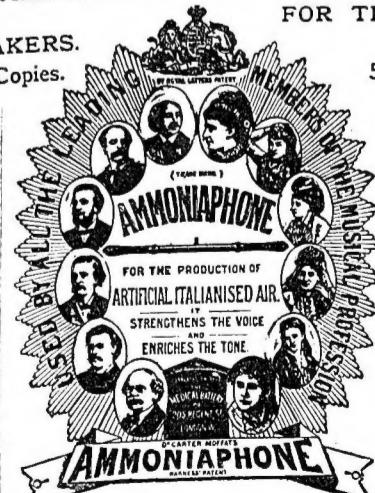
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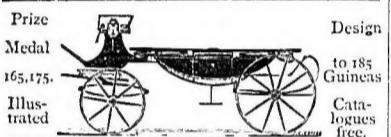
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